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GENERAL LANE'S

B R I G A D E

IN CENTRAL MEXICO.

BY
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ALBERT G. BRACKETT, M. D.,
LATE AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. VOLUNTEER SERVICE.



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TO
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH LANE,
AND THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF HIS BRIGADE,
WHO SERVED AT
Huamantla, Puebla, Atlixco and Clascala,
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THEIR OLD COMRADE
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

I OFFER the following pages to the American public, hoping by so doing, that I have presented something new and something which has never before been made public. The operations of GENERAL LANE, in the Mexican War, were of the most brilliant character, so much so, indeed, that he won by them the appellation of "the Marion of the War;" this compliment, which was doubtless intended as a high one, does not do justice to Lane. His exploits were far more brilliant and successful than those of that hero of the Revolution, and Lane therefore, cannot be considered as a copyist of his. He is an original—or, if he resembles any one in particular, it is his own namesake, Marshal LANNES. In these pages I have attempted to do justice to him and his Brigade, and hope I have not altogether failed in doing so.

My position as First Lieutenant in an Indiana regiment, was obtained by my being in the State of Indiana during the winter of 1846-47, and the following spring I joined a Volunteer company, and received the rank of Second Lieutenant, and I was afterward promoted to a First Lieutenantcy.

No apologies are offered for my work; it must stand or fall by itself; I claim for it but one merit, which is TRUTH,

I have attempted to give a fair and impartial account of Gen. Lane's proceedings as they fell under my notice, noting down whatever occurred worthy of especial attention; though it must be admitted that the toilsome march, where the footsteps of men may be tracked in blood, and cheerless nights, made more dreary by cold and pelting storms, are but ill calculated to inspire a person with a love of journal writing, or with fanciful images. This fact, I presume, needs no proof in order to be believed.

I feel under obligations to A. W. Armstrong, of Cincinnati, a gallant fellow, who was Adjutant of the First Ohio Regiment, and who lost a leg at the battle of Monterey; and also to Jacob P. Chapman, of Indianapolis, (the latter being the famous "Crowing Chapman,") for their kindness to me while collecting documents relative to our Brigade. I also thank several of my old comrades for facts and papers which have been of great service to me.

With these words of preface, I send my leaves to float along the broad world, and whoever is kind enough to befriend them will confer a favor upon

THE AUTHOR.

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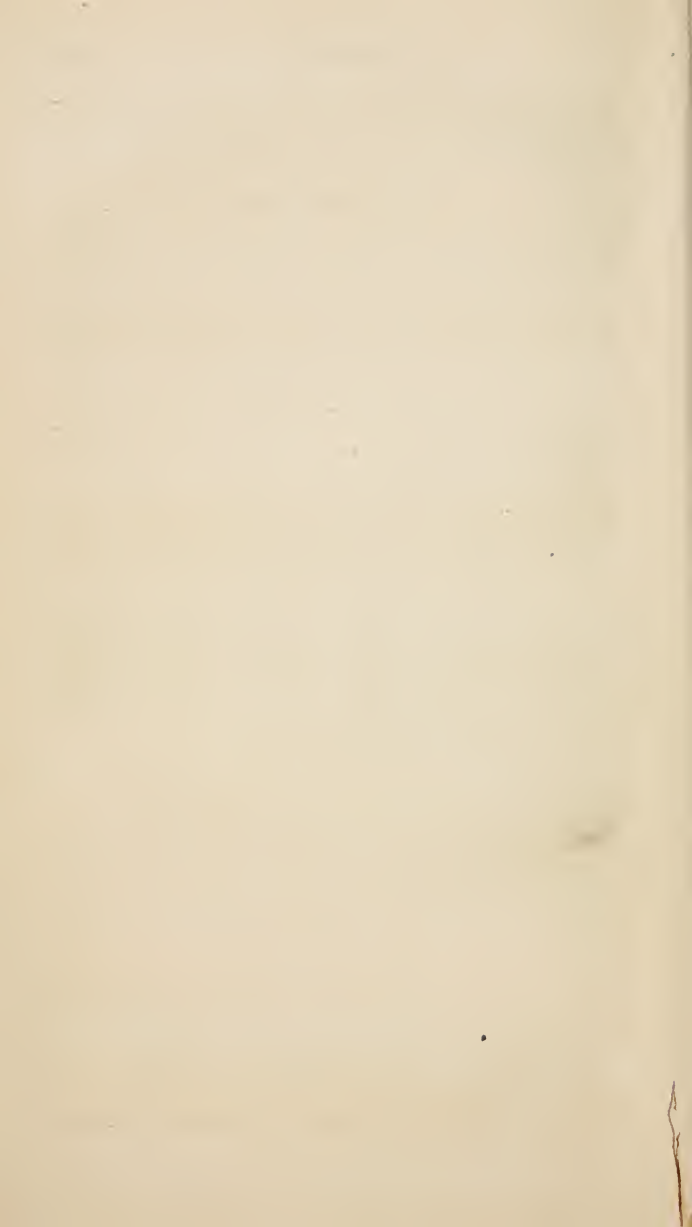
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GENERAL LANE'S BRIGADE

IN

CENTRAL MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

Formation of Regiment—New Orleans—At Sea—Brazos de Santiago—Brigadier-General Lane—Rio Grande—Fandango—Reynoso—Camargo—School of Instruction at Mier—Col. Belknap—Mier—Scorpions and Snakes—Return down the Rio Grande—Matamoros.

TEN companies of volunteers having been mustered into the United States' service at Jeffersonville, Indiana, by Capt. R. C. Gatlin, of the 7th regiment of U. S. Infantry, they were formally organized into a regiment, on the 15th day of June 1847, and received the name of "The 4th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers." On the following day the field-officers were elected, as follows: Major Willis A. Gorman of the 3d Indiana regiment, who had served with credit at the battle of Buena Vista, was elected Colonel. Captain Ebenezer Dumont was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain William W. McCoy was elected Major.

The regiment first formed a line at Fort Clark, opposite Louisville, Kentucky, on the 17th day of June, and presented a decent appearance, though

most of the officers and men were then for the first time in their lives doing military duty. It numbered near nine hundred, including forty-three commissioned officers, and contained the material out of which a brave and well disciplined regiment was subsequently made.

The encampment at Fort Clark was pleasant enough, though there was no discipline or order maintained by our commanding officer, and the soldiers were suffered to roam at will to Louisville, New Albany, and Jeffersonville. This state of things did not last long, and on the 27th day of June, 1847, we struck our tents and marched to Jeffersonville, where we embarked on board steamboats, and were soon sailing down the beautiful Ohio river, on our way to the seat of war in the Republic of Mexico. To me there had always been a fascination pertaining to all things military, and when I reflected that I was now in the eighteenth year of my age, a first Lieutenant in a regiment of volunteers on my way to do battle for my country, my joy knew no bounds. There were three companies on board the steamboat I was on, all under command of the Major. The companies were lettered H, I, and K. Old Captain Landon Cochran commanded company H, and a better-hearted old man never lived. He had been a volunteer in the last war with Great Britain, and served as a marine on board the ship Niagara at the battle of Lake Erie. He had a silver medal which was presented to him by the State of Pennsylvania for his bravery in that action, which he was justly proud of, and took great pleasure in showing to his fellow officers.

As we passed along the banks of the river, everything looked new and bright to me, and I loved to sit on the bow of the boat and watch the changing landscape while engaged in conversation with Captain Robert Fravel, of company I, which company I also belonged to. We counted the chances of death before us in the coolest possible manner, and came to the conclusion that one or the other of us would leave our bones to bleach in the land of the Aztecs. How far right we were in our surmises, will be seen in the sequel.

A few days brought us into the land of Louisiana, and here I saw, for the first time, those beautiful farms and plantations which no description can do adequate justice to. There I saw gangs of negro slaves at work in the cotton and sugar fields, and felt a strange sensation when I contrasted the difference between Louisiana and the good old state of New York, where I was born.

On the 3d day of July, we landed at Carrollton, six miles above New Orleans, and the same night got our tents pitched on the race-course. The following morning was the "Glorious Fourth;" and notwithstanding it was Sunday, we had a glorious time of it. The pleasure gardens at Carrollton were filled with the youth and beauty of New Orleans, and there were a number of military and fire companies come up from Orleans, on the cars, to celebrate the day. One company of firemen I recollect on account of their fine appearance, which was called the "Creole Company," and on their banner was painted a most bewitching picture of a Creole lady. A band of mulatto musicians, belonging to a military company,

also attracted my attention, and with the exception of the band of the 3d regiment of artillery, which I had heard on Governor's Island, in New York harbor, I think I never heard better martial music. These yellow fellows felt very large in their French hussar uniforms, and enlivened the day very much by their music.

The remainder of the regiment arrived, and once more we were together on the Eclipse race-course; our white tents presenting a picturesque appearance, and the negro huckster women supplying our soldiers with the necessaries of life. I was standing in front of my tent, one day, when a fine looking mulatto girl came up to me, crying as though her heart would break. I asked her what ailed her: "Oh, massa," said she, sobbing, "de soldiers steal all my cake, an' I go home wif no money, missus whip me mos' to def." I inquired of her how much her cakes were worth. She replied, "two bits, massa." I accordingly gave her a quarter of a dollar, which she carried to her mistress, and probably saved herself, thereby, from a severe flogging. Our soldiers were entirely too careless, and paid but little attention to the words *meum et tuum*.

While at Carrollton, a brutal soldier, of company K, stabbed a Frenchman because he would not let him insult his wife with impunity. The soldier was surrendered to the civil authorities.

After visiting all the principal places of amusement in New Orleans, we were ordered on board the transport ships, and again set out for the purpose of joining the army under Gen. Taylor.

Three companies, H, I, and K, were sent on board the transport ship *Tahmaroo*, Capt. Sinclair, under command of Lieut.-Col. Dumont, and on the 7th day of July we were towed down the Mississippi river, ninety miles, outside of the Balize, by the tow-boat *Vulcan*, where we were left to look out for ourselves. Companies A and B, embarked on board the steamship *Ann Chase*; companies C, D, and E, on board another vessel, and companies F, and G, embarked on board the ship *Jubilee*. There were thirteen officers on board our ship, beside an assistant surgeon, and we managed to keep up an excitement all the way going across the Gulf of Mexico. As we left the lighthouse at the Balize, I felt lonesome and sad, and gazed upon it as it sunk in the distance, with feelings of sorrow. Every man has painful thoughts at leaving home and the land of his nativity; and when the chances are that he will never see that home or land again, he gazes upon its receding shadow with the most poignant feelings. Every rock and blade of grass seems dear to him, and he blesses with a heart's warm blessing his native land.

Our negro cook had feasted us well while at New Orleans, and we had flattered ourselves that we should at least live well on the passage across; but how fleeting are human hopes! we had no sooner got out of sight of land, than the whole scene changed. We had only salt junk, hard biscuit, and brackish water. Indeed, the water could not be drunk at all, unless mollified with tea or whisky; the latter plebeian drink was in great demand among the soldiers, and two Norwegian sailors made small fortunes out of a

barrel of it which they had in the caboose. No one can tell the petty inconveniences which we suffered, and when we add to these the miseries of sea-sickness, our condition was deplorable. But men must and will have some fun, and in place of a better object to poke it into, we commenced on our cook, who wore monstrous earrings, was half black, and was born in "Spain, Malta, or hell!" to use the words of our Lieut.-Colonel.

It was sometimes amusing to watch the maneuvers of our soldiers while cooking their bean soup, on a big fire aft of the foremast. The soldiers would get their mess-pans and camp-kettles well filled, and start for a more secure place, when a sudden lurch of the ship would send soldiers, mess-pans, and soup, flying into the scuppers.

During our passage down from New Orleans, Col. Dumont came very near being drowned. He went on board the tow-boat, aft of the wheel, to take a shower-bath, and while there a sudden lurch took him into the gulf. When he arose to the surface the tow-boat was some way from him, and the broad hulk of our ship was towering above him. By almost superhuman exertions he gained the tow-line and was held above water by it, except when the rope would slack up, when the Col. would be soused under water and come up again nearly strangled, "looking like a freshly dipped candle," as Cruikshank said, to the no small edification of numerous spectators on board the Tahmaroo. He was finally taken off by a small boat amid the cheering of the soldiers, and did not again try his luck on the slack-rope.

After rolling about for ten days on the waters of the Gulf, and getting a full understanding of such marine curiosities as water-spouts, flying-fish, and Portuguese-men-of-war, we came in sight of the low sand coast of Padres Island, and the next day ran down to Brazos Island.

During the time we were at sea we had considerable sickness on board, and I witnessed the solemn and impressive ceremony of a sea-burial. A young soldier of company H, named Randolph, died. He was brought on deck and his body was covered with a United States flag; Col. Dumont read the burial-service of the Episcopal Church, and his body was consigned to the deep.

We dropped our anchor about a mile out from Brazos de Santiago, and a steamboat came out to take the soldiers in, heavy ships being unable to cross the bar. I recollect that on the boat which came out, was the first Mexican man I ever saw, and certainly his appearance was not very prepossessing. He was naked with the exception of a broad-brimmed hat and an old pair of pantaloons which came up to his waist. His body presented a peculiarly slick and oily appearance, which, I presume, accounts for the name "Greaser," which is now almost universally applied to Mexicans. Some of our men were very indignant to think they had been brought such a distance to fight such looking men, and heartily berated Uncle Sam for making war against them. I felt of their opinion, and looked upon the Mexican very much as I would upon an orang-outang. But this view is doing them injustice. The man we saw, was a hand hired by the Quarter-master at the

Brazos, where many Mexicans were employed. They make good servants and are generally faithful.

We landed before night, and stayed at the Brazos until the next morning, when we marched down the sea-beach to the mouth of the Rio Grande, seven miles distant, where we pitched our tents. We were the first of our regiment that landed, and were obliged to wait some time for the other companies. They all arrived in safety except companies A and B, under Colonel Gorman, who had a series of mishaps, the boiler of the steamer *Ann Chase* having exploded, killing one soldier of company A, named Andrew Deadman, and one sailor, and they were obliged to put into Galveston, Texas, for repairs. They finally reached the Brazos, and on the 23d of July the regiment was again in line on the banks of the Rio Grande.

From the 18th of July until the arrival of the Colonel, our detachment had not much to do except keep ourselves alive with hard bread and river water. We explored the island, visited the wrecks of ships which dotted the beach, and gathered immense quantities of beautiful sea-shells. We bathed in the river and in the Gulf, taking care to keep out of the way of sharks which infested the coast, and were generally fortunate enough to come out alive. This was not the case however with a fine soldier of Company K, named George B. Jones, who was drowned.—We found his body a few days afterward, and buried it with the honors of war.

Brazos Island, about seven miles long and three miles wide, is composed of large sandhills, destitute of vegetation and producing only large quantities of

sand crabs. There is a fine road along the beach to the mouth of the Rio Grande, which crosses the Boca Chica on a bridge. Point Isabel is three miles distant from Brazos village, across the channel.— Here were situated during the war, a general hospital, a custom-house and a few storehouses. At the mouth of the Rio Grande there was considerable of a town, and the sight of American steamboats looked like home. There were a great many boats there undergoing repairs, and the number of workmen employed gave the place a lively appearance. Directly opposite the American town in the Mexican State of Tamaulipas, was the village of Bagdad, and while this place had an existence it probably had no equal in knavery and dark deeds of crime. It was the haunt of robbers and desperadoes who were not permitted to remain on the American side.

It was while at the mouth of the Rio Grande that muskets, bayonets and cartridge-boxes were distributed to the soldiers of our regiment. It was here too that I first saw Brigadier-General Joseph Lane. I may admire Lane too much, and my opinion of him may be too exalted, but I never knew that old soldier to do a mean action or stoop to anything low. When I first saw him his career had but commenced, he had been at the great battle of Buena Vista, where his arm was shattered by a ball, and had received considerable praise but he was still comparatively an unknown man.

General Lane was born in the State of North Carolina in the year 1801, and three years afterward his father emigrated to Kentucky. He remained in that State some years when he removed to Indiana. He

served in the House of Representatives and Senate of Indiana, and when the Mexican war broke out left the senate and was appointed by President Polk, a Brigadier-General. Had General Lane been allowed to have his own way at the battle of Buena Vista, there would never have been any stigma upon the 2d Indiana regiment. Lane was forty-six years of age when I first saw him, stout, robust and hearty, and at all times ready for a fight or a frolic. The men of his brigade loved him, and a tender chord could always be touched, by speaking to them of him. I shall mention him frequently in this work, and show how gallantly he obtained his brevet rank of major-general.

On the opposite side of the river I saw a party of Mexican herdsmen, one day, catching cattle with a lasso. This mode of catching cattle and horses is now well understood in this country, though but comparatively few have seen the Mexicans engaged at it. Their motions are as quick as thought, and they make a picturesque scene riding over the prairies, with their broad-brimmed sombreros set well back on their heads, and loose blankets fluttering in the breeze.

After we had received our muskets, etc., we commenced drilling in earnest, and "from early morn till dewy eve," the officers were busily engaged teaching the men the manual exercise. We were all anxious to learn, not knowing how soon we should be called upon to go into battle—old soldiers brought a high premium, and the few Prussians that were with us were made to do good service as fuglemen. Dress-parade was a thing as yet unthought

of, nor did our men learn to go through it correctly until after we had been some time at the school of instruction.

Early on the morning of July 24th the order was given to strike tents and sling knapsacks. This order was promptly obeyed by our boys, who had become tired of our encampment at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and we marched merrily on board the steamboat Big Hatchee. About 10 o'clock the band struck up a lively air, the boiler commenced puffing and soon we were plowing our way up the crooked river. There were three companies on board, and this time our detachment was commanded by Colonel Gorman. Among the passengers was 2d Lieut. George Patton, 3d artillery, who was on his way up to Monterey to join Bragg's battery. The first day we passed Burita, a poor village built of mud and sticks, and had a distant view of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma battle-fields.

Late in the afternoon we came in sight of the town of Matamoros, where Col. Brough with the 4th regiment of Ohio volunteers was stationed, and passed on without stopping. The town presented a fine appearance from the river, surrounded as it is with orange and fig groves. Directly opposite to Matamoros is Fort Brown, a good fortification, but a most desolate and dreary-looking place. We stopped about five miles above Matamoros, on the Texas side of the river, and stayed there all night. The men bivouacked on the prairie in the clear light of the moon. The officers regaled themselves with sardines and champagne and altogether we had a very comfortable night of it.

The next day we continued our way slowly up the river, and before dark reached Rosario ranche where we laid up for the night. Preparations were immediately made to have a fandango; and the Mexican girls at the ranche fitted themselves up in their best apparel. A number of young Mexicans came in on horseback, bringing their girls with them; the girls rode in front of the men on the same horse, and generally wore their hats while riding, the men tying handkerchiefs round their own heads. I never saw a Mexican woman wear a bonnet.

After our soldiers had eaten their suppers, the ground in front of the cane houses was cleared off, and the fandango commenced in first-rate style. Mandolins and guitars were the musical instruments used, and their melodious tinkling sounded sweetly in the quiet evening. There was a fine moonlight which reached us through the waving branches of the palm trees, and we danced merrily, until our drums beat the retreat at nine o'clock. Even then we lingered, and sat up until a late hour enjoying the beauties of the scene. Our soldiers were stretched about under the trees, telling stories and singing songs in a quiet way, while our sentinels were keeping an unwearied watch around. All in all, I think the night at Rosario ranche was one of the happiest of my life.

The following morning we resumed our journey up the river. All along the banks there is a thick growth of thorny bushes, called by the Mexicans *chapparel*, composed of rosewood, musquite, ebony, Spanish dagger, prickly pear, etc. Ranches are numerous and consist for the most part of poorly constructed cane huts, with thatched roofs. There are

some good buildings, but as a general thing they cannot compare with the haciendas of Central Mexico. The inhabitants are half-breeds and Indians, who go about, half starved, half naked and half asleep.

The third night we stopped at Santa Anna ranche, where we found the Mexicans cross and crabbed. Col. Gorman had no love for them and put one insolent fellow in irons. We had a pretty severe scuffle with him, and some of our men gave him rough treatment. After all was quiet at night, and I lay sound asleep on the forecastle of the boat, I was suddenly awakened by the clangor of our drums beating the long roll, and hurriedly putting on my clothes, I joined my company, which was already formed on the bank. The Mexicans were reported to be close upon us, under command of old Canales. Our detachment was formed in line of battle, and we waited some time for the attack. No one appearing we marched out some distance to discover the Mexicans if there were any, and found that the whole disturbance had been caused by a drove of wild mustangs running through a canebrake near by. They made considerable uproar, and the officer of the guard supposed the Mexicans were close upon him. We were soon after sound asleep again.

The afternoon following we reached the town of Reynoso. This town is situated on a high rocky point, and the church on the hill reminds one of an old-fashioned castle. The town contains a population of about 1500. We encamped here two days, and had a pleasant fandango. It was garrisoned by a company of the 16th regiment of infantry.

We again started up the river on board the steamboat *Rio Bravo del Norte*. Companies A and I being on board under Major McCoy. Captain John M. Wallace, a brother of ex-governor David Wallace, commanded company A. We had a most distressed time getting along, on account of the numerous sandbars in the river, and were frequently obliged to jump overboard to lighten the boat. The third morning we reached Camargo, the military depot of the Upper Rio Grande. Here we encamped on the banks of the Rio San Juan, a small stream which empties into the Rio Grande below Camargo. This river rises in the State of Coahuila and the water of it is the most disgusting I ever tasted. It is of a green color and I had some difficulty in drinking it. I recollect one soldier, who drank a considerable quantity of it, and then remarked to his messmate that he was obliged to force it down. "No matter for that," replied the other, dryly, "you seem to force down a d—d sight of it at all events."

At Camargo I saw some military engineering in the Plaza, which, to say the least of it, was unique. The ditches or trenches were cut inside of the walls of the fortification. A celebrated General was said to have originated this novel style of building forts, but with how much truth I cannot say.

We stayed at Camargo one day, and then our regiment started out on foot for the school of instruction at Mier. We marched the first day, to the Nine mile ranche where we stayed over-night. This was the first marching we had done, and it fatigued us greatly. On the following day we reached the camp-

ground, situated three miles this side of Mier, and immediately cleared off a large space of ground for our tents and parade-ground.

There were three infantry regiments at this place beside ours. The three regiments were a part of the ten regiments, which had lately been added to the regular army, by order of Congress, to serve during the war. The 10th regiment of infantry was commanded by Colonel Temple, the 13th by Colonel Echolls, and the 16th by Colonel Tibbatts. The whole camp was under command of Brigadier-General Hopping, who was very sick, assisted by that noble old soldier Brevet Colonel William G. Belknap, of the 8th regiment of infantry.

General Hopping was sick most of the time we were there, and died about the time the encampment was broken up. Colonel Belknap instructed the officers of the regiment each day in infantry tactics, and I always took great delight in reciting my lessons from Scott's Tactics, to him.

I have reason to think that I was one of his favorite scholars, and though he was sometimes rather *brusque* in his manners, I always entertained the highest regard for him. He died in the autumn of 1851, a Brevet Brigadier-General.

At the school of instruction our regiment made rapid progress in discipline, and became skillful in the different battalion movements. We drilled by companies every morning for two hours, and attended dress-parade at six o'clock each evening. On dress-parade our regiment presented a fine appearance and was much larger than either of the regular regiments. First Lieut. Cole was our Adjutant, and he with the

Colonel, used every exertion to have us appear well. Adjutant Cole was a New Yorker by birth, and served with the militia of New York at the battle of Plattsburgh, in 1814, as sergeant. He was subsequently major-general of one of the artillery divisions of the N. Y. State militia. He was a simple-hearted and kind man.

I frequently visited the encampment of the regulars, and found some friends from New York in the 10th regiment. Among these I particularly recollect Lieut. McGown and Lieut. Johnson; the former from Albany, and the latter from Utica. They were both first-rate companionable fellows. Lieut. Johnson's brother, Arthur B. Johnson, I subsequently became acquainted with at Geneva college, in New York, and when we were together we were emphatically "pretty fast young men."

At the sutler's store, on the camp-ground, the officers frequently assembled in the evening, for social enjoyment. Major Winfield, of Texas, and Captain Michael Fitzgibbon, of our regiment, were our best singers, and were generally pressed into the service, *nolens volens*. The song which elicited the greatest amount of admiration, was one Winfield used to sing, called "The Texan Ranger's Song." It was indeed a beautiful thing, and I cannot do better than insert it in this place:

THE RANGER'S SONG.—Air: "I'M AFLOAT."

By James T. Lytle.

I.

Mount! mount! and away o'er the green prairie wide—
 The sword is our scepter, the fleet steed our pride;
 Up! up! with our flag—let its bright star gleam out—
 Mount! mount! and away on the wild border-scout!

II.

We care not for danger, we heed not the foe—
 Where our brave steeds bear us, right onward we go,
 And never, as cowards, can we fly from the fight,
 While our belts bear a blade, or our *star* sheds its light.

III.

Then mount, and away! give the fleet steed the rein—
 The Ranger's at home on the prairies again;
 Spur! spur in the chase, dash on to the fight,
 Cry Vengeance for Texas! and God speed the right.

IV.

The might of the foe gathers thick on our way—
 They hear our wild shout as we rush to the fray;
 What to us is the fear of the death-stricken plain—
 We have "braved it before, and will brave it again."

V.

The death-dealing bullets around us may fall—
 They may strike, they may kill, but they cannot appal;
 Through the red field of carnage right onward we'll wade,
 While our guns carry ball, and our hands wield the blade.

VI.

Hurrah, my brave boys! ye may fare as ye please,
 No Mexican banner now floats in the breeze!
 'Tis the flag of Columbia that waves o'er each height,
 While on its proud folds *our star* sheds its light.

VII.

Then mount and away! give the fleet steed the rein—
 The Ranger's at home on the prairies again;
 Spur! spur in the chase, dash on to the fight,
 Cry Vengeance for Texas! and God speed the right.

Winfield was an old ranger, though a young man, and felt as though again on the chase while singing this song.

The town of Mier was the scene of one of the bloodiest battles fought during the Texan revolution. It occurred in the year 1842. The Mexicans were under command of General Ampudia, and the Tex-

ans under Colonel Fisher. After a warm fight the whole Texan force was taken prisoners, and sent to the city of Mexico. On the way thither, the Texans attempted to get away from their captors, for which the command was decimated; that is, every tenth one shot, by order of Santa Anna. I became acquainted with two or three men who were engaged in this expedition, and they all bore the most intense hatred to the Mexicans.

The town of Mier is situated on the Rio Alcantro, about three miles above its confluence with the Rio Grande, and contains over five thousand inhabitants. The women of this place are celebrated for their manufacture of Mexican blankets. The finest I ever saw were here, and they are sometimes of great value.

“Jack Everett,” a noted Texan, resided in Mier, and on being asked what he followed for a living, replied, “I’m keeping tavern like hell.” This was true, and I have frequently stopped at his “tavern.” There are a great many anecdotes told of Jack, but he being deaf, pays very little attention to them. I also saw another notable of Texas while at Mier, which was no other than General Mirabeau B. Lamar, ex-president of the republic, who was commanding at the time a company of Texan Rangers.

I spent very little time in town, indeed there was nothing in it particularly attractive, and I preferred being with my own men learning the infantry exercise. Our camp was pretty well supplied with provisions and the officers all messed together. Molasses, bread, and onions, formed the staple articles of diet, but these were sometimes interspersed with melons, figs, fresh beef, kid, and lamb, which were

brought into camp by the Mexicans on the backs of diminutive donkeys.

Near the camp was a fine mineral spring where we bathed often, and kept in good health. Our sick men were carried off to Mier, where there was a hospital, though some of them were kept in a large hospital tent on the camp-ground. At this place I first felt that peculiar sensation, I can hardly call it disease, called "prickly-heat." It is very disagreeable, and feels as though a million needles were sticking into the skin at once. I was also sick with an attack of Hepatitis. The soldiers of the 13th regiment of infantry died in swarms. Our regiment was more fortunate, and our company lost but one man while at this place, which was our old drummer, named John Crooks. He was wrapped up in a blanket, as we had no coffins, and buried in the sand. A volley of musketry was fired over his grave, and "the dust returned to the earth as it was; and the spirit returned unto God who gave it." Private Harlan, company A, also died. He was a brother of the Hon. Andrew J. Harlan, member of congress from Indiana. It was a sad sight to see so many poor fellows buried, away from their homes and kindred, and when I thought how soon after we left, the wild chapparel would be growing over their graves, and the last trace obliterated, I sent up a silent prayer to God that my body might never be buried on foreign soil. The land of Columbia I love, and there let me die.

The regiment bands served while at the encampment to enliven us up, and each evening formed in front of their respective regiments and performed

some brilliant airs. "Love Not Quickstep" was my favorite piece of music, and I have actually seen tears course down the rough cheeks of our soldiers while the bands were playing it.

A Mexican boy was murdered near the camp—which act was laid upon the shoulders of some Mexicans—but I am of opinion that it was done by some rascally soldiers. He had been shot and afterward had his throat cut from ear to ear. His body was found lying on the side of the road.

General Lane left us shortly after we reached Mier, to visit General Taylor at Monterey. On his way up, his party, fifteen strong, had a fight with fifty Mexicans, under General Canales. Lane gave them a good whipping and recaptured a large amount of plunder which they had taken from an American citizen named Maynard, who was killed in the skirmish. A citizen of New Orleans, named Phelps, secretary to General Lane, had a ball pass through his hat, which slightly grazed his scalp.

Alacrans, lizards, centipedes, scorpions, chameleons, snakes, and horned frogs, literally swarmed in our encampment. I was stung by a scorpion in the toe, which fortunately did not, as is commonly supposed, prove fatal. The facts are these: I retired to my couch one night, which couch was made of barrel staves, resting on poles, supported by crotches, with a blanket thrown over them, and rested well thereon until morning, thinking how nicely I had cheated the lizards out of running across my face, (which by the way they had frequently done before I got my patent bedstead), when the drums beat the reveille, and I jumped up and pulled on my boot.

A scorpion which had been resting quietly therein, gave me a terrible sting in my toe, his sting being located in the end of his tail. I pulled off my boot instanter, shook out the hideous-looking reptile, and dispatched him. My toe turned perfectly whit and swelled up considerably. I became somewhat alarmed, and Lieut. Cary, who was a very fast talker, passing by my tent at the time, asked me what was the matter. I told him I had been stung. He looked at my toe, and instantly prescribed as follows: "Brandy, Brackett — brandy! d — n you drink plenty of brandy."

I immediately went to the sutler's store, when I followed his prescription to the letter, and by noon the swelling and pain had entirely disappeared.

Our encampment was well conducted and everything wore a quiet appearance. Drilling, eating and guard mounting, were the principal occupations, and I am free to admit that we learned to go through them with great credit. Our appearance, when off duty, was anything but martial, owing to the intense heat of the weather. When not on guard or drilling I threw Uncle Sam's blue uniform frock-coat, and my handsome foraging cap, in the corner of my tent, and enjoyed the luxury of a very coarse pair of tow pantaloons, a red calico shirt, and a very high-crowned and broad-brimmed Mexican hat. Whether my appearance was becoming to a first lieutenant in the United States, service, I leave my readers to judge.

General Lane came down from Monterey on the 22d of August, and brought orders for the encampment to be broken up, from General Taylor. We

were soon busy making preparations for our departure, but ere we set out we had a grand time at the sutler's store. Majors Norvell and Talbott of the 16th were present, and a vast number of champagne bottles were decapitated. That party was one of the richest scenes I ever witnessed, and forcibly reminded me of some of those social gatherings which are so graphically described in "Charley O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon." Wit and wine flowed fast, and toasts were drank to the fair ones at home,—to his Excellency the President, and to the army generally. To eat bean-soup in the city of Mexico, was the highest ambition of most of our officers, and some of us had the pleasure of doing so. The Halls of the Montezumas were vociferously toasted, and many a wish was registered that we might help to open the gates of the proud city of the Aztecs.

After receiving orders from General Taylor to break up the encampment, we were until the 24th of August getting ready. On that day the 10th regiment of infantry was sent to garrison the towns on the Rio Grande; the 16th was sent on up to the city of Monterey; and the 13th regiment, being a portion of General Caleb Cushing's brigade, was ordered back to the mouth of the Rio Grande.

Our tents were all struck at once, and were soon after safely stowed away in the baggage-wagons. The men formed with their knapsacks on, and marching by platoons in column, with our music playing and colors flying, we left the camp-ground of the "School of instruction at Mier."

While on the Rio Grande I had frequent opportunities of witnessing that strange phenomenon of

nature called *mirage*, which is an optical illusion produced by a refraction of the atmosphere, or deviation from a direct course of the rays of light, causing a person to think he sees in the distance, beautiful lakes, groves of trees, houses and men on horseback.

Our men were at first so positive they saw good water off at a distance, that they started out fully expecting to return with their canteens well filled. But the lake receded before them, and after traveling miles, they were no nearer to it than when they started. It was an every-day sight, and after awhile ceased to attract the least attention.

We marched from Mier to Camargo, where we found a large empty train going down to the mouth of the river, which our regiment was ordered to escort down. The train numbered over one hundred and fifty wagons, each wagon being drawn by four or six mules. Every man rode, and we had a jovial time.

When we reached Reynosa, the captain of our company was sick and I was ordered to take command of the men and go down the river on board a steamboat; the rest of the regiment continuing with the train. Accordingly I marched my company aboard the boat and sailed down the river. The captain of the craft was Ed. Anderson of Tennessee, who had served as aid-de-camp to General Pillow, at the battle of Cerro Gordo. He was full of fun and anecdote, and made the trip a very pleasant one. At Matamoros I reported myself to Col. William Davenport of the 1st infantry, who ordered me to

proceed with my company to the mouth, and there await the arrival of the remainder of our regiment.

I had one night and one forenoon to look round Matamoros, which has very much the appearance of an American city. Fort Paredes is on the Mexican side, and is considerably above Fort Brown. On the south-east side of the Plaza stands the Cathedral, which is unfinished, and received some balls from Fort Brown during the bombardment. The houses on the other side of the Plaza are generally two stories high, and well built. There was a detachment of the 3d regiment of dragoons in town under command of Colonel Edward G. W. Butler.

From Matamoros I proceeded to the mouth of the Rio Grande, where I encamped with my company. Second Lieut. Allard and Sergeant Charles W. Lewis, with a party of our soldiers, missed the boat, and were obliged to walk down the bank of the river. They had no provisions, and slept on the prairie near the Resaca battle-field. In the morning they went to a ranche, where, in spite of the Mexicans, they procured something to eat. I was glad to see them come into camp, as we did not know but they were all killed.

A few days after our arrival the rest of the regiment reached the mouth of the river. During the time we were here a number of circumstances occurred which served to keep us alive and effectually drive off *ennui*.

The clothing of the volunteers having become dirty and ragged, and, withal "a little buggy," they were ordered to dress themselves in new and clean

suits of uniform, which was sky-blue, and the same that is worn by the regular soldiers of our army. As this matter was trenching upon their pockets it required some time to make them submit. It was all the talk in camp, and the volunteers expressed their huge indignation in various ways. "I'll be blowed if they make a regular of me," says one; "Let 'em go to h—ll, with their sky-blue," said another; while another stood by devoutly cursing himself for ever having become "a seven dollar target," meaning thereby, a soldier. They were all of opinion that old Zack Taylor never ordered such a thing done, and were bitter in their wrath against the officers. Finally they took the new uniforms and were afterward very proud of them. I wore the uniform myself, and never considered myself disgraced by wearing "Uncle Sam's sky-blue." The only trouble was our lack of tailors, as the uniforms were all of one size. They fitted our small men like "sentry boxes," and our big men always put me in mind of the pictures of poor Oliver Twist. When these uniforms were partly worn out, on the other line, and were "half soled" with red flannel, they were truly interesting specimens of morbid anatomy.

Colonel Charles H. Brough came down from Matamoros with the 4th regiment of Ohio volunteers, and encamped near us. This regiment was with ours during the whole war, and we always hailed each other as brothers. A better regiment was not in service in Mexico. "Lane's brigade was made up of this regiment, our own, and Jack Hays's" Texan Rangers. The latter corps did not join us until we got on Scott's line.

Some of Gen. Cushing's officers observed to Col. Brough, that he had better not go down to the Brazos as there were no transports ready for Vera Cruz, and he would be obliged to encamp on the sand. Brough replied, "Ah, gentlemen, you may repose on your *Cushing* but we will follow our *Lane*."

Our sick men were sent to the hospital at Point Isabel.—Transports arrived at the Brazos, and being of light draft crossed the bar, and everything was made ready for our departure for Vera Cruz. The 12th day of September we struck our tents at the mouth of the Rio Grande and marched to Brazos village.

CHAPTER II.

Departure for Vera Cruz—Dolphins—Vera Cruz—Visit to the City—Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa—Officers of the brigade—Edward Gilbert—Killed in a Duel—Leave Vera Cruz—Lieut. Cullman's death—Guerrilla fight—Lieut. Cline killed—National Bridge—Jalapa—Major Lally's Command.

ON the evening of the 12th, two companies, H and I, embarked on board the U. S. steamship Secretary Mason, under command of Major McCoy, to join the force under General Scott, which was invading Mexico under the name of the "Army of Invasion;" the army under General Taylor, which we had just left, being called "the Army of Occupation." We left the Brazos and crossed the bar about night-fall, and were followed shortly after, by the other companies of the regiment in steamships. The 4th Ohio regiment also embarked for the same destination.

On board the Secretary Mason were the following officers, viz:—Major McCoy, Captains Cochran and Fravel, Adjutant Gole, 1st Lieut. Brackett, 2d Lieuts. Mullen, Allard, Lee and Barber. We were a pretty jovial set in the cabin, and the voyage across was much more pleasant than when aboard the ship Tahmaroo.

The warm clear nights in the tropics, were delightful, and we never retired to our berths 'till very

late. A regular guard was kept on board and the discipline which prevailed was admirable. While on board I spent hours, at night, leaning over the bulwarks, watching the phosphorescent appearance of the water as it dashed up in great sheets of fire against the sides of our craft, thinking the while of friends at home and building castles for the future. We spun many long yarns and held many arguments respecting the merits of our superior officers.

One day as we were moving along through the blue waters of the Gulf, our steamer throwing back long lines of dark smoke from her chimnies, a sail was discovered far off close to the horizon, which the captain of our craft determined to overhaul. In an hour we came up with her, and she proved to be a brig bound for Campeachy. The crew was all Spanish and they were dressed in red woolen caps, linen shirts and pants and were the most villainous looking fellows in the face I ever saw.—I would have bet high that they were Pirates. We let them go without molestation, and they appeared to be relieved when sailing out of sight of the blue jackets of our men.

A shoal of porpoises followed our ship, and one of the soldiers for mischief shot one of them through with a musket ball. The ball no sooner struck him than the poor fellow leaped completely out of water with a crimson jet of blood spurting from his side. He fell back, and his fellows getting a taste of his blood, instantly commenced upon him and devoured him. A dolphin was also caught by one of the sailors; he baited a hook with a bit of shining metal, so that it might resemble the glitter of the wings

and body of a flying-fish, of which the dolphins are very fond, and dropped it into the sea. The dolphin no sooner got a glimpse of the deceitful bait than he made a sudden dart upon it and was safely drawn on board. He lay on deck, and as he was dying some of the most gaudy and beautiful colors I ever saw, shifted and shimmered over his body. The poet Falconer gives a beautiful description of the dying dolphin. He says :

“ What radiant changes strike th’ astonish’d sight !
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
 Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
 With parting beams all o’er profusely drest.
 Not lovelier colors paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dews impearl th’ enamel’d lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold imperial seem to glow :
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
 And emulate the soft celestial hue :
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye ;
 And now assume the purple’s deeper dye.
 But here description clouds each shining ray:
 What terms of art can nature’s powers display ?”

Four days after leaving Brazos island we came in sight of the snow-covered volcano of Orizaba, which is many miles in the interior and is visible seventy-five miles out at sea. It seemed to tower directly above us, and we could almost fancy that we saw men moving about upon it. The coast was yet invisible, and nothing but the great white cone denoted that we were near to the land. All was poetry from the time we saw it until we dropped our anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz.

Before noon the low coast became visible, and the city of Vera Cruz, with the white walled castle

of San Juan d'Ulloa, rose slowly up above the horizon. It was a magnificent sight out at sea, and one which I shall always remember.

About noon we dropped our anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz, between the city and the castle. Our ship swung slowly round, and we found ourselves close to the United States sloop of war *Germantown*, of twenty guns, which was at that time the flag-ship of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, commander of the Gulf squadron. I had seen the *Germantown* on the stocks at the navy-yard in Philadelphia in June 1846, and little thought, at that time, that I would next meet her in the Gulf of Mexico. A young midshipman from the *Germantown* boarded us and took a report of the number of men, etc., which we had on board. The little fellow was very sprightly, and gave us the first news, that General Scott had commenced fighting at the city of Mexico. Our hearts bounded to be with him, and when the reefer told us of the deaths of Colonels Butler, Ransom, Scott and a host of others who had been killed, we panted for an opportunity to avenge their deaths. The midshipman told us, with an ominous shake of the head, that we would have hard times going up, and I really believe he commiserated our situation. When he left our ship he had us all booked as dead men before three months rolled round. He left us with orders to go down the coast about three miles and land the men. Our anchor was weighed and we were soon at the place of landing. On the way down we passed the wreck of the Mexican bark *Creole*, which was cut out from under the walls of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa and set on fire on the

20th of November, 1846, by Lieut. Parker and passed Midshipman Rodgers and Hynson of the navy. She was burnt to the water's edge, and her bottom afterward floated ashore.

We went on shore from the steamer in surf-boats, and when within about ten rods of the beach, were obliged to jump overboard where the water was three or four feet deep, and wade the rest of the way. We got our tents and baggage on shore safely, and before night had them pitched at camp Vergara, as the encampment on the beach was called. The rest of the regiment arrived soon afterward.

The morning after our arrival, I set out to visit the city and castle, about which I had heard so much. As I approached the city, I met a long caravan of pack-mules on their way to the interior, laden with merchandise; the Arrieros or drivers were vociferating in the most savage manner, while the poor mules walked meekly along, keeping time with the tinkling of little bells that hung around their necks. The first zopilotes or turkey-buzzards that I saw were also outside of the city, and seemed to be croaking for something to eat. These birds are the scavengers of Mexico, and are kept in all the cities along the gulf shore, to remove putrid and noxious substances.

The city is walled, and on passing one of the gates I found myself in a wide, clean-looking street. A soldier on post saluted me as I passed and I returned it by touching my cap; this is the etiquette of the army, and every soldier is obliged to salute an officer each time he passes. If the officer is a gentleman he returns the salute.

I strolled along through the streets which presented a quiet appearance, as the *vomito* or yellow-fever had lately been at work among the inhabitants. Upon reaching the custom-house at about the middle of the city, facing the gulf, I found a long row of beautiful buildings, built of Quincy granite which was brought from the United States. Under the arches which led to the Mole, were a number of fruit dealers engaged in selling oranges, figs, pine-apples, bananas, lemons, cocoanuts, etc.

This city was founded about the year 1600, while the Marquis of Monterey was Vice-Roy of Mexico, and received a charter of incorporation in 1615. The city is built on the exact spot where Hernando Cortez landed with his brave Spanish troops to invade Mexico, on the 21st of April 1519; and it was here that he first unfurled his conquering banners. The climate of this place has always been unhealthy, and at the time I was there, the number of inhabitants did not exceed eight or nine thousand. The houses are built of stone, two stories high and very neat in their appearance.

From the mole or quay, which is made of stone and reaches out some distance into the gulf, I took a boat, and accompanied by Lieut. Barber, went over to visit the world-renowned castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. We were rowed over by a surly-looking Mexican and safely landed in the castle.

Upon leaving the mole I could not help thinking of a story my brother, Joseph W. Brackett, told me, which occurred at this place. My brother was a midshipman at the time and belonged on board the U. S. sloop of war Falmouth. He was ordered to

go ashore one day, with a boat's crew, for some purpose, and while there, a seaman named Nelson Norton, who was afterward in Wilkes's exploring expedition, ran a Mexican soldier back upon his own guard, with a boat-hook. The soldier was insolent, and without any ceremony Norton took him a crack with the hook, which came very near killing him. My brother got his crew off as soon as possible and returned to his ship. The incident occurred in the year 1832 or '33.

We found the castle in command of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, and were politely received by an assistant-surgeon, whose name I do not now recollect, who had just recovered from a severe attack of yellow-fever. By him we were shown through the different apartments of the castle, from the highest point where vessels are signaled far out at sea, to the lowest arches, where we saw moldering piles of lances and old English tower muskets. The castle is built upon an island twelve acres in extent, which it completely covers; the walls are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and constructed of a species of soft white coral, but faced with hard stone. We saw a number of shot-holes in the walls, and in one place was a large heavy cannon-ball, fired by the French, which was imbedded a foot or eighteen inches into the coral. The casemates are impervious to shot and the magazines are now bomb-proof. During the siege in 1847, there were between two hundred and fifty and three hundred cannon in the city and castle.

Its construction was commenced in the year 1582, and nearly forty millions of dollars have been expended upon it.

A French naval force took the castle from the Mexicans in the autumn of 1838. The French fleet consisted of four large ships, carrying one hundred and eighty-eight guns, two armed steamboats, and two bomb-ketches with four large mortars. The whole number of guns, of whatever description, found in the castle at that time, was one hundred and eighty-seven; a large portion of these, however, were for land defense. Two powder magazines, from not being bomb-proof, were blown up during the engagement, after which it surrendered.

The taking of the city and castle by Gen. Scott, in March 1847, is familiar to all American readers.

After spending a few hours pleasantly at this place Barber and myself returned to the city. On the outside of the castle are large heavy rings fastened in the walls, which are used during the prevalence of "Northers," to fasten the cables of ships to.

The town suffered a great deal during the siege, and was in a bad condition, though clean. A cathedral which I went into had its dome knocked off by a shell, which fell and killed a number of women and children. In this cathedral I saw, for the first time, wax figures of all colors, of our Savior, suspended on crosses, from the white skin of a European, to the darkest African tinge. Why they have them white and black I cannot tell unless it is to suit all classes.

In the batteries, on the walls of the city, I noticed some heavy cannon which were used by the Mexicans against the Americans, during the siege, one of them, a very heavy piece, had been knocked off its carriage by a heavy cannon-ball from the Amer-

ican batteries, which struck it directly in the muzzle. The cannon was turned completely over.

In the evening I returned to our encampment, well satisfied with my day's excursion.

Our encampment at Vergara was the scene of much excitement between the 16th and 19th of September, 1847. Baggage-wagons were overhauled and mended, artillery carriages put in good condition, and everything made ready in the best possible manner for our march toward the city of Mexico, to open communications between the sea-board and General Scott's army. As yet only vague rumors had reached us of the fighting at the city, and we were all eager to get on as fast as we could.

At this place Adjutant Cole resigned his rank as adjutant, and resumed his place as 1st lieutenant of company H. Second Lieut. John W. Dodd, of company A, was appointed in his place as adjutant of the 4th regiment of Indiana volunteers; it proved to be a most excellent appointment. Captains John M. Wallace and William T. Baldrige returned home from the mouth of the Rio Grande, as did 2d Lieut. John Franklin. Captain Baldrige and Lieut. Franklin resigned.

Before starting, the different regiments and corps were reviewed by Brigadier-General Lane, and the officers reported as follows, viz:—

ARTILLERY.

Battery of five pieces, 3d regiment U. S. artillery. Captain George Taylor; 1st Lieut., Horace B. Field.

Battery of two pieces, 2d regiment artillery. 1st Lieut., Henry C Pratt.

CAVALRY.

Company of Louisiana Mounted Volunteers.

Captain Lorenzo Lewis ; 1st Lieut., Christopher Lilly ; 2d Lieuts., Henderson and Cline.

INFANTRY.

Detachment of recruits for regular regiments, under Captain Seneca G. Simmons, 7th U. S. infantry.

Fourth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers.

Colonel Willis A. Gorman ; Lieut.-Colonel Ebcnezer Dumont ; Major William W. McCoy.

Company A, 1st Lieut., J. S. S. Decatur Cary, commanding ; 2d Lieuts. John W. Dodd, (Adjutant,) and Nineveh Berry, A. C. S.

Company B, Capt. Jesse I. Alexander ; 1st Lieut., Gustavus H. Way ; 2d Lieuts., Charles Tansey and Benjamin F. Hays.

Company C, Capt. Morgan L. Payne ; 1st Lieut., Martin M. Van Dusen ; 2d Lieuts., Thomas J. Lucas and Milton H. Catlitt.

Company D, Capt. Edward Lander ; 1st Lieut., Abraham B. B. Lewis ; 2d Lieuts., Benjamin Pillbean and Joseph Coombs.

Company E, Capt. John W. Crooks ; 1st Lieut., Christopher C. Graham ; 2d Lieuts., James H. Graham and Charles Finch.

Company F, Capt. Michael Fitzgibbons ; 1st Lieut., Isaac Finley ; 2d Lieuts., William F. McLean and George W. Amsden.

Company G, Capt. Daniel Lunderman ; 1st Lieut., William McPhetridge ; 2d Lieuts., Barton Akoff and Thomas J. Reynolds.

Company H, Capt. Landon Cochran ; 1st Lieut., Edward Cole ; 2d Lieuts., John W. Mullen and Jonathan Lee.

Company I, Capt. Robert Fravel ; 1st Lieut., Albert G. Brackett ; 2d Lieuts., Luther S. Allard and Daniel S. Barber.

Company K, Capt. Alexander L. Mason ; 1st Lieut., James C. Littell ; 2d Lieuts., James R. Mills and Noble Hamilton, A. A. Q. M.

Assistant surgeons, Isaac M. Brower, M. D. ; D. Wooster, M. D. ; Sergeant major, William W. Buchanan.

Q. M. Sergeant, McKinley Crookshank.

Commissary's sergeant, Richard Peasley.

Principal Musician, Charles N. Shook.

Fourth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers.

Colonel, Charles H. Brough ; Lieut. Colonel, Augustus Moore ;
Major, William P. Young ; Surgeon, Oliver M. Langdon, M. D. ;
Assistant Surgeon, Henry E. Foote, M. D.

Company A, Capt. Hermann Kessler ; 1st Lieut., Louis S. Gelan ;
2d Lieuts., Charles Henn and Henry Wiltz.

Company B, Capt. Otto Zirckel ; 1st Lieut., Edward Roessler ; 2d
Lieuts., George Cullman and Frederick Smith.

Company C, Capt. Samuel Thompson ; 1st Lieut., Isaac Knapp ;
2d Lieuts., George M. Tillotson and Lewis Leppleman.

Company D, Capt. George Weaver ; 1st Lieut., Simpson P. Moses ;
2d Lieuts., Obadiah Holmes and George W. Baird.

Company E, Capt. M. G. Lilly ; 1st Lieut., John C. Groom ; 2d
Lieuts., Robert H. Thompson and Abel Moore.

Company F, Capt. George E. Pugh ; 1st Lieut., Samuel Douglas,
A. D. C. to Gen. Lane ; 2d Lieuts., Calhoun Benham and Lafayette
Mosher.

Company G, Capt. James Irvine ; 1st Lieut., E. B. Sayre ; 2d
Lieuts., M. S. Morton and Peter D. Ankeny.

Company H, Capt. George A. Richmond ; 1st Lieut., Joseph A.
Smith ; 2d Lieuts., John N. Dyer and John Adams.

Company I, Capt. Henry Robinson ; 1st Lieut., Meigs Robinson ;
2d Lieuts., Warner Spencer (adjutant) and Daniel B. Robinson

Company K, Capt. John Fries ; 1st Lieut., Henry Doepfer ; 2d
Lieuts., Wm. J. Graebe and Lothar Eisen.

Sergeant Major, John Robinson.

Q. M. Sergeant, Joseph Groom.

Principal Musician, James Smith.

Our force was afterward augmented by a detachment of recruits under Captain Samuel P. Heintzelman of the 2d regiment U. S. infantry, numbering three hundred and fifty men.

Our regiment, as well as the 4th Ohio, was already very much cut down by sickness, and out of our own company we left twelve in the hospital at Vera Cruz, five of whom died of yellow fever. As these

pages may some time be perused by their friends, I here insert the names of those who died, viz:—Sergeant Asa Nye; privates, Martin Miller, James Monroe, Edward E. Paige and James Williamson. The rest were discharged, except privates William N. Bailey, Evans Elliott and Moses Hicks, who subsequently joined the company.

The evening previous to our departure, I had the rare good fortune to receive a letter from home, and by the flickering light of a short campaigning candle, read it over and over twenty times. I was the envy of all the lads in our mess, as no one received a letter that evening but myself, and letters were precious when they were received but once in two or three months. My letter told of home, that dear old place where I often—oh! how often, wandered in my fancy. It told of friends far off on the Pacific coast, many of whom were near and dear to me, and I must here, though it may be considered a digression, speak of some of them. I shall speak of them as they were then, and of their subsequent history.

Those I wish to speak of belonged to the First Regiment of New York Volunteers. I was well acquainted with the regiment, having been with it during the greater part of the month of August, 1846. My brother, John E. Brackett, who graduated at West Point in 1832, was a captain in the regiment, and I was with him expecting an appointment in the army. The soldiers were encamped at that time on Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, and the regiment sailed from thence to California in the month of September, 1846, and went round Cape Horn, touching at Rio de Janeiro,

on this side, and at Valparaiso, and Callao, on the other side of South America. It was commanded by Col. Jonathan D. Stephenson, and was stationed in California until the close of the Mexican war. Henry S. Burton was Lieutenant-Colonel, and James A. Hardie, Major.—I recollect a number of the officers of the regiment, among them, Captains Brackett, Neagle, and Stevenson, all West Point graduates; Captains Dimmick, Steele, Taylor, Frisbie, and Lippitt; Lieutenants Gilbert, Pendleton, Tremmells, Anderson, Hubberd, Bönnycastle, Morehead, Brewerton, Lemmon, Buffum, and Per. Lee.

I knew Lieutenant Edward Gilbert well, having been brought up with him in the town of Cherry Valley, Otsego County, N. Y. He was somewhat older than I was, but still I enjoyed his friendship, and watched his short, though brilliant career, with exceeding interest. He was born in Oneida County, N. Y., the precise date I do not recollect, and while yet young removed to Cherry Valley, where he commenced learning the printers' trade with his relatives, William and Charles McLean, who were editors and proprietors of the *Cherry Valley Gazette*. Edward was poor, but a more proud-spirited and honorable fellow never trod the earth. He toiled night and day to support himself and his aged mother, and having learned his trade, removed to Albany, N. Y., where he soon became foreman of a large and extensive printing establishment.

When the Mexican war broke out, he became a Lieutenant in Captain Van O'Linda's company,³ but there being no prospect of that company's being called into service soon, he joined Captain Frisbie's

company, as first lieutenant, and sailed for California. Van O'Linda's company subsequently belonged to Col. Burnett's Regiment, the Second New York Volunteers, which served in Mexico, and Van O'Linda himself was killed at the storming of the Castle of Chapultepec.

Lieutenant Gilbert served creditably until the close of the war, and then started a newspaper, called the *Alta California*, in the city of San Francisco. The gold mines were shortly afterward discovered, and the golden star of the Pacific was added to the American constellation. He was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the State of California, and was shortly afterward elected to Congress. Wright and Gilbert were the two first members of the U. S. House of Representatives from that State.

The last time I ever saw him on earth, was on Governor's Island. Being about to return home, I made Gilbert a present of a beautiful dirk, on the hilt of which were marked the initials of my name. He took it, and remarked to me, "If I ever have occasion to use it, Ab., I will certainly recollect you, if I have time."

Off Cape Horn, on his passage to California, a man fell overboard from the ship which he was on. Immediately he, and First Lieutenant Tremmells, of my brother's company, tied ropes around their bodies and jumped into the sea, to rescue, if possible, the drowning man. They got him on board safe, and were just receiving the congratulations of their fellow-officers, when the brave Lieut. Tremmells fell dead upon the deck, from the effects of over-exertion.

In Congress, Gilbert acquitted himself well, and labored for the good of his constituents. I frequently received letters from him while he was at Washington, always professing the warmest interest in my welfare, and friendship for me personally. But his career is done! His sun sank in blood, and upon the so-called "field of honor," he offered up his life, a willing sacrifice, to what he considered to be his duty. He wrote an article for his paper, in the summer of 1852, after his return to California, casting some reflections upon Governor Bigler, for which he was challenged to fight a duel by General Denver. He accepted the challenge, and fought his opponent at a short distance with rifles. At the first fire, Gilbert was shot through the heart, and dropping on the ground, his blood and his life oozed out together. How sad a picture! The prospect before him was more brilliant than that of any one with whom I am now acquainted, but it was blotted out forever by that fatal bullet. It is exceedingly painful for me to dwell upon this circumstance, as by it I lost a true friend. Gilbert was only about thirty-two years of age when he was killed.

Albert B. Crafts, Jerome Hart, and Benjamin Hudson, from my native town, were all soldiers in the California regiment.

Having now paid a just debt which I owed to the memory of Edward Gilbert, I will, with my reader's consent, return to my wall-tent on the shores of the "Blue Gulf." The night previous to our departure, I lay stretched out on my clean Mackinaw blanket watching a sentinel who was walking a short distance

off, and as the night was calm and still a train of reflections passed through my mind. The character of my comrades and the officers of the Brigade generally, were the subjects which that evening occupied the largest share of my attention. In our company we had a captain from Virginia, a first lieutenant from New York, and two second lieutenants, one from Massachusetts and the other from Maine. There were some decided characters in our regiment, and some "toodles," who had neither character or stamina. We had officers who spoke to the men in thunder tones, and others who addressed the soldiers as though they were a party of ladies. We had some who were "slashers," gay rollicking devils, who delighted in the idea of getting into a fight, and some who were too genteel almost to touch a musket. We had officers who were handsome, well dressed and emphatically "ladies' men," and others who were as rough and uncouth as Polar bears. We had a general who dreamed nightly of the music of four-and-twenty pounders, and colonels whose eyes gleamed with happiness, when they thought of the red fields before them. Lieutenant-colonels we had too, who could pound away with their heavy sabers like the clear ringing of anvils, and majors who drew their tall forms up more erect, when an enemy's bullet whistled near them. We had assistant surgeons who would kneel and worship at the shrine of human loveliness, "and then dissect a Cytherean Venus to trace the course of an imaginary muscle." We had commissaries who prated about the generosity of Uncle Sam, and at the same time gave us

scant rations of moldy flour. They "cribbed" us close and looked on in ghastly astonishment, when they saw us stow away their flinty crackers and dangerous beef. But why should I say more, my blanket was warm and clean, and the spirit of dream-land, with his dark and smoky plumage, was hovering over my couch.

We left Vera Cruz on the afternoon of Sunday, September 19th, 1847, our force consisting of the artillery before mentioned, Lewis' cavalry, Simmons' battalion, and the Indiana and Ohio regiments. From Vergara our road lay through the sand-ridges, almost destitute of verdure, and the soldiers were obliged to push the artillery carriages up many of the steep ascents, on account of the deep heavy ruts which had been formed. Before reaching the Puente de Marino, a small bridge which crosses the Medellin river, where Harney and his dragoons had a fight on the 25th of March, we came into groves of thick heavy timber which lined the sides of the road. Brigadier-General Lane and his staff kept along with us, and about nightfall we were ordered to halt for the night. The place we stopped at was called Santa Fe, and a little hamlet of the same name near-by, bespoke the ruin and desolation consequent upon a country suffering from the effects of war. A few blackened and charred ruins were all that was left of a little place, where a few months before, all had been peace and happiness.

Our command was not overstocked with baggage, General Lane having ordered us to leave our tents, trunks and various other little necessaries which we had got together to make life agreeable. Four

officers were allowed one trunk, and we had a tent which we afterward burnt at La Hoya. One wagon was allowed to every two companies, and was filled up with camp-kettles, mess-pans, knapsacks, etc. We had a large train, but the wagons were for the most part filled with ammunition for small arms, and provisions for the soldiers.

At Santa Fe we lay down on the soft prairie grass and tried to sleep off the effects of our seven-mile march from Vera Cruz.

With the sun the next morning, we were on the road again, and though intensely hot we were obliged to trudge along with no other music than that made by parrots, which swarmed around us in great numbers—some of them small and ugly, and others large, with a profusion of gaudy plumage.

It was so hot that many of our men threw away their knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, jackets, and in some instances, I am sorry to say, their cartridge-boxes. Poor fellows! I could hardly blame them, and got almost tired myself of carrying my new and graceful light-artillery sabre. The road was literally lined with articles, and nobody could pick them up, as we all had as much as we could or would carry. I am of opinion that the Mexicans made a fine haul after we passed along the road. About noon a few straggling musket reports were heard, and the cry ran along the line that we were attacked in front by a party of Mexican guerrillas. Our column was stretched out a good deal, and Colonel Gorman came dashing along by us on horseback at full speed, ordering us to "close up." It was amusing to see the eyeballs of our men start out, and I

really believe a more excited body of troops never was on earth. The boys were all game, and they seemed determined to "kill something" at all hazards.

We halted, and the mouths of the men fairly watered for a chance to fire at a Mexican in anger. Such however was not our fortune at that time, and Lewis' cavalry company had all the fighting to themselves. The bushes were very dense each side of the road, and the Mexicans had crossed the road and tried to kill a poor old soldier who had fainted from fatigue. The cavalry followed them, killed seven, and took two horses. A party of Ohioans were also on the track, and were unfortunate enough to lose a promising young officer named Lieutenant Cullman, who dropped dead in the road from the effects of the heat. It was indeed hot, and one of our officers remarked, if it continued long, he should begin to believe in Riley's narrative.

About sunset we halted for the night near a small creek, where we had a most disagreeable time. Being nearly starved, we found some fruit which resembled red plums, some beans, which were doubtless castor beans, and some small nuts, which tasted very much like the fruit of the cocoanut; of these we made a supper, and such sickness as prevailed in our camp that night would have broken the heart of a homœopathic physician. It makes me sick at the stomach to think of it. Most of our men lay stretched out on the hard ground, suffering the most agonizing pains and confidently expecting that death would soon release them, from following further the fortunes of the United States army. Such was not the

case however, and in the morning they were all well except being excessively weak. What one that was there, will ever forget that night!

Our camping-place was one of the most romantic spots it is possible to conceive of, and it seemed a real pity that it should be the scene of such an unpoetic disaster as befell our brigade. To the right of our regiment lay an old bridge covered with moss and ivy, with the little stream before spoken of, purling along beneath it. Over-head hung the dark umbrageous branches of trees, of a variety wholly unknown to us, and in the branches were beautifully-feathered birds.

I did not feel in the spirit to take many observations myself, and left the next morning with "a light heart," as Dormar, an Emerald Isle soldier, expressed it, "to think I wasn't dead."

Doctors Langdon, Brower and Foote, were very attentive to the sick and rendered them every assistance in their power.

We marched, on the 21st, some twelve or fifteen miles to a place called Passo de Ovejas. This place is known to Americans as the Robber's Bridge. Our train was over a mile in length, and no incident occurred during the day worthy of special mention. The same scenery continued as on the preceding day, with the same overpowering heat.

As we marched into the little town, a rather serious though amusing incident took place; a soldier came clambering over a pile of rocks which lay beside the road, the very image of mute despair, he limped considerably, and as he approached gave evidence that something terrible had happened to him.

I asked him what was the trouble.—“God knows,” said he “the guerrilla’s have been firing at me, and something hurts me.” I asked him where the hurt was—he pulled up his pants, and through the calf of his leg was a clean cut ball-hole. He asked me what it was, and I told him—“Will it kill me?” said he—I told him no, and he hobbled off to his company in much better spirits. He was an Ohio volunteer, named Volk, and belonged to company A.

After our train had all got into the village, and the men were cooking their rations, the cavalry company went on a hill near-by to discharge their carbines. I was with the colonel at the time, and saw them go up. As soon as they fired, the whole camp was in an uproar, and all the companies immediately formed expecting every moment to be attacked by the Mexicans. The cause of the alarm was soon explained and the men returned to their messes to finish their suppers.

Such alarms as these were frequent, and served to keep the men exceedingly *nervous*. Whether they were of any benefit I never could understand.

On the evening of the 22d, we were just starting out from the bridge, when we were attacked in earnest by a large body of guerrillas. Our regiment being considerably in advance, was instantly formed in line of battle, on the side of a hill. The train was halted, and our men so disposed as to protect as much of it as possible. Lewis’ company came down into the valley below us, when the guerrillas from a hill near-by, poured in quick fire upon them, killing Lieutenant Cline instantly and wounding

one of the men. The poor lieutenant dropped with a palsied fall from his horse, the ball having passed directly through his temples. The rest of the company immediately put spurs to their horses, and rode in the direction of the Mexicans; they were unable to reach them, when a six-pounder cannon was unlimbered and loaded with grape-shot, by our artillerymen, which being fired at them, sent them flying in all directions. Our train was again in motion, and taking the dead bodies of Lieut. Cline and an Ohio soldier who had been killed in the skirmish, we pressed on.

The scenery along the road was exceedingly romantic, interspersed with deep valleys and high rolling uplands, covered with a profusion of flowers and tropical trees. The air was sweet with the fragrance of plants unknown to us, and a great variety of beautiful birds were continually cheering us along with their melodious warbling. Over the plains and slopes, is spread a wild growth of mimosas, cactuses and acacias, while a profusion of vines filled with gaudy blossoms, trail among the shrubs and maguey plants, relieving the latter of their cold and formal stiffness.

We passed a number of old ruins of churches and haciendas, deserted by all friends, save the creeping ivy, which seemed to nestle closer to the walls, as they were assailed by the old enemy of art—Time. One old church I particularly remember, which stood on the left side of the road. I loved it at first sight, and can well recollect how stately it looked, decked with its coronal of flowers. If I were a Mexican I would adore Mexico, and should I ever leave it the

sweet words of Catharine Hays would occur to me with a tenfold meaning.

“Dim through my parting tears I’d smile,
To claim, old land! my birth from thee.”

We were very much surprised to meet with a body of American troops drawn up on the side of the road, under command of Colonel Hughes. The colonel, who was stationed at the National Bridge, had received intelligence that we were attacked, and like a brave man came out to our assistance. He was too late and marched his men back with us. About two o’clock we commenced descending along a hard road of limestone rock with high hills on each side, and soon afterward came in sight of the east end of the National Bridge. As we wound our way down the road we came upon the dried up bodies of two dead men, which the soldiers carried on the ends of their bayonets, and pitched over a rocky declivity, as they were too much decayed to handle them with our hands. We made no inquiry as to who they were, but strips of blue clothing on the bodies bespoke that they had once been American soldiers. I pitied them, but we could afford no better burial.

Midway between the east and west ends of the National Bridge, there is a high rocky eminence, on which is a fort. Most of the waters of the river run under the arches at the west end, and the acclivity just mentioned is a kind of island. This bridge was formerly called the Puente del Rey, or the Bridge of the King, but since Mexico has been a Republic, it has taken the name of Puente Nacional, or the National Bridge. In the time of revolution in

Mexico, the generals lay concealed in the mountain fastnesses and defiles near the bridge, and finally as they became stronger in numbers, swept down like an avalanche from the mountains and decided the contest in favor of independence. The bridge and surrounding scenery at this place form, without doubt, one of the most sublime landscapes in Mexico.

The National Bridge is a magnificent structure, and crosses the Rio Antaigua, a swift stream which rises near the base of Mount Orizaba, on a number of massive arches. The masonry is of the most durable character, and though the bridge has been finished since the year 1776, it does not, as yet, show the least signs of decay. At the middle of the bridge is a monument giving the date of its commencement and completion, and here too are stone seats for weary travelers. There is a strong wall on each side, running the whole length of it, which is between three and four feet high.

There had been a number of fights at this place previous to our arrival, and a considerable number of lives had been lost. The first skirmish occurred on the 10th day of June, 1847, while Gen. Cadwalader was on his march up from Vera Cruz to join General Scott, then at Puebla. The next one was on the 16th of July, when Brigadier-General Franklin Pierce routed the enemy with great loss. Major Lally next attacked the Mexicans here on the 12th of August, and put them to flight. Lieut. Twiggs was killed in this skirmish. Colonel Hughes also had a fight with the Mexicans, upon his arrival here, and carried the fort on the height at the point of

the bayonet. This occurred on the 9th of September, about two weeks before our arrival. Nearly three hours were spent by the troops under Colonel Hughes, which consisted of a battalion of Maryland and District of Columbia volunteers, in climbing up the steep ascent. The only way the men could get up, was to pull themselves up by clinging to the roots and branches of shrubs which covered the rocks on the hill-side. Over one hundred Americans were killed and wounded in these various skirmishes.

Beyond the bridge is a village which we found deserted, and accordingly appropriated the houses to our own use. The *Fonda* or hotel was taken by the left wing of our regiment. On a hill still further up, stands a beautiful Mexican hacienda, said to have been owned by General Santa Anna. It was a fine building, and before the war had evidently been the scene of refinement and luxury. The yard was a gradual slope, surrounded by a stone wall. The portico in front was wide and airy, and the projecting roof was supported by elaborately-painted pillars, which were joined together at the top by highly-finished arches. A long and spacious hall ran through the house, and on each side were large and commodious rooms. The stables, cooking houses, and rooms for the domestics, were back of the house and not connected with it. How many beautiful señoritas had enlivened that hacienda by their presence, and awakened the joyous echoes by their melodious laughter! Here, too, perhaps, the dignitaries of the Mexican Republic had assembled, and framed pronunciamientos which were to startle

a nation. It was all deserted when I was there, and "booted and spurred" American officers stalked silently along the marble floors.

A portion of our train was sent back to Vera Cruz from this place, under a strong guard, for the purpose of bringing up more provisions and ammunition. I would not have my readers think that our soldiers had lived very sumptuously on the march—far from it—our daily fare consisted of hard crackers and fresh beef without salt, and I assure them that we lived four days on fresh beef and water alone.

General Lane pushed on toward Jalapa, through the pass of Cerro Gordo, with the whole brigade except the left wing of our regiment, which was left to escort up the train upon its arrival. Before the General started, he reviewed all the troops of the command; which presented a warlike and picturesque appearance.

The left wing of our regiment, under Major McCoy, remained here from the 22d until the 28th of September. Colonel Hughes also remained with his battalion to garrison the fort and village. At this place I saw a sprig of European nobility, who accompanied us to learn the Art of War. His name was Baron Von Grone, and he was killed in Europe during the revolutions of 1849.

One day a detachment of our men went out to kill some cattle to feed the troops on—they became somewhat scattered, and Corporal J. B. Agnew, of Company K, 4th regiment of Indiana volunteers, was shot through the leg by a party of Mexican guerrillas. He crawled on his hands and knees to the road, where he was found in a famishing condition

two days afterward, and brought in by them. His leg was amputated by the surgeon of Hughes' battalion.

A party also went out from this place under command of Capt. Dan. Drake Henrie, who made his escape from the Mexicans at Encarnacion, for the purpose of taking a party of guerrillas prisoners. They were unsuccessful, however, and returned home very much fatigued.

The train having arrived from Vera Cruz, and Major McCoy having received orders from General Lane to join him immediately, we cooked a few hard cakes from moldy and sour flour, and started about ten o'clock at night for the city of Jalapa. All night we marched along over the road, which was very rough and filled with loose stones. The road was ascending all the way, and a more tedious and disagreeable night cannot well be imagined. Shortly after we set out, we met a party of unarmed Mexicans on horseback, who were very civil, fortunately for themselves, as our men had as lief killed them as not. One of them was said to be a brother of General Soto, governor of the State of Vera Cruz, who, with his brother, had been commanding parties of guerrillas.

We marched thirty miles during the night, and arrived about nine o'clock in the morning at Plan Del Rio.

This place was known to the Americans as "the Broken Bridge," as the bridge which spanned the stream on a single arch had been blown up by the Mexicans, who had supposed by this means to impede our progress toward the interior. A road was

cut around the bridge, and we waded through the river. Here we halted a short time, and took a nap, after which we resumed our journey, and in the afternoon passed the Cerro Gordo battle-field.

On the field were yet remaining numerous mementoes of the desperate fight which occurred here, and cannon-balls, broken muskets, cartridge-boxes, etc., were strewed over the broken and desolate wild. Beside the main road, lay some pieces of heavy cannon, which had been brought out by the Mexicans from the Castle of Perote; they were sawed in two, and the cascabels and trunnions were sawed off, so as to render them unfit for service. Back of the main battery on the road was a steep precipice, and the dead were thrown over it. A few bones lay along the road, with here and there a skull. A long line of abattis stretched down the hill to the left, and on the right stood the Cerro Telegrafo. Cerro Gordo, in Spanish, means the "large hill."

That night we reached the ranche of Cerro Gordo, where we lay until the next morning. On the 30th of September we continued our march along the great Mexican road, and about two o'clock, P. M., entered the beautiful city of Jalapa.

Jalapa is deservedly esteemed one of the most pleasant towns in Mexico, and a more delightful climate and more beautiful scenery can scarcely be imagined. It is situated on a side hill, and is surrounded by fine groves and well cultivated fields. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and is celebrated for its handsome women and flowers, which here reach the highest perfection.

We marched in through a drizzling rain, with wet drums beating a most sorrowful march, and our colors flapping moodily against the staff. I fancied the ladies smiled as they looked at us from under their graceful rebosos—and well they might, for our appearance at that time well merited the name which we had received from them, which was “Barbarians of the North.” Whatever our looks might have been there was a number of stout-hearted lads among us, who could easily forgive the smile occasioned by our appearance for one precious tear of sympathy.

Our battalion here joined General Lane again, and was quartered in the barracks of the National Guard.

Here we found the troops of Major Lally, who had had a very severe time marching up from Vera Cruz. The major had been shot through the neck by a Mexican ball, and I must do him the justice to say, that he was one of the most perfect specimens of manhood I ever saw. Tall, straight, and of a dignified appearance, he was just such a man as I should pick out to lead a body of troops through an enemy's country. He had done his duty, and the fights he had at Passo de Ovejas, the National Bridge and at Cerro Gordo, attested his military skill and proved the bravery of the soldiers under his command. He belonged to the 9th regiment of infantry, and Colonel Ransom of that regiment had already been killed at the city of Mexico. On his march up he lost one hundred and five men in killed, wounded and missing, while his whole force did not exceed twelve hundred.

Major Lally's command consisted of eleven companies of infantry of different regiments, two companies of Voltigeurs, two six-pounder cannon, and three cavalry companies, respectively under command of Captains Besançon, Fairchild and Loyall. The two former were from Louisiana and the latter from Georgia.

There were a number of brave officers with this force, and I will here mention such of them as occur to me: Captain Alvord, and Lieutenants Ridgeley and Russell of the 4th infantry; Lieutenant Lear of the 5th infantry; Captain Hulter, of the 6th infantry; Captains Clark, Wells and Hornsby of the 12th infantry; Captain Creanor and Lieutenant Loring of the 11th infantry; Captain Winnans and Lieutenants Wilkins and Doyle of the 15th infantry; Lieutenant Sears of the 2d artillery; Captain Caldwell and Lieutenants Leigh and Winder of the Voltigeurs; and Lieutenant George Adams of the marine corps.

We had but a short time to stay in this city, as General Lane had received word that Colonel Childs, who was left with a garrison at Puebla, was in a famishing condition, and had been besieged for a long time by the Mexicans. Our baggage-wagons were repaired, as they had suffered various mishaps on the road, and a number of our mules "laid down and died," from sheer fatigue. The privations which we suffered cannot be written.

I improved the opportunity offered us, to look around the city of Jalapa, and though I had formed the highest opinion of its beauties, etc. from hear-

say, I cannot say that I was disappointed by its realities. There was an old church in the city which was commenced in the year 1568, by the Spaniards; it was the perfection of architecture, and was adorned in the most costly manner. The houses of Jalapa are generally two stories high, though in some of the streets they are one story, with the everlasting iron grates, thick and heavy enough for a State's prison, in front of the windows. The *senoritas*, when behind these grated barriers, look like highly-finished wax figures set up for show. The afternoon of the day we arrived in town, I heard some good music made by guitars and mandolins, which was much superior to the music at Rosario ranche on the Rio Grande.

A couple of officers of Wynkoop's regiment of Pennsylvanians came riding into town from Perote, having been closely followed by a party of guerrillas. They had been outside of the castle for the purpose of exercising their horses, and getting a little too far out, their return was cut off by the guerrillas and they were obliged to ride to Jalapa which was the nearest place where there was a body of American soldiers. They seemed highly gratified to think they had outrun the guerrillas and esteemed it a good joke that they had escaped with their lives.

CHAPTER III.

Plants and fruits of Mexico—Night in the mountains—Anecdote of Gen. Lane—La Hoya—Perote—Captain Samuel H. Walker—Louisiana cavalry—Tepiacualca—Fight with a Pork House—Ojo de Agua—Santa Anna—Hacienda San Antonio Tamaris—Prospect of a battle—Bivouac.

I REGRETTED very much while in Mexico, that I was not a botanist. The numerous plants, so new and strange to me, possessed great attractions, and I was, with others, often led astray with regard to their names and peculiarities. The maguey plant I looked upon with interest, and it was some time before I could be brought to believe that this was the same plant which I had heard so much about in New York and Albany, a few years ago, under the high-sounding name of the "Century Plant," which was said to blossom but once in a hundred years. This plant is called the *Agave Americana*, or American Aloe, and in Mexico it is no uncommon thing to see a fence, miles in length, made of this stately shrub. A delicious drink, called pulque, is made of the juice of this plant, and is used very extensively in Mexico. It is obtained by cutting off the flowering stalk just before it blossoms, and a cavity is then formed, in which the juice flows, and continues to flow for two or three months. This juice is then taken out by the natives, who suck the air out of a long gourd

and let the fluid run up into it. They let this fluid run into hogskins, which are lashed to the backs of donkeys, and after getting them full, return to the haciendas, where they pour it into large vats made of cowhides stretched upon bars. It is left to ferment over-night, and in the morning is fit for use. Unpoetic as this may seem, there is no better drink than pulque de pinea, or pine-apple pulque, which is made by grating pine-apples into the fluid, and then adding sugar enough to sweeten it.

The plant blossoms in eight or ten years after it is planted, and bears a number of large, beautiful flowers on a stem eight or ten feet high. Paper and ropes are made from the leaves, which are from five to ten feet long, running to a point, and are two or three inches in thickness. This plant is of the utmost importance to the Mexicans.

The *Convolvulus Jalapa* is a plant peculiar to the country near the city of Jalapa, where it grows in great abundance. The root of this plant is the drug usually kept in our stores under the name of jalap. I took considerable pains to look up this plant, and found it a long creeping vine, with handsome white and blue flowers.

The banana is a fruit which grows in large clusters on a species of palm tree. The leaves are large and feathery, and grow together on a long stalk. Each leaf is six feet long, and eighteen or twenty inches wide.

The cochineal insect, of which I saw but few in Mexico, is raised for the purpose of export, on the leaves of the nopal or cactus, which is nothing more or less than the prickly-pear. The female insects are

placed on different plants, on which the young insects feed. In about four months they are brushed off with squirrels' or deers' tails, and deprived of life by being thrown into hot water. I never think of this insect, without having associated in my mind the question of an old darkey, who came into a store one day, and inquired with great earnestness if they had any "cochineal seed."

The cocoanut tree grows forty or sixty feet high, and has large leaves, twelve or fourteen feet long. The tree bears annually from fifty to one hundred nuts. This is a species of the palm. The Chinese use the husks to make cordage for their ships or junks.

Pine-apples are raised in great numbers, and may be bought for two or three cents apiece. The fruits of the tropics grow in the Tierra Caliente, or warm climate near the sea-shore; and in the Tierra Templada and the Tierra Frio, the fruits and vegetables of the temperate climates are raised without difficulty. Good wheat, Indian corn, potatoes, apples, etc., in addition to oranges, lemons, figs, bananas, plantains, sapotes, etc., are raised in and around the city of Puebla.

At Jalapa I saw a large orange orchard inclosed by a high stone wall, and unceremoniously walked in and helped myself. The trees were groaning under the weight of the golden fruit, and it would have done some of our horticulturists good to have seen it. While I with others was busily engaged filling my hat and handkerchief with the delicious fruit, an old Mexican came out, and spoke something to us in Spanish, which was no doubt an invi-

tation to leave. This we had no notion of doing, and he becoming rather uproarious, we tied him to a tree and left him to his own meditations. I do not relate this story because the stealing of oranges was at all creditable, but only do it to show that we were nearly famished, and were bound by every consideration of patriotism to keep the souls and bodies of Uncle Sam's men together. Hunger is a word that looks and sounds bad in any place, but the realization of the term in one's own system is far, very far, from being agreeable. Fortune favors the brave, and it did in this instance, as we returned to our quarters well loaded with fruit, which I shared with the soldiers of my company.

Captain Simmons' men were in the same quarters with us, and from his repeated acts of kindness to them, I should say that he was a kind-hearted and generous man. Some officers are unnecessarily severe with the soldiers under their command, and petty tyranny seems to be their greatest delight. We had a few such in our command, and fortunately they were but few.

The night of the 30th of September we lay in the damp quarters which had recently been occupied by Mexican soldiers, and prepared ourselves to renew our toilsome and tedious march on the following day. There was no singing or joking that night in the barracks, and the men seemed steeled against every emotion. Life and death were alike immaterial to them, and true bravery, which is the very opposite of braggadocio, had many an honorable representative in our little band. We were now cut off from all succor, and understood plainly that we had to

depend on ourselves alone. The honor of our country was to a certain extent in our hands, and we all determined to open the road to Gen. Scott's army—or die.

A little after noon on the 1st of October, our force left Jalapa in one of the hardest rains I ever witnessed. We were accompanied by Major Lally's command, with the exception of Captain Fairchild's company of Louisiana cavalry, and the sick and wounded, which were left behind. The rain fell in torrents, and after crossing a high ridge near the city, and coming into a valley, we found the whole face of the country completely inundated. It seemed like entering into a great lake, and the water on the road was a foot or eighteen inches deep. The men marched sullenly along, shielding their muskets as well as they could with their jackets and blankets. The cavalry was a pitiful sight, and their blue overcoats were dripping wet.

Before night we came upon high ground, and commenced the ascent of the steep and rocky Cordillera mountains, which are a connecting link between the Andes of South America and the Rocky Mountains. No sound broke the stillness, save the clinking of our accouterments, and the rough jolting of the baggage-wagons and artillery carriages, as they crushed under their wheels the stones which lay in our road.

Darkness came upon us suddenly, and without tents or fires we halted to spend the night. Our men had taken the precaution, before leaving Jalapa, to put four days' provisions in their haversacks, and now in the darkness they prepared to eat their

suppers. It was most gloomy, and perhaps a body of men never underwent greater exposure.

It was at this place that an occurrence took place, which goes further to illustrate General Lane's character than a hundred long-winded speeches. Lane had, in common with most of the officers, no supper, and going out in the darkness came upon a party of soldiers who were eating, and asked them for something to eat. They supposed he was an old soldier by his dress, which was a blue overcoat and black hat, and unceremoniously told him to leave, that they would not give him any. One of the soldiers, knowing Lane's voice, told his comrades in a whisper, that it was General Lane. Immediately two or three of them stepped forward and offered their bread and beef to him. He would not accept any, saying at the same time to them—"I do not wish your food, and will not accept it. When you supposed I was a poor hungry soldier, you would not give me any; but when you found I was a general, you were perfectly willing to share with me. I am no better than any other old soldier." This was a severe rebuke, and the men felt it keenly. They were always afterward ready to share their last crust with any one.

The mud and water were deep, and wrapping our blankets around us, we lay down in them to rest ourselves:

"To sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub."

Yet sleep we did, and though the water trickled down our clothes, and froze the marrow in our

bones, we slept; and the rolling thunders sang our lullaby.

After our night in the Cordilleras, we started again, thanking Providence that the sun had once more illuminated the earth. We pressed on, over a road of punice-stone, which had been cast out by some terrible volcanic fire. The whole earth had a charred and blackened appearance, and had, no doubt, been one day a crater.

Along the road were rude crosses erected, to show that on the spot some human being had met a death of violence. How many hundred I saw in Mexico!

During the day we went through the "Black Pass," and encamped at the village of La Hoya. At this village we found seven pieces of iron cannon which had been taken from the Mexicans in the summer. They were all spiked and rendered unfit for service by the troops of Brig.-Gen. Cadwallader.

The march all day had been through a dense fog, which lay close down along the mountain tops, and kept us continually cold, wet, and chilly. We marched into the village, and as usual took possession. A one-eyed butcher, who had been a Mier prisoner, supplied us with beef, and if he could not glut his vengeance on the Mexicans, he certainly did upon their cattle.

While at La Hoya, a party of our soldiers ascended a high and rocky eminence to the left of our bivouac, and found on the summit a little plat of ground which a poor Mexican had cultivated in order to raise corn enough to support himself, his wife, and his children. The corn was immediately seized by our half-famished soldiers, and in spite of

the pitiful appeals of the old Mexican, and the tears of his *ninos*, carried off down to the fires and speedily devoured. In the morning the Mexican came down and laid his grievances before General Lane, who ordered the quartermaster to pay him. This was done, and Lane inquired how much he had paid the Mexican. "I have paid him," said the quartermaster, "the highest market price paid for corn, which amounted to fifty dollars." "That is not enough," said the general; and turning to an aid-de-camp, he ordered him to go to his trunk and get fifty dollars of his own private money, which he paid over to the poor old Mexican, who went away breathing blessings upon the name of the brave and generous American commander.

After another restless night, we got our long train straightened out, and pursued our march. As we were starting out, a number of our soldiers near a spring were fired on by a party of Mexicans, killing one and wounding two others. This fire was returned, and the cavalry, which was near-by, charged upon the retreating Greasers. A run of two or three hundred yards left five of their party stretched upon the ground.

We marched to Cruz Blanco, or the White Cross, where we stayed over-night. At this village we had a tough time, as the baggage-wagons broke down in the road, and we were left without any mess-pans or camp-kettles to cook our meat in. I took a party of soldiers and went back to find our wagon; after a long search we found it and got what we wanted. Col. Brough, with his regiment, was trying to get the train along, and his clear ringing voice rose

high above the din around him. It was pitchy dark, and one of our soldiers, named Richard Rudd, fell off a bank about twenty feet high, and hurt himself severely.

The next day we continued our march, and had a fine view of numerous mountains, among which conspicuously rose the Peak of Orizaba, which we had seen out at sea, the Cofre de Perote, and the Peak of Tepiacualca. The road now became more level, and a ray of sunshine again gladdened the earth as well as our own hearts. Our men were ordered to "close up," and all the stragglers were obliged to fall into the lines. Our bands, one belonging to the 4th Ohio, and one to our own regiment, got out their instruments, and to the good old tune of "Yankee Doodle" we marched briskly into the noted town of Perote, where we halted about eleven o'clock, A. M. The officers were quartered in the house of a fleshy and good-natured Mexican.

It was the 4th day of October when we reached Perote, and after resting awhile, I went out to take some items. The town is a very inferior-looking place, containing about three thousand inhabitants. The houses are generally one story high, and built of *adobes*, or sun-dried bricks, and very strong. The town is filled with execrable looking fellows who no doubt live by robbery and plunder.

The castle of Perote is a splendid work, though it looks odd enough to see such an immense fortification situated alone on an extensive plain, and so far inland. It stands about a mile from town, and there is a good road leading to it. The castle covers an area of over twenty acres, and was completed by

the Spanish government in 1776; it is of stone, strongly built, and commands the country for miles around. It is the second fortification in point of strength in Mexico; San Juan d'Ulloa being first. I went through the castle, and had an interesting time of it, Major Bowman of the 1st regiment of Pennsylvanians piloting me through.

Here I became acquainted with Captain Samuel H. Walker, of the regiment of mounted riflemen, and while talking with him I little supposed that this daring man, who had won such a reputation for himself as a Texan ranger, was so near the end of his earthly career. He was about the medium size, with light hair and a mild expression of countenance. Walker was born, I believe, in Maryland, and emigrated at an early age to Texas. When I saw him, he must have been about thirty years old. When nineteen years of age, he enlisted in the volunteers, and served one campaign in the Creek war, after which he went to Florida. He was in the Mier expedition under Colonel Fisher, where he was taken prisoner by the Mexicans, and sent to the city of Mexico. He made his escape from the prison of Tacubaya, near the city, and after suffering great hardships finally arrived safe at Tampico; from here he went to New Orleans, and thence returned to Texas. After serving in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, as a Texan ranger, he was appointed by the U. S. government a captain in the Mounted Rifles. His company was at that time in the castle, and was a remarkably well-drilled corps.

In the castle were a number of wounded men, who

had lost their legs and arms at the battle of Cerro Gordo. There was also a company made up of sick men who had become convalescent, that were left behind when the different commands passed up. These were mustered together, and enjoyed the euphonious name of "Diarrhea Blues."

General Lane received information at this place, that General Santa Anna was concentrating a large force between Perote and Puebla, for the purpose of attacking him. He therefore wished to strengthen his command as much as possible, and for that purpose ordered Colonel Wynkoop to go with him, with four companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, the other six companies of the regiment being then at Puebla, under command of Lieut. Col. Black. He also ordered Captain Walker to go with him with his company, which was Company C, Regiment Mounted Riflemen.

General Lane's command was, with the addition of those who joined him at Perote, about three thousand three hundred strong, with seven pieces of artillery. This was rather a formidable force, and was ready for action at any moment. The whole body was well drilled, and they asked for nothing more than to be brought into action.

When I returned to my quarters, I found my two most intimate friends, First Lieuts. C. C. Graham and A. B. B. Lewis, busily engaged over an old grindstone, in sharpening their sabres. Graham's highest ambition was to "take a *Greaser* a whack," while Lewis's eyes fairly twinkled as he thought about it. These men were whole-souled fellows, and were my most intimate companions while in the

service. We were of the same grade, and though they were both somewhat older than myself, we were always sociable, and were called in the regiment the "three twins." Graham was a Kentuckian, and Lewis exulted in being "the first white child born in Madison." I could not resist the temptation to grind my sabre, and soon made the fire fairly fly off the edge of it. When we had got them sufficiently sharpened, we went into the house, and opening Lewis' mess-chest, enjoyed a quiet evening meal.

In these pages I have frequently mentioned the Mier expedition, and have named two individuals who were connected with it; the first was the one-eyed butcher at La Hoya, and the second was Captain Walker. There was another man in our brigade, who belonged to Captain Lewis' company, who had also been a Mier prisoner. This man was nicknamed "Wild Jack," and he certainly deserved the appellation. Quick in the chase and ever ready to vault into his saddle, he was a very demon in a charge; but off duty he maintained a remarkably quiet deportment, and was intrusted with many important missions by the officers. He had been many years in the Texan service, and won for himself a high reputation as a ranger.

Captain Lewis of Louisiana, or as he was commonly styled, "the Count," was a daring and excellent officer, and took more pride in having his men appear well, than any man I saw in the service. His was, indeed, a fine company, and all the men rode large bay horses, brought from the United States. "The Count" was a finished gentleman, and ab-

horred mean acts. His first lieutenant was Christopher Lilly, and for this man I never entertained a good opinion. His pugilistic encounter with M'Coy, in a prize fight at New York, some few years ago, always arose in my mind at the sight of him. It will be recollected that he killed M'Coy. Some excuse may be offered for Lilly in this affair, from the fact that he was very young at that time, and was urged on by a body of men older than himself. His bravery cannot be questioned. The second lieutenants of this company were both killed. As already mentioned, Lieut. Cline was killed at Passo de Ovejas, on the 22d of September, and Lieut. Henderson was killed near a place called Matacordera, not far from Vera Cruz, on the 19th of February, 1848, in a guerrilla skirmish.

After leaving our sick men in the castle, our whole command moved out of the town of Perote on the 5th of October, and took up the line of march toward Puebla. It was again very hot weather, and our route was along an extensive sand-plain with no water. A pack of *cuyotes*, or Mexican wolves, moved along the plain parallel with us, and about a mile distant. Blood was their object, and if a poor soldier died by the road-side, his carcass was speedily devoured by them. They continued with us all day, and licked their gaunt jaws in anticipation of a meal of human flesh. On the march we suffered the most intense thirst, and steaming hot water from the india rubber canteens of our men, brought any price the possessor chose to ask for it. Water was that day sold for five dollars a drink, to my knowledge. We marched thirty miles without stopping,

and when we did halt at the town of Tepiacualca, the commanders of regiments and battalions were obliged to send out empty wagons to bring in the men who had dropped down from fatigue in the road. The wagons gathered them up, and three of them were found *dead!* This is truth, and every man who belonged to our brigade knows it to be so.

Shortly after reaching the town, a number of explosions were heard which resembled the firing of cannon, and we supposed that the castle had been attacked by the Mexicans. The sound approached nearer to us, and as it came on appeared to be subterraneous. The mystery was soon solved when we reflected that we were in the land of volcanoes, where such sounds are of frequent occurrence. I was not alarmed by the rumbling, and if the truth must be told was rather anxious to see an active volcano, spouting fire and brimstone; and did not care to feel the effects of an earthquake, provided it was as light as possible and not dangerous.

It is unnecessary to describe the village, as all villages look alike in Mexico. To build a town, three things are absolutely necessary: which are—a few adobe houses, a plaza, and a stone church built in the Gothic style. A few inhabitants are required in time of peace, but in war they all *vamose*. In the houses we took possession of the kitchens, and tore off rafters and other wooden parts of the buildings, wherever we could find them, to build fires in the little furnaces. Coffee was a staple article of diet, and was drank boiling hot out of tin cups. The first coffee I saw growing, was on Santa Anna's farm, about thirty miles from Vera Cruz. It grows

on a bush about eighteen feet high, and the coffee kernel itself is in a red pod, the size and shape of a cherry. There are two kernels in each pod. These pods are picked off, and the kernels are then laid in the sun and dried. Having disposed of my coffee, I will return to the village of Tepiacualca, which is situated in the state of Puebla, between the 18th and 20th degrees of north latitude.

Of course we rested well after our march, and I sincerely pitied our men who were obliged to stand guard. But it was necessary for some one to do it, as we had seen a body of regular Mexican lancers far off on the plain during the day, who were watching our movements.

On the 6th of October we marched to a hacienda, built close to the edge of a long row of hills, where we halted about three o'clock in the afternoon, to stay all night. It had been clear and pleasant weather, and we did not suffer as much as usual. It soon became noised about among our men that a large, high inclosure, which stood near-by, was filled with hogs. Pennsylvanians, Ohioans, Indianians and regulars were on the *qui vive* for some pork, and, secretly breaking into the inclosure, our valiant soldiers commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the luckless porkers. Bowie-knives and bayonets were in active demand, and in the short space of fifteen minutes over three hundred hogs were butchered in cold blood. The owner of the stock, who was a plethoric old Mexican, moved himself as fast as he could to General Lane's quarters, and reported the fact that the men were butchering his hogs. Up to this time, the greatest secrecy had prevailed

among the butchers, and every man who approached the slaughtering-pen was immediately supplied gratis with a fine fat porker. As it had begun to get dark, the men were enabled to carry the pork to their messes, where they hid it under their blankets, etc.

As soon as the general heard of the affair, he immediately sallied out, and I believe I never saw him more angry. All the officers were ignorant of what was going on, but that made no difference. Lane gave the colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors a most severe lecture; and these worthies in turn poured it in upon the captains and lieutenants, who, not to be behindhand, railed against the sergeants and corporals, and they against the men; but, as the pork was dead, they laughed in their sleeves, and professed the most heartfelt ignorance and innocence. Lane said he would buck and gag every man who was engaged in the affair, but as every man was in it, this mode of punishing three thousand was not feasible. He then ordered the company officers to go into their companies and fish out what pork was concealed. Accordingly, we went round and questioned our men, who, to believe their stories, knew nothing about the matter. I asked Tom Murphy, a noted thief in our company, whether he had any. He was lying, at that time, on a pile of blankets, from under which I saw what very much resembled a pig's foot. "No, sir," said he, in reply, "I'm too tired to be in such a scrape as that to-night." I told him I did not wish to be deceived, and he with the utmost nonchalance requested to be searched. As I wished some of the pork myself, I

did not search him, and the result was I had a good supper. Some eight or ten hogs were found and returned dead to the owner, who was minus two hundred and eighty. How Lane settled with him I am unable to say, as I never felt particularly anxious to inquire into it.

While the pork excitement was at its zenith, Captain Wells, of the 12th infantry, was organizing and mounting a strong guard, which was stationed around our bivouac. Tents being, at this time, a pleasing vision of the past, cavalry pickets were sent out, and with a feeling of absolute security we went to rest. Whether we had any music that night I cannot say, as we were all too full of suppressed laughter at the result of the pork-fight to heed anything else. Private George Creson, of our company, had been particularly officious at the hog-pen, and related with the utmost zest, in my hearing, though he did not know it, his exploits of blood, at the same time flourishing a huge bowie-knife, with which he had cut the throats of numerous porkers. George was the hero of his mess that evening.

Thursday, Oct. 7th. We marched from the "hog pen" to a village, the name of which I cannot now recollect, and passed Ojo de Agua to our left. The springs, at this place, are in themselves great curiosities, boiling hot water bubbling up in abundance from the earth, while but a short distance off may be found streamlets gushing from the mountains of pure cool water. The name Ojo de Agua, which means "eye of the water," was given to it by the Spanish, on account of this singular phenomenon. At the little village where we stayed

over-night, were a few poverty-stricken Mexicans, who told us that General Santa Anna, with four or five thousand regular Mexican soldiers, was but a short distance off, preparing to give us a warm reception into the interior. This was rather pleasing news, and we all wished to be brought into a general field engagement.

General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna was at that time President of the Republic of Mexico, and having been defeated by General Scott at the City of Mexico, and being unable to take the force of Col. Childs at the City of Puebla, he had come down for the purpose of attacking us, and preventing, if possible, our junction with the troops at Puebla. Santa Anna was born in the State of Vera Cruz. His name is associated with many scenes of the Mexican Revolution, and he is generally considered the most talented man that country has yet produced. The limits of this work will not permit me to give a detailed account of his life, or of his many romantic military operations. He was taken prisoner by Gen. Sam Houston at the battle of San Jacinto, and his life was preserved with considerable difficulty. It is said that he and Houston were both *widows' sons*. At the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the French, in 1838, he lost a leg. His subsequent history is well known, and he is, without doubt, one of the most remarkable men in America.

In anticipation of going into battle soon, I went to the mess of private soldiers, whom I had myself recruited, and spent an hour or two with them, talking of home and making such arrangements as

were necessary in case any of us were killed. The men of this mess were John Miller, John Barrett, Mark McGraw and Samuel Miller—all from Fulton County, Indiana. They were all privates, but better men and more trusty fellows were not in the United States' army. One of them, Mark McGraw, now sleeps in the cold earth, but his memory is cherished in the warmest and brightest recesses of my breast. John Miller, too, has my lasting friendship, and maintains well his reputation for valor. He was stuck by a Mexican lance, and wounded while going into Puebla, but paid the debt with interest. In an Indian fight in California, since the war, he killed three Indians who were pressing on him too closely. With these men I spent a social hour, smoking a short campaigning pipe, to keep up my spirits and drive away the "blue devils" in the curling wreaths. Friendship is cemented more firmly in the army, than in any place on earth. A man's heart is there laid open, and whatever of good or evil there is in it, makes its appearance. Harmony is the strength and support of all institutions, but more especially do we feel it there.

On the 8th of October, we again took up our line of march, and about noon reached a hacienda, where we stopped to get some water. Tom Silsbee of Tennessee, who was an old campaigner in Yucatan, was acting as Lane's interpreter; he was a gay fellow, and I recollect we emptied his flask for him at this place. A party of lancers had just been there before us, under command of Major Victor Bravo; they were watching our movements, but had sense enough to keep out of our way. It became evident,

at this place, that not many more suns would roll round before we should have a chance to display our valor. The Mexicans whom we met along at different places betrayed it in their looks, and every few miles we could see parties of lancers riding before us, and hiding here and there in the groves of timber. At three or four o'clock, we passed through a handsome village and descended into a level and rich valley, where the land was well cultivated, and cut up into corn fields, fenced with the maguey plant. We had a slight shower, though not enough to wet us very much, and about sundown halted at the hacienda of San Antonio Tamaris. The train of wagons was closed in close to the walls of the hacienda, and the cannon placed in position, so that they could be used at any point without causing confusion. General Lane sent out a number of Mexican spies, and offered them large sums of money if they would find out where Santa Anna was before morning. Three miles beyond the hacienda was the village of Napaloucan, and the tones of the vesper-bell sounded sweetly and told of repose in that land of rest. To many of our men that was the last evening on earth!

In a short time after our arrival the arms of our soldiers were stacked, and bright fires kindled along the lines. Our evening meal was prepared, and disposed of, and wrapping our blankets around us, we lay down on the ground to rest our weary limbs. The quiet stars twinkled in the sky, and I looked at the big dipper and north star, thinking the while if somebody that I knew was looking at them at the same time.

CHAPTER IV.

Preparations for battle—Battle of Huamantla—Incidents—Captain Walker killed—Col. La Vega and Major Iturbide—Thanks of Gen. Lane to his soldiers—Our killed and wounded—Poley shot—Col. Charles H. Brough—Pinel Pass—Attack on 4th Ohio regiment—Virgin of Guadalupe—Legend—Gen. La Vega—Colonel Willis A. Gorman—Amasoque.

EARLY on the morning of the 9th of October, 1847, we were roused from our slumbers by the rattling of infantry drums and the mellow strains of cavalry bugles, which broke the stillness of the scene, and the martial sounds reverberated along the valley in which we were bivouacked. The sun rose in the east in glorious majesty, shedding his soft rays over the earth, and gilding the peaks of the distant mountains, the church spires in the neighboring villages, the white-walled haciendas and dark groves upon the hill-sides, till all resembled a sheen of gold. The soldiers rose from their hard beds amid the damp grass, and quickly falling into the ranks, the rolls were called. After which they prepared their morning meal of hard crackers and coffee, and accoutering themselves in their mud-covered belts, the lines were again formed. By this time, a rumor spread through the division that we were to have a fight with General Santa Anna, as the spies had returned and reported his whereabouts. Everybody

seemed to be delighted at the idea of meeting that celebrated chieftain, and more than one hope was registered that we might succeed in capturing him.

An order was given for Col. Brough and the 4th Ohio regiment, with Captain Simmons' battalion and Lieut. Pratt's battery of artillery, to remain at the hacienda to guard the baggage, as we were to march some distance off the main road to meet the Mexican troops. The Buckeye boys did not relish this arrangement much; but there was no alternative, and they submitted with as good a grace as possible.

The remaining troops of the command, having piled up their knapsacks near the hacienda, were ordered to move forward. They started about 10 o'clock, A. M., Captain Walker leading the van with his own company of mounted riflemen, two companies of Louisiana cavalry, under Captains Besançon and Lewis, and one company of Georgia cavalry under Captain Loyall. The 4th regiment of Indiana volunteers followed next in line, then four companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, with Taylor's battery of artillery, consisting of five pieces of cannon. Major Lally, of the 9th infantry, although wounded, came next, with his battalion, and Heintzelman, with his battalion of regulars, brought up the rear. The whole force numbered something more than two thousand men.

With our banners gayly rustling in the breeze, we moved steadily on through burning sands and clouds of dust for about ten miles, when the cavalry dashed off ahead and was soon out of sight. Brigadier-General Lane, the American LANNES, rode along with

his staff to the head of the column, and gave the order for the infantry to move forward in double quick time. Tired as our men were, they obeyed the order with alacrity, at the same time giving three cheers for "Old Joe of Buena Vista." A few moments after, we heard the firing of carbines and the roar of cannon, and knew that Walker was engaged with the enemy. We were about a mile and a half from the city of Huamantla, and in plain sight of it.

A large force of Mexican lancers was now seen at our left, coming on at full speed toward Huamantla. They made a most magnificent appearance, dressed as they were in red and green uniforms, and I never beheld a more animating display. Their long and bright lances reflected the rays of the sun, and flashed like a sea of diamonds. The crimson pennons of their lances fluttered gracefully from the staffs, while above the rest was the national flag of Mexico; this is a green, white and red tri-color, with the Aztec eagle in the center.

Now ensued a scene scarcely to be described—each party striving to reach the city first, for upon it depended the fate of our cavalry. They were on horseback and we on foot. The efforts of our men were almost superhuman, and blood gushed from the nostrils of many of us as we tore along through the thick maguey fields. The Mexicans lashed their steeds with perfect fury, and the poor horses were completely covered with foam and perspiration.

They reached the city before us, and a maddening cry of disappointment burst from our enraged soldiers. Our pace was not slackened until we reached

the upper end of a street which leads into the plaza, where we halted to get breath. At this place, a mounted rifleman rode toward us bare-headed, and as his horse halted by us, he tore open his blue jacket with a convulsive grasp, revealing on his bosom a number of ghastly wounds, and pitched forward dead.

The Indiana regiment was divided at this point; the right wing, under Lieut.-Col. Dumont, with the regimental colors, was sent forward into the plaza; while the left wing, under Col. Gorman and Major McCoy, marched round to the suburbs of the city, and formed in line of battle in a corn-field. Col. Wynkoop, with the Pennsylvanians and artillery, moved to the east part of the town; Heintzelman's battalion to the right, and Major Lally's battalion was halted in reserve.

The lancers were driven out of town by the force of Lieut.-Col. Dumont and the remnant of the cavalry, directly in front of the left wing of the Indiana regiment to which I was attached. Our colonel gave the orders—"Ready! aim! fire!" in quick succession, and a sheet of flame belched from our muskets. The Mexican force was completely riddled, and men and horses rolled over one another in frantic confusion before us. The affair was quickly over, and the blue, sulphurous smoke rose up and hung above us like a pall. Horses, riders and dead men lay on the ground, and with a sigh at the work of destruction, we marched back into the road. Our men were still—the awe of death was before them!

The colors of the Indiana regiment were placed on the arsenal in the plaza before the enemy was

fairly out, and the color-guard, composed of Sergeants Macom, Woodard and Evans, killed some Mexicans who attempted to keep them off the building.

When Captain Walker charged into the plaza at the head of the cavalry, he found a body of Mexican artillery and infantry. After a fierce encounter they fled, leaving three pieces of cannon in the hands of the Americans. Every officer and soldier behaved with the greatest gallantry. Supposing the conflict was over, they were resting themselves, when the overwhelming force of Mexican lancers, two thousand in number, commanded by Generals Santa Anna and Torrejon, dashed into the plaza. The cavalry, being unable to withstand them, sought refuge in a church-yard, which had a high stone wall around it. Captain Walker wished to preserve the cannon which he had captured, and exposed himself. He was struck almost at the same instant by two escopette balls, one of which passed through his head and the other through his breast. He fell back, and died instantly. The Mexicans re-captured one piece of cannon, which they carried off, and lost a great many men. Besançon's company was cut off from the main body of Americans, but grasping his saber more firmly, and shouting to his men, he dashed through the Mexican lines like a whirlwind.

Lane exhibited much emotion when he heard of Walker's death, and it made us all feel gloomy. His own men wept like children, and their stout hearts were melted.

Lieutenant Anderson, with a party of Georgians, captured Col. La Vega and Major Iturbide, narrowly

escaping with his own life. There were many acts of heroism displayed, and Walker's company came out of the fight with only twelve men uninjured.

After taking a great many prisoners who had concealed themselves in the houses, we marched into the plaza, where lay a number of dead bodies, and rested ourselves from the fatigues of the conflict. I was gratified to think I had been in battle, and escaped uninjured; but for our own and the Mexican dead and wounded, I had the most heartfelt sorrow. One poor lancer lay stretched out beside me, and as I studied his youthful features, and thought that he too had a home, friends and kindred, I could not but feel that war was horrible—ten times more horrible than can be conceived of—and when stripped of its gay panoply, is a grinning, ghastly demon. I had no desire to take anything, aside from a few cakes which we found in a bakery.

All around me was desolation and ruin. The fine houses were, many of them, torn open, and the brutal soldiers wrapped themselves in costly silks. In the arsenal a large amount of ammunition was found, which was by General Lane's order destroyed. A fine fountain in the plaza was filled with gunpowder, which rendered the water unfit for use, and it was scattered on the ground to the depth of two or three inches. In this the soldiers were strolling around, smoking cigars which they had taken, unconscious of danger, and caring little whether they were blown up or not.

This was the last battle Santa Anna fought against the Americans during the war. He made his escape with a few lancers, and retired to Tehuacan. The

"Napoleon of the South" could not withstand the Americans in battle; his men were always sadly cut to pieces, and the iron arms of the Northmen committed sad havoc among them.

Our loss in killed, wounded and missing was forty-two men; the Mexican loss exceeded one hundred and fifty. The Mexicans themselves told me that after the battle a number of our men were killed, who had got drunk and remained behind after our force left the city. I have no doubt but such was the case.

Toward night the different corps were assembled in the plaza, and placing our killed and wounded in wagons, we marched out of the city. Captain Walker's body was carried back to the hacienda in a coach belonging to the Catholic priests of Huamantla.

The command halted about three miles from the city until morning, when it marched to the hacienda.

The prisoners taken were kept with us. Major Augustin de Iturbide, son of the old emperor of Mexico, and aid-de-camp to General Santa Anna during the battle, was a man, I should judge, at that time about thirty years of age, stout, robust and hearty, middling-sized, and of a jovial turn of mind. He conversed well in English, and received his first military training at the school of Captain Partridge, in Norwich, Connecticut. I have been told, by one who was his classmate at that time, that he was a slovenly scholar, and did not stand very well among his fellows. However that may be, we treated him well, and hope he had no cause of regret for falling into our hands.

Colonel La Vega, another prisoner, was a brother of Gen. La Vega, who behaved so well at Resaca de la Palma. He was a very gentlemanly man, and was scarred in a dreadful manner in the face, by an explosion of gunpowder. I recollect him for his seared face, and as being the most accomplished billiard player I ever saw. He was said to be an expert artillery officer.

All the regular officers engaged in this battle received from the president a brevet rank. Lane was made a brevet major-general; Captains Heintzelman and Taylor were made brevet majors, and Lieut. H. B. Field, 3d artillery, and Lieut. Claiborne, of Walker's company, were made brevet captains. Others were breveted, but I do not recollect their names. The volunteers, who behaved bravely, of course received no brevets.

We had two very handsome brass pieces which we had taken from the enemy; the first was a six-pounder, well mounted; the second a mountain howitzer.

When Lane reached Puebla, he issued the following order:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF PUEBLA,
Puebla, Oct. 1847.

“*Orders No. 61.*

“The General commanding desires in the warmest manner to thank the troops under his command for their gallant conduct in the late battle of Huamantla. Fatigued by a long and arduous march, yet all pressed forward in the most eager manner to share in the danger. Although victory is ours, our

joy is saddened by the loss of many brave men Captain Walker, than whom a braver or better soldier never lived, nobly fell in front of the enemy. Returning his thanks, the general feels assured that when occasion offers, the same enthusiasm will again prevail.

“By order of Brigadier-General Lane.

“HENRY B. SEARS, Lieut. & A. A. A. G.”

The night we lay on the plain was cool and pleasant, and by way of luxury I pulled the end-board out of a baggage-wagon, and slept well thereon till morning. I had a fine lancer's horse which I had taken in the fight, and after attending to him well, and tying him securely, left him. Reveille sounded, and early on Sunday morning, Oct. 10th, we found ourselves back at the hacienda of San Antonio Tamaris, with the dead, wounded, and trophies of victory.

At the hacienda, the dead men of our command were laid out in a row in a room. I went in, and there lay Walker, with the dried blood in streams over his face, and his faithful slave David, who was killed with him, not far off. Merriken, Glanding, Hugenin, Tarbox, Rickey, Richardson, Smith, McLean, Wall, Birch and Teedman, who were also killed, lay stretched out in their blue jackets, awaiting burial. We had no coffins, and a large pit was dug, in which all the dead men were placed.

Captain Walker was buried alone, and his body was afterward moved to Texas. One company of Ohio volunteers, under Captain Robinson, fired three vollies of musketry over his grave, and the mortal

remains of that gallant officer, were left in silent repose. The funeral service was read by Colonel Wynkoop.

The missing men were, as far as could be ascertained, as follows, viz:—Sergeant Gosling, privates Dement, Darlington, Collins, McCleerey, Richards, Brockholst, Lienburg, Leland, and Murphy.

Our wounded men were well cared for, and when we moved on to Puebla, were provided with comfortable beds in ambulances. Sergeant Russell, of the 2d dragoons, was badly wounded in the leg by a lance, he having been temporarily attached to Walker's company. Private Raborg of the Rifles lost his leg, and privates Macham, Welsh, Wayne, McGill, Scott, and Myers, also of the Rifles, were wounded. Privates Forneley and Milton, of the Georgia Cavalry, and Murrey and Stetson, of the Louisiana Cavalry, were likewise wounded. In the 4th regiment of Indiana volunteers, 2d Lieut. Charles Tansey was badly hurt, and died shortly after we reached Puebla. Private George W. Walters, Co. K; Josiah Bailey, Co. C; musician Finch, Co. E, and privates Martin Dormar and Peter Campbell of Co. I, were also wounded. Private Andrew Hattenstine, of Co D, 4th Ohio volunteers, serving with our regiment, was wounded and had his leg cut off afterward.

The hacienda had been, during the battle of Huamantla, in charge of Colonel Brough, who confidently expected a fight with the Mexicans; the lancers appeared on the plain, but seeing the firm and unflinching appearance of the Ohio boys, they very wisely considered "discretion as the better part of

valor," and moved off. Colonel Charles H. Brough, of the 4th Ohio regiment, was born in the town of Marietta, Washington county, Ohio, about the year 1814. At an early age he married Miss Abigail W. Ames, of Belpre, Ohio, and shortly afterward settled in Lancaster, where he commenced publishing a newspaper, called the *Ohio Eagle*. In 1840 he was elected to the Legislature of his native State, and after serving until the expiration of his term, he removed to Cincinnati, where he became the owner and first Editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. He was a practical printer, and afterward studied law. In the autumn of 1842 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton county, and after serving one term was re-elected. He discharged the duties of his office faithfully and won the esteem of the whole community. He became Colonel of the 4th Ohio regiment in the spring of 1847, and after his return to the United States, in 1848, he was elected Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, by the Legislature of the State. His career was brought suddenly to a close by an attack of cholera, on the 16th day of May, 1849, at Cincinnati. He died universally regretted, and left on earth no enemies. Brough was a noble fellow, and had he lived would have made his mark even more plainly than he did on the monument of time.

Toward evening we marched to the town of Napaloucan. It seemed that blood must be shed at every step of our march, and in the short distance of three miles between the hacienda and Napaloucan a cruel tragedy was enacted. As we were

starting out a wagon-master named Poley, rode up to an insolent and disobedient teamster, and instantly gave him a blow across his face with a heavy riding-whip. The teamster jumped off his mule, ran and seized a musket which was in the hands of a sick soldier who was lying in one of the wagons, and rushing toward Poley, fired the musket, shattering his arm, and the ball passed through the abdomen of another teamster, who was on a mule in range. I marched by with my company shortly afterward, and the surgeons were cutting Poley's arm off, and the unfortunate teamster who had been shot, was just dying. Two days after our arrival in Puebla, the teamster who fired the shot, was hung in the grand plaza.

After witnessing this sickening sight, we went along and stumbled upon the bodies of two American soldiers, who had been killed the day before. I was mounted on a fiery little mustang pony, which General Lane had given me, and was obliged to turn over my handsome lancer's horse, which I had taken at Huamantla, to the quartermaster. We took possession of Napaloucan, which General Santa Anna had occupied two days before, and barricaded all the principal streets which led into the main plaza. Our sentinels challenged everything that came anywhere near them, and strong patrol guards traversed the streets of the town, in all directions, during the night; the white coverings of our baggage-wagons, with here and there little fires of cypress wood, surrounded by groups of bearded soldiers, forming a picturesque scene in the plaza. The incidents of the late battle were

talked over and expatiated upon by our soldiers, who all looked upon themselves as great heroes. The brayings of our mules would now and then break in upon their fine discourses, and destroy the effect of their heroic exploits.

I was quartered in a stone house, on one side of the plaza, and had the pleasure of lying upon a clean and comfortable bed, for the first time in months. While enjoying the luxury of white sheets and soft blankets, my two friends, Abe Lewis and Chris. Graham, came in with a box of sardines, and a bottle of cogniac. The Mexican lady of the house gave us some bread, and falling upon our sardines we made an excellent supper. Graham told some capital anecdotes, and "methinks I see him now" sitting upon a little stool, with his blue foraging-cap cocked knowingly over one eye, and his long sabre resting on his kness. After a pleasing hour, in contrast with what we had recently been through, we retired to our inviting couches.

During the night, a party of Mexican lancers rode up to the barricades, and our sentinels fired upon them. The cavalry was soon on the alert, and the infantry-regiments placed under arms as Santa Anna was in the neighborhood, and intending to attack us again. We were under arms some time in the dark and cloudy night, and no enemy appearing to molest us, we again returned to the houses and went to sleep.

We resumed our march on the 11th of October, and passed through the Pinel Pass during the day. Here Santa Anna had intended to attack us, but General Lane was too wide awake to suffer any such

thing. He had brought on the engagement at Huamantla on purpose to divide the Mexican troops, and, as before stated, we captured their artillery, with the exception of one piece. The pass was well guarded, and barricades were thrown across the road in a number of places. The road ran along the side of a mountain; the left side being a very steep ascent, and the right was a deep precipice. If the Mexican chief had got us in there, I am of opinion that very few Americans would have been left to tell of the struggle at the Pinel pass.

In going through we met with no opposition, though after we had passed, a body of Mexicans fired a volley at us, which wounded one soldier belonging to the Ohio regiment. His name was Private Eckert, Co. H. Our regiment was formed in line of battle immediately, and halted in the road. Col. Brough threw out six companies of skirmishers to scour the side of the mountain nearest to us, but after a search of half an hour they returned, and the enemy retired.

We went through a village called Acahete, and found a few Mexicans whom we took with us. The houses of Mexico are all flat-roofed, and generally built of stone. In the country they are one story high, and in the cities two. Inside, the walls are adorned with various little pictures, in small wooden frames, and numerous crosses are hanging up around the rooms. The Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, is the most conspicuous in the collection of saints, and I can scarcely recollect a house in Mexico, which had not her picture hung up in a little frame.

The legend of Guadalupe is a beautiful story, and I cannot do better than to introduce it in this place, as it will serve to relieve these pages, which are already crimson with blood. Our loss, thus far, had been fifty-six killed, wounded and so forth, and adding the loss of Major Lally's command, it amounted in all to one hundred and sixty-one men. But I commenced telling the story of Guadalupe, which I will give in the language of Cardinal de Lorenzano, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church of Mexico, as preached by him in 1760, and since translated by Brantz Mayer.

“In the year 1531, ten years and four months after the conquest of Mexico, the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe appeared on the mountain of Tepeyac. The matter occurred thus: On the 9th of December of that year, the adventurous Indian, Juan Diego, a native of Quatititlan, went to Tlaltelolco to study the Christian doctrine, inasmuch as it was there taught by certain holy Franciscan monks. Passing by the mountain, the Most Holy Virgin appeared, and told him to go, in her name, to the illustrious Bishop Don Francisco Juan de Zumarraga, and say, that she desired him to come and worship on that spot. On the 10th of the same month, Juan Diego returned to the mountain, and the Holy Virgin again appeared, asking him the result of his commission. Diego replied, that notwithstanding his efforts, he could not obtain admission to the bishop. Then the Virgin answered—‘Return, and tell him that I, Mary the Mother of God, have sent you!’ Juan Diego carefully executed the order, but Senor Zumarraga refused him credence; his only

reply being, that he must have some token to satisfy him of the verity of the annunciation. Again Juan Diego returned to the mountain with this message of the bishop, and delivered it to the Holy Virgin, who appeared on the 12th of December, *for the third time*. She ordered him then to ascend the mountain of Tepeyac, *cut roses*, and bring them to her. The humble and happy messenger went, notwithstanding he knew full well that on the mountain there was not only no roses, but no vegetation of any kind. Nevertheless *he found the flowers* and brought them to Mary! She threw them in the *tilma* (a part of Indian dress), and said to him: 'Return once more to the bishop, and tell him that these flowers are the credentials of your mission.' Accordingly, Juan Diego immediately departed for the episcopal residence, which, it is said, was then in the house called the Hospital del Amor de Dios; and when he found himself in the presence of the prelate, he unfolded his *tilma* to present the roses, *when, lo! there appeared on the rude garment that blessed picture of the Virgin*, which now, after centuries, still exists, without having suffered the slightest injury! Then the illustrious bishop took the image and placed it in his oratory. It is now in the Collegiate Church. The Virgin appeared again, a fourth time, to the Indian. She then restored to health his uncle, named Juan Bernardino, and told Diego—'The image on thy *tilma* I wish called the Virgin of Guadalupe.'"

The church of Guadalupe is situated on a hill about three miles from the city of Mexico, on the spot where the Virgin appeared to the Indian, Juan

Diego. The shrine is one of the wealthiest in the world, and the anniversary of her appearance is celebrated each year on the 12th of December. The name is very popular among the ladies of Mexico, and each family has its Guadalupe, or 'Lupe, as they abbreviate it.

Brantz Mayer says of the church—"The altar at the north end, and the canopy and pillars around it, are of the finest marble. Above it, in a frame of gold, with a crystal plate, is the figure of the Virgin painted on the Indian's tilma. On each side of the image, within the frame and extending its whole length, are strips of gold literally crusted with emeralds, diamonds and pearls. At the feet of the figure there are again large clusters of the same costly gems. From each side of the frame issues a circle of golden rays, while above it, as if floating in the air, hangs the figure of a dove, of solid silver, as large as an eagle!"

Having finished the description of Guadalupe, and its legend, which is believed by every Mexican, I will return to my regiment, and toil with them "on the lone war-path dark and drear." About the hour of midnight we reached the town of Amasoque, and took up quarters in a large building which had been used as a stable for mules and horses. Our little bundles of cedar, which the Indians had brought in and sold to the quartermaster, were lit up, and we cooked a good supper of crackers and coffee, which tasted delicious after our long march of thirty miles.

Although it was late when we arrived in town, I went to Col. Gorman's quarters, and there was treated to a nice cup of chocolate which the lady of

the house prepared for us. The room in which we assembled was neatly, and even luxuriously, finished; the walls were high and painted with brilliant colors, and the rafters over-head, which supported the flat roof covered with cement, were carved in an elaborate manner. A number of lounges or sofas were scattered around the room, and a large mirror reflected the whole scene. Flower-pots, filled with the choicest flowers, were scattered about, and the air was filled with their fragrance. A table was spread, and around it were a number of officers—among them, Gen. Lane, Col. Wynkoop, Col. Brough, Col. Gorman, Lieut.-Col. Dumont, Col. La Vega, Major Lally and Major Iturbide. The Mexican owner of the house, who by the way was a gentleman, tried to make everything comfortable, and his chocolate and sweet biscuit found a good market with us. Major Iturbide spoke English very well, and related a number of anecdotes. His father ascended the imperial throne of Mexico in the year 1821, at the close of the first revolution, and after a short and troubled reign was obliged to leave the country and abdicate the throne. He sailed for Leghorn in 1823, and met with no insult from his own people, who could not but respect him for his bravery, and the great services which he had rendered to Mexico in the hour of trial. He was provided with ample means to support himself and family. After he left Mexico, General Victoria was elected first president of the republic, and Iturbide, returning to his own country, was seized by a body of soldiers, and immediately shot. It is supposed that this act was done without the authority of Victoria, and the

nation felt deeply grieved at his loss. His son was with me that evening, and I could not but reflect upon the melancholy career of the father.

Among the prisoners taken at Huamantla was a young cadet who had been at the terrible battle of Chapultepec, and made his escape. He was scarcely more than fifteen years old, though he had passed already through more trying scenes than ordinarily occur in a long lifetime. He seemed to be a merry fellow, and the dark gloom of war had left no trace upon his brow. The cadets at the Military School of Chapultepec, under General Montere de, behaved in the most daring manner, and some soldiers who were far their seniors in years would have done well if they had followed their example. The castle of Chapultepec was taken on the 18th of September, 1847.

I had forgotten to mention that I saw at Perote the celebrated General La Vega. He was a prisoner of war, and lived on parole in the town. La Vega was first taken prisoner at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and sent to the United States; he was afterward exchanged for Commander Carpenter of the U. S. Navy, and returned to the Mexican army. Carpenter was taken by the Mexicans in August, 1846, in consequence of his vessel, the Truxton brig of 10 guns, being wrecked on the coast of Mexico. La Vega led a brigade of Mexican troops at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he was again taken prisoner by the Americans, and chose to remain at Perote. General Vega was a brave officer, and the Mexicans themselves were very proud of him. They always spoke of him as 'un soldado mucho valiente.'

My highest ambition, while in the service, was to get to be an officer of artillery. Lane had offered to make me his aid-de-camp, and Gorman had offered me the adjutancy of the regiment. These I refused, and only asked to be placed in the artillery. Both of these men exerted themselves for me, and I subsequently gained that which I most coveted. I was placed in the artillery, and a few weeks afterward my captain was killed, and left me in command of a battery of bronze guns, that I loved with all the ardor of a devotee. But as I must speak of that in the order in which it occurred, I will leave the subject.

General Lane I have already noticed, and mentioned some of the most prominent events of his life. It is my duty to speak of Colonel Gorman—as he was always my friend, and treated me as though I had been a younger brother. Willis A. Gorman was born in Fleming co., Kentucky, and removed while young to the state of Indiana, where he studied law. He represented Monroe county in the General Assembly, and acquired considerable reputation as a speaker. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, he joined the 3d regiment of Indiana volunteers, and was elected major. At the battle of Buena Vista, where he was wounded, he commanded a battalion of riflemen, and received the praise of General Taylor for his good conduct. He became colonel of our regiment, as already stated, and to use the words of a celebrated writer, “he distinguished himself for his efficiency as an officer, and his regiment was a model of military discipline.” After his return from Mexico he served four years in the

U. S. House of Representatives, and was appointed by President Pierce governor of Minnesota territory, in the year 1853. The colonel was a good drill officer, and I soon learned that the secret avenue to his heart was to be faithful in the discharge of duty, ready at all times to go into action, and to obey orders implicitly without asking any questions. Gorman was firm in his resolves, and his behavior on several occasions left me no room to doubt his courage.

At Amasoque we learned that the garrison of Puebla was in a famishing condition, and unless we arrived soon and relieved it, the commander had determined to set out with his whole force, and try to cut his way to the city of Mexico, and there join the force of General Scott. Puebla was ten miles distant, and Lane determined to wait until morning, before attempting to go in, as the troops were very much fatigued, and he wished to give them a little rest. We anticipated a deadly battle in the morning, though I cannot say that we slept any the less soundly on that account, and rather hoped that we might again have an opportunity to pour in a shower of lead upon the Mexicans, as we had done at Huamantla.

The cruelty of the foe to the garrison of Puebla, which we heard of at Amasoque, had aroused our anger and filled our breasts with unrelenting rancor toward them. The "Landseers," as our boys called the Mexican lancers, could expect no mercy at our hands, as we expected none at theirs; we "asked no favors, and shrunk from no responsibility."

With the pleasing reflection that to-morrow's sun

might see us die, and the dark night seal our eyes
In eternal sleep, we lay down to rest.

“Lull'd in soft rest by night, each creature lies ;
Man should but toil while shines the daily sun,
And noble bosoms will but lightly prize
E'en noble deeds, in silent darkness done.”

CHAPTER V.

Puebla — Street-fighting — Siege of Puebla — Incidents — Killed and wounded — Convent of San Augustine — Description — Monks — Cathedral of Puebla — Ornaments and building — Grand Plaza — Palace — Colonel Thomas Childs — On guard — Firing into an armed party of Mexicans — Alameda — Beautiful scenery — Old Convent.

ON the morning of October 12, 1847, our column left Amasoque, to relieve Col. Childs and his beleaguered garrison at Puebla. It was a fine morning, though very warm, and after marching a few miles the broad valley of Puebla, locked in by mountains, burst upon our view. At the head of the valley lay the magnificent city of Puebla, with its numerous spires and steeples, while far above the rest rose the somber towers of the Cathedral. In front, and thirty miles beyond the city, the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, reared their gigantic forms, and hid their summits amid the clouds. Upon a hill to the right of the road and seemingly nestled under old La Malinche, or the 'storm mountain,' lay the convent of Guadalupe, and still further on was Fort Loretto. From the latter we could see, every few minutes, a cloud of smoke wreath up, and a short time after the dull concussion of distant cannon would reach our ears. We

marched on as rapidly as possible, and reached the outskirts of the city about one o'clock, P. M.

As we were passing an old ruined church, we were fired upon by the enemy, and private Andrew Antrican, of Company D, 4th Ohio regiment, was killed. He was standing close by me at the time. Our men returned the fire immediately, and then rushed boldly up to the church; the men entered the church, killed a number of Mexicans and took some prisoners. General Lane ordered Brough's regiment to enter the city by the main road, supported by Wynkoop's regiment and Simmons' battalion. Our regiment proceeded further to the left and entered by another street. Lally, with his men, also marched down a street, and we had not proceeded far before the enemy, who had secreted themselves on the tops of the houses, commenced firing at us. As we advanced along the wide streets the scene was most imposing, as nearly every house displayed a flag from the balconies of the upper story. Here was seen the red cross of England, floating from the walls of an antiquated building — further on, the white flags of non-combatants, while opposite appeared the proud banner of old Spain, beside the red and white flag of Austria. Along those wide and well-paved streets, there fluttered the ensigns of nearly every civilized nation of the earth. We were frequently fired upon from the houses which had white flags displayed, and this treacherous mode of fighting was in exact keeping with the Mexican character. We picked them off from the tops of the houses, and delivered our fire by platoons. Lieut.-Col. Dumont narrowly

escaped death, a Mexican having fired at him from a half-opened door, the ball grazing him, and his life was probably saved by the rearing of his horse, at the flash of the gun. He returned the compliment very effectually with his holster pistols. Lieut.-Col. Moore, of the 4th Ohio regiment, also shot a Mexican soldier who was stationed in the steeple of a church. The Mexican force was commanded by Gen. Rea, and after two hours' fighting we drove him out of the city, and again it was in possession of American soldiers. About 3 o'clock, being very much fatigued, and a number of us wounded, faint and bleeding, we marched into the Grand plaza and halted under the portals of the houses. The great cathedral was on our left, and the palace of the Governor was on our right. There was not a single Mexican to be seen, though the city contained eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants. The other regiments kept arriving, and halted silently as they came up to us.

In order to give the reader a correct understanding as to how matters stood at that time, it will be necessary to go back a month or two, and explain. When General Scott advanced upon the city of Mexico, which is seventy miles from Puebla, he left Col. Childs of the artillery at Puebla with a body of men, to guard the city, and protect the sick who were in the hospitals to the number of eighteen hundred. The effective force left under Col. Childs consisted of Ford's company of the 3d dragoons, Miller's and Kendrick's companies of artillery, and six companies of the 1st Pennsylvania volunteers under Lieut. Col. Black—in all three hundred and ninety-three men. During the siege

which followed, many of the sick became convalescent, and the American force which was actually engaged, amounted to fourteen hundred men.

With this small body Childs was ordered to garrison the Cuartel San Jose, which is on the east side of the city, and Fort Loretto and the convent of Guadalupe, which are about half a mile distant from the Cuartel and unconnected with the city. San Jose was the grand depot of supplies.

Everything was very quiet in and about Puebla, while Scott was fighting at Mexico, but as soon as the Mexicans got whipped there, they turned their attention toward Puebla. The first act of hostility that occurred, was on the 26th of August, when a large body of Mexican cavalry appeared and drove off a number of mules. A party of quartermaster's men, twenty-six in number, immediately started in pursuit. After a short ride they were surrounded by the enemy, but cut their way through them, and reached the garrison in safety, losing ten killed and several wounded. After this there was no attack upon Col. Childs, until the 14th of September, when a large body of the enemy came into Puebla and commenced the siege, which lasted until the 12th of October, twenty-eight days, when General Lane arrived with our column. The firing was kept up by the Mexicans night and day upon the garrison, which sustained itself heroically. The enemy drove away all the sheep and cattle which were in the neighborhood, though the evening previous to their doing this, a party of Americans had obtained a number which were driven into the Cuartel San Jose, which is a large square surrounded on three

sides by barracks. They also tried in vain, to change the current of a stream which supplied the garrison with water.

On the 22d of September, General Santa Anna arrived at Puebla from Mexico, with a considerable force, and assumed the command of the enemy, which was at this time eight thousand strong, supported by a population of eighty thousand. On the 25th the Mexican Chief sent Major Iturbide (whom we afterward took prisoner at Huamantla,) to Colonel Childs with a summons to surrender. This the latter politely declined doing, stating as a reason, that Americans were not generally inclined to do such things.

Childs was completely hemmed in, and could not go any further than the boundaries of the garrison. He rode to the different corps, and told them his intention was to die rather than yield to the enemy; this suited his troops exactly, and he was cheered as he passed along the lines. The soldiers were proud of their commander, and resolved, if necessary, to die with him.

The firing had continued without cessation since the 14th, but ceased during the 25th and 26th. On the 27th the assault was resumed, and a cannonade commenced from San Juan de Dios, and the convents of San Monica and Santa Rosa. This was answered from Fort Loretto, which kept up a constant fire from which the enemy suffered severely. During the night of the 30th, General Santa Anna withdrew with over four thousand men of the besieging force, for the purpose of attacking our column under General Lane, which was then on its way up

from Vera Cruz. General Rea was left in command of the Mexican soldiers and continued the siege with vigor.

On the 2d of October a successful sortie was made from San Jose by Captain Small, of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment; he having passed through the walls of the houses of an entire square, by the aid of pick-axes and crowbars, at the head of fifty men, and arrived in front of a strong barricade, which had been thrown up across a street, and was well guarded by Mexicans: this he immediately carried, leaving seventeen of the enemy dead on the ground; the barricade, which consisted of cotton bales, was burnt. Captain Small took possession of a large building, from which the garrison had been much annoyed, which was blown up with gunpowder, by Lieut. Laidley, of the ordnance. The party returned to the garrison with the loss of a few men wounded. Lieut. Morgan, of the 14th infantry, with a party of marines, and Lieut. Merryfield, of the 15th infantry, with a party of rifles, also commanded brilliant sorties.

On the 5th of October, Captain Herron, of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, sallied out and drove the Mexicans with great loss from a building, where they had been enfilading the plaza of San Jose. Sorties were successively made from the convent of Guadalupe, with considerable effect, by Lieutenants Lewis and Bryan on the 29th of September, and by Captain Johnson and Lieut. Edwards on the 6th and 8th of October.

As our column approached the city, on the morning of the 12th of October, the enemy commenced

making preparations to leave. Seeing this, Lieut.-Col. Black, with two companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, under Captains Herron and Hill, marched down the main street to silence a fire which was still kept up, and to join their regiment, which was coming in with us under Col. Wynkoop. On approaching the spot, a company of lancers retired from it. Herron's company was ordered to move round a square and cut off their retreat; while executing this order, his little band was hemmed in by two parties of lancers, one of which came in front and the other in the rear. Herron's men fired upon the lancers, killing and wounding a number, and the enemy immediately closed in upon them. The clashing of lances against the bayonets of the American soldiers was heard in fierce combat, and out of thirty men of Herron's company, thirteen were killed on the spot, and nine wounded, including the captain. The blood flew in all directions, and I was on the spot a few minutes afterward, and saw the bodies yet warm, and the red blood in pools upon the pavement. Lieut.-Col. Black, with Hill's company, ran with all possible speed to their assistance, and arrived in time to save the remnant of that gallant little band from entire annihilation.

Colonel Childs, in his official report to the Secretary of War, says: "Never did troops endure more fatigue, by watching night after night, for more than thirty successive nights, nor exhibit more patience, spirit and gallantry. Not a post of danger could present itself, but the gallant fellows were ready to fill it; not a sentinel could be shot, but another was anxious and ready to take his place. Officers

and soldiers vied with each other, to be honored martyrs in their country's cause."

The plaza of the Cuartel San Jose was open on the side opposite to the public walk of Tivoli, and from that direction the garrison suffered severely. The Tivoli is a fine public ground on the eastern side of the city, and a beautiful clear stream of water meanders through it, lengthwise, in three places; along the banks of these streams, there are three broad avenues, lined on each side with stately trees, with benches here and there beneath the shade. A neat fountain is situated in the center. At this place, Santa Anna, while he was in command, placed a battery of six-pounders, which raked the plaza of San Jose. In anticipation of this movement, Col. Childs threw up a breastwork across the plaza, and answered the fire with a twelve-pounder.

The defense of Puebla was admirably conducted, and Col. Childs added much to his already high reputation as an officer. The many incidents of the siege would alone fill a volume, and I shall be obliged, though reluctantly, to describe other scenes. Captain Morehead, of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, commanded the troops at the convent of Guadalupe, during the siege; Major Gwynn commanded at Fort Loretto, and Lieut.-Col. Black had charge of San Jose. The commanding officer was wherever his services were needed, animating his men by his example and kind words.

This was the most protracted event that occurred during the Mexican war, and it seems almost incredible that so small a force could have held out so long against such overpowering odds. The com-

manding officer, in his report, spoke in the highest terms of his brave troops, and particularly of Lieut.-Col. Black, Major Gwynn, Surgeon Mills, Captains Rowe, Morehead, Kendrick, Miller and Webster, and Lieutenants Waelder, Carrol, Moore, Edwards and Rhett. Sergeant Owell, of the artillery, also received the praise and thanks of Col. Childs, for the precision and skill which he evinced in the management of a six-pounder cannon.

Colonel Childs received the brevet rank of brigadier-general from the president of the United States, for his gallant and meritorious conduct in the defense of Puebla. No officer ever earned promotion by more noble deeds of daring.

The total loss to the garrison, including those who were killed and wounded the day we marched in, amounted to eighty-seven, while the loss of the enemy was estimated at over five hundred.

While the 4th Indiana regiment, 4th Ohio regiment, and a portion of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, were resting in the plaza, a party of American soldiers, bearing a flag, marched gayly into the plaza. We knew they were not of our command, as their white belts were too clean and their blue jackets looked as though they had been lately washed; the heavens fairly resounded with their loud huzzas, as they marched up to us. They were Hill's with the remnant of Herron's company, under Lieut.-Col. Black. The noble fellows grasped our hands, while tears trickled down their bronzed cheeks—we were as a band of brothers!

A single horseman rode into the plaza, and, loosening his bugle, commenced playing the sweet yet

mournful strains of Moore's "Araby's Daughter;"—as the soft notes reached us, our men silently bowed their heads, each thinking perhaps of some comrade whose form was moldering on the battle-field, or of far-off friends, dearer now than ever. A film gathered in many a warrior's eye, and many a lip quivered that knew no fear. The tune changed, and the bugler breathed forth the martial strains of the "Star-spangled Banner;" the breasts of our soldiers heaved like the billows of the ocean, and we all, as by one impulse, joined in the chorus—

" The Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !"

I was glad when we reached Puebla. The painful march, of nearly a month's duration, had crippled me up a great deal, and in addition I had received a severe injury in my right side and right hand. After resting some time, Col. Gorman rode up to the regiment, and gave the order, "Attention, battalion!" We instantly formed, and marching by the right flank, proceeded up a street and halted about four blocks from the plaza. In front of us was a large building, about thirty feet high, devoid of all architectural pretensions, and covering an entire square. There were but few windows in front, and these were high up, and resembled, with their iron gratings, the little windows of a prison. The whole wall was covered with white mortar, and a tall steeple with a large cross loomed up on the left. A few soldiers were ordered to rap at the door, and directly afterward the shaved heads of a couple of priests appeared above the walls of the roof. "*Que*

quiere vd?” (What do you want?) said they. Tom Silsbee replied in Spanish, that we wanted to get in. They were not slow in opening the door, and we soon found ourselves, in company with certain friars or priests, the possessors and occupants of the convent of San Augustin.

The convent was a most magnificent building inside, and greatly belied its external appearance. We first passed into a dark hall, which was probably thirty feet long and twenty-five wide, and surrounded by stone benches; from this we entered into a large court-yard, filled with orange and fig-trees, with a fine fountain throwing up its pure waters in the center. The trees were inclosed in an iron railing with two gates. The portal, or porch, projected over the yard some ten feet, and was supported by pillars and arches. Over-head, the porch projected the same as below, and the whole corridor was protected by a stone wall. The yard below was paved with large flat stones, and the soldiers slept under the portal. The upper portico or corridor was used by the officers and sick men. The promenade was pleasant, and the walls back were covered with large pictures, the figures being of life size; they were painted by the priests, and some of them evinced considerable talent, though as a general thing they were mere daubs. There was another hall, directly above the hall by which we entered, on the left of which was a church, and on the right a long row of friars' cells. Another hall ran around the court-yard, inside of the wall of the portico, and these walls were also adorned with pictures. There were a great many cells, which were used by the

priests to live in. There were two other halls, running from the main hall, and these too were lined with cells. It is almost impossible to give a description of the building, as there were so many halls, rooms and cells. I did not visit one half of them, though I was in the building nearly two months. All the walls, pillars and arches were made of stone and covered with cement.

I went to an old priest who appeared to be the prior of the convent, and demanded the keys of a cell, as I felt particularly anxious to get some rest. He pretended not to understand me, when Lieut. Barber seized him by the throat and swore he would blow his d—d brains out if he did not immediately give them to us. This insult upon his Catholic dignity wrought a wonderful change in his feelings, and while I was drawing my bowie-knife he gave the keys to us. We were in no mood to be trifled with, and I could have scalped his shaved head with infinite relish.

Captain Fravel, Lieut. Barber and myself took possession of the cell, and the other officers found quarters near us. Mark McGraw, who cooked for us, bought a little earthen furnace and some crockery-ware, and with our blankets and the stone floor for beds, we commenced house-keeping. Our whole regiment occupied the court-yard below, and piles of blankets, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, muskets and cartridge-boxes filled up the passage ways.

We had one window in our cell, which was closed by a shutter. When open, we had a fine view down the valley of Puebla, looking over haciendas and villas, and among the rest the Pyramid of Cholula.

The high mountains, with the peaks of volcanoes, were north of us and in plain sight.

The Augustinians treated us well enough after we had choked the "head monk," and one of them, named Padre Lopez, was a very clever fellow. It was rather a singular sight to see a lot of soldiers occupying the same quarters with a parcel of priests; and these "gentlemen in black" evidently had no taste for the smell of gunpowder. They dressed in black clothes, and wore large, loose gowns of black. On their heads they wore enormous hats, with brims six inches wide, turned up at the sides.

They were very devotional, and spent much time in praying, etc. If the truth must be told, I was deplorably ignorant of their forms of worship, and scarcely knew the difference between a vesper and a zephyr, or a chant and a matin. Their infernal bells kept up an incessant ringing, and we put a stop to it by knocking down the belfry-man and tying the staff of our flag to the cross on top of the steeple.

In one of the rooms which I frequently passed there was a strong iron grating, running from the ceiling to the floor. This was open, and beyond I could see pictures of men in flames, iron chains, old canvass on frames, and as queer a medley of other stuff as can well be imagined. The whole together made a singular impression upon me, and I always thought of the Inquisition and martyrdom. It was enough to make a person shudder to look into that room!

Col. Gorman's room was pleasantly situated, and a door opened out upon a little balcony, that overlooked another court-yard, which was filled with

orange-trees, roses, and other shrubbery. Our quarters in the convent were rather pleasant, and there was one little room in particular, that was the most brilliantly decorated of any place I ever saw. This room was about fifteen feet long and six feet wide; there was a large chair, very handsomely carved, raised upon a platform in it, and back of this chair was one solid sheet of gold and gilding; the walls were painted in bright colors of crimson and gold, and a carpet of crimson velvet with a golden border lay upon the floor. Silver candlesticks were standing on a marble-topped table, and a large number of brilliants were distributed in the back of the chair. What this room was for, I never could ascertain, and our trusty soldiers took as little interest in religious matters as can well be imagined. In truth, they troubled the priests but little, and the priests took precious good care not to trouble them.

The morning after reaching the convent, I arose after having taken a long and refreshing sleep. The window of our cell was open and a clear flood of light poured in. I equipped myself in clean clothes from the only remaining trunk which the officers of our company had been allowed to bring up from Vera Cruz, and then walked down to the door of the convent. Already the small dealers had arrived in front, with their wares and cookery, and were pressing up to the sentinel in the most clamorous manner. The soldiers had but very little money left, though they were trading at the door beside the guard in a brisk way, none of them being allowed to go out, and none of the Mexican men, women or children being allowed to come in. The fruit

women were there with their baskets of oranges, bananas and plantains; the lecharas or milk women; the venders of boiled green corn, making an awful noise; beggar boys, news boys, tortilla women, pulque sellers, and a host more. I pressed my way through and went down one of the streets to the plaza, which was full half a mile from the convent.

The great square or plaza of Puebla is one of its most noted places, though there are other lesser squares in other parts of the city. The Cathedral, raised upon a platform of granite some five or six feet high, forms a conspicuous feature, and is one of the finest buildings I ever saw. The two steeples in front run up some two hundred feet, and the tops are filled with bells of all sizes. The church itself is built of a kind of blue stone, the blocks being square and firmly fastened together by cement; there are two principal doors or entrances, one on the north and the other on the west side. These doors are very thick, and studded with large spikes, and the doorways are ten feet across and about thirty in height. I walked into the Cathedral, and as it was in the forenoon, I found a great many Mexicans at their devotions. The inside was filled with pictures, crosses, gilding and wax figures of our Savior, the Holy Virgin and many saints. There was a fine temple made of the purest marble in the center of the church, with a graceful dome on top, and between each pillar there was a statue of a saint, all of which were remarkably well executed. This stands to the left of the north door, and opposite to it, in a gallery, is a fine organ, where the priests and boys chant. On the right side of the door

going in, is a picture of gigantic dimensions. It is the figure of a man twenty-five feet high, holding in his hands an enormous club. I do not know who it was intended to represent. There are no pews in the Cathedral, and each person, upon entering, crosses himself and immediately kneels. A number of chairs, used by the priests, were standing in the church, and I saw some women kneeling beside them and confessing their sins to the priests. A little lattice work is on each side, and the confessor puts his ear up to this, while the sinner, kneeling, tells of her *peccados*.

The dome, sixty feet high, lets in the light, which falls in softened rays upon the body of the church. It is a place where every person feels a solemn awe, and I never saw the least disrespect shown by our soldiers to the priests or the Catholic ceremonies. This Cathedral is very rich, and is called one of the wealthiest in the world. The story of the gigantic chandelier, said to be in this church, made of solid gold and silver, and exceeding ten tons in weight, you may believe, dear reader, if you choose, but I did *not* see it. Still, I saw enough to convince me of its immense riches, and have no doubt the church is worth millions of dollars.

This church is looked upon with awe and reverence by all mankind, as it is said to have been built by angels, and the name of the city, Puebla de los Angeles, is derived from that circumstance. The story goes thus: While the workmen were building the church they became tired and weary of their immense labor, (for the church was twenty-five years building,) and toiled hard by day and received

very little compensation for their labor. In this emergency, God sent a party of angels, who worked upon the church and finished as much by night as the workmen had done in the daytime: and so it went on until the church was completed, in 1664, near two centuries before we arrived in the city. While looking at the huge stones and calculating their great weight, I could not but think that the angels must have been broad flankers, like those we see pictured in a Dutch Almanac.

The miracles said to have been performed in and about Puebla are singular enough, and the Catholic population believe every word of them. The ignorance of the people, and of the Indians in particular, is really astonishing, though they are happy in their belief, and the poor fellows appear to worship the Virgin with an ardor and sincerity unknown in Protestant countries. They are happy! They believe in the Holy Trinity and ask no questions. Their little daily prayer, similar in its wording to the Lord's prayer as said by us, is repeated by them twenty times a day, and they form a little cross by crossing their right thumb over the forefinger.

The ornaments of the Cathedral I am unable to give in detail, though the figures of the Virgin, adorned with priceless gems, and as beautiful as the finest waxwork and most costly satins can make them, are worthy of a minute description. The crosses, bearing wax figures of life size of our Saviour, with his bleeding wounds and crown of thorns, are scattered about over the building, and give it a solemn and unearthly appearance. Beside the door is the body of Christ laid in a coffin and covered

with roses. Here the people stoop and kiss the side of the coffin, and leave pieces of money upon the glass cover.

In the Cathedral the priests dressed in black and white gowns, and a great many little boys came in, dressed in red gowns and red caps. The house is, all in all, a most magnificent work, and with the exception of some minor faults in building and painting, it ranks among the very noblest churches of the world.

On the west side of the Cathedral, with a street between, is a Catholic college for the education of priests, and on the east side, directly opposite to the Cathedral, across the plaza, stands the Governor's Palace. The plaza itself contains about four acres of ground, which is kept perfectly clean, and is surrounded by a stone wall covered with stucco; around this runs a broad and handsome street. In the plaza are two fountains, one of which was unfinished. The fountain which was playing afforded water for many families, who carried it out in large earthen jars. At the gates were long chains, which were loosened during the day-time. Around the plaza was a stone seat running the whole way inside of the stone wall. On the other sides of the square the houses were built projecting over the sidewalk, and the upper stories were supported on pillars and arches. These were used for stores, while the families lived overhead. After taking a few observations, I returned to the convent.

In the afternoon I again went down to the plaza, and visited the Governor's Palace, which was at that time occupied by General Lane. Simmons'

battalion was quartered in the court-yard below, and the artillery was in the same building. The calaboose or prison was back of the palace though connected with it, and was reached by an archway running at right angles with the front of the building. I went in and was directed to go up stairs to Lane's quarters, which were in the second story, and was admitted into a large room, with windows running from the floor to the ceiling; outside of these windows were balconies overlooking the plaza. The rooms were not adorned in very princely style, though the Aztec eagle was painted conspicuously on the walls. One room was covered with paintings representing the Cuartel San Jose, and the city of Puebla. They were truthful though not highly finished. The furniture had been removed from the palace, and Lane took very little care to have it replaced; he was a man of the greatest simplicity of character, and utterly abhorred everything like show or parade. His iron bedstead and blankets were good enough for him, and these were placed in an adjoining room.

A few camp-stools and a table were all the furniture the palace could boast of. A number of officers were assembled in the General's quarters some writing, and some talking, and all apparently engaged in trying to make the time pass off as agreeably as possible.

Col. Childs' quarters were still at San Jose, though a few minutes after my arrival, he rode up to the palace with a company of dragoons for the purpose of making General Lane a visit. He came in and was introduced to all the officers present.

Colonel Childs was born in the State of Massachusetts, and at an early age entered the military school at West Point. A writer in the *New York Times*, speaks of him as follows:—

“He was ordered to the northern frontier in the last war with Great Britain, while yet an undergraduate at West Point, and performed his duty gallantly in several engagements there, being then only seventeen years of age. Passing slowly through various grades of promotion, the Florida war found him a captain of artillery; and for his many and brilliant services in those protracted campaigns, he was successively breveted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel by General Jackson, acting through all the five years of that terrible service with unflinching bravery, and displaying military abilities of the highest order. His services in the Mexican war commenced with the first battle, and at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey; at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, etc., his brilliant conduct deserved and received the highest approbation of his commanding Generals.

“The defense of Puebla, with a small garrison enfeebled by disease and encumbered with the care of crowded hospitals, was one of the events in that war of trying difficulties and glorious successes, which will always be regarded as a triumph of military skill. The meager resources at his command were used with consummate ability, and he was able to maintain the position against what seemed to be the overwhelming forces of the enemy under Santa Anna himself. The safety of the advancing army depended entirely upon his defense

of that post; and as he preserved it, so he deserved his full meed of glory in the subsequent triumphs of our troops.

“These are a *few* of the prominent events in his military career. For such services as these he was breveted Colonel and Brigadier-General, and surely no one, in all the glorious company of our military heroes, earned distinction by more arduous and gallant services than he did.

“As a man, in all the relations of life he was most exemplary; most worthy of the highest regard and esteem. He was able, through all the temptations and exposures of a military life, to preserve unblemished the honorable character of a Christian, soldier, and gentleman. Belonging, from an early period in his life, to the Episcopal Church, he ever maintained a consistent religious deportment—faithful in all his duties; generous and kind in his disposition, and striving to promote the welfare of all under his influence. Such a man is an ornament to any profession; but especially in the army do such traits adorn and illustrate the rank he filled.”

The writer tells the truth of Colonel Childs, though it must be admitted that he was never popular with the volunteers. I respect his memory, and shall always entertain the highest regard for him. He died at Tampa, Florida, on the 8th of August, 1853, of yellow fever.

The meeting of Lane and Childs was cordial, though they were not congenial spirits. Lane was brave, open-hearted and free, and Childs, though equally brave, was cold and formal in his manners, and haughty in his disposition—none of us

loved him, though we respected him for his bravery and military skill.

The 4th regiment of Ohio volunteers was quartered at the convent of San Francisco, in the south part of the city, near the Tivoli, and about two miles distant from the convent of San Augustine. Their quarters were comfortable, though I do not think the convent in which they were was as highly finished as the one we were in. The convent of San Francisco was situated in the suburbs of the city, in a fine locality, and the men had plenty of good water to use. Lewis' cavalry company was quartered near us in a large stone building, and the horses were picketed in the court-yard. We made free use of the buildings of the city, and when a Mexican refused to give us the keys we very unceremoniously battered the doors open. We had a very summary mode of doing business, and obeyed orders to the letter.

Upon returning to the convent I found the regiment on dress-parade and fell into my place immediately. This was the first time we were on parade in the city, and our regiment had dwindled down sadly since we left Vera Cruz. Some of our captains had returned to the United States and others were on the sick list. Lieutenants were wounded and disabled and sergeants were wanting in their places. The rank and file were not very numerous, and our largest companies, which had started with one hundred men, could scarcely muster sixty. We had now been in Mexico but about three months, that is, from the middle of July to the middle of October, and already our men were woefully cut down, and we all looked haggard and careworn.

We had passed through many trials, dangers and vicissitudes, and the stoutest heart quailed at the recollection of some scenes. We had all lost comrades, those that we loved and respected, and our parade that evening was a melancholy sight. A number of men came on with their heads and bodies bandaged up, and some of the officers carried their arms in slings.

Our troops beat off, and Morrison McMurphy Smith, our head-fifer, played in his most exalted strains. Smith was a capital fifer, but a most unconscionable lover of good liquor. He took considerable liberties, which were overlooked on account of his age and his fine fiving propensities. Our drummers, too, were good, and the old tune called the "Jay Bird" had a good effect upon our feelings that evening, as it aroused the recollections of home and old Fort Clark, and told us that we had yet something to live for.

Colonel Gorman made a short speech to the men, urging them to do their duty faithfully, and not to pine under the hardships to which we were subjected. The speech was practical; there was no Buncombe in it, and he knew full well that he was talking to men who were already aroused to the stern, unflinching realities of a soldier's life. A gaping crown of Mexicans stood around us, and as we broke ranks they dispersed.

The third day after we reached Puebla a party of Pennsylvania volunteers went out and set fire to a building which was used by the Mexicans to have bull-fights in. The material of which it was constructed was wood, and it was soon entirely con-

sumed. This was almost the only wooden building in the city, and the garrison of Puebla had suffered very much from the firing from this place during the siege. It was a cruel piece of revenge, but the determined character of the volunteers neither relented upon victory, or shrunk from heaping misfortunes upon the heads of the unfortunate Mexicans. I heard no one uphold the men who committed this act, but on the contrary all spoke of it as a wanton and unprovoked outrage.

The same afternoon, I was sent out with a party of one hundred men, to take possession of a gate at the west end of the city, on the road which leads to the city of Mexico, with orders to fire upon the Mexicans if they should make their appearance. My command was made up of Ohio and Indiana volunteers; among the former were James Plummer and Jacob Leiter, and among the latter were Sergeant John A. McLaughlin, J. V. Bemusdaffer, Sam. Bailey, Geo. W. Fairbrother and Richard Rudd. Second Lieutenant John W. Mullen, of company H, and Sergeant Kramer, of company F, were also of the party. We marched out on the road and took possession of a very decent house in the suburbs of the city, which we found vacant. We barricaded the door, and then took our blankets and went on the roof, which was protected by a fire wall, or parapet, about three feet high and eight inches thick. Here we ate our suppers, and placing four men on guard, I sat down by Lieut. Mullen, and we commenced conversation. Night came on, and feeling somewhat uneasy, I kept visiting the sentinels, and was seconded by Mullen, who had a sort of presen-

timent that we would be attacked during the night. Our men were vigilant and none of them, even if they had been inclined, could go to sleep. After midnight we heard the trampling of horses' feet, rapidly approaching us in the dark, and their hoofs made considerable noise on the hard rocky road. We kept perfectly still, as we felt sure they did not know that we were stationed on the house-top so near the road. In fact they had no idea that Lane had a picket-guard out at all.

When they came within hailing distance, I had my men close up to the wall, and kneeling behind it, with their guns cocked. They came on, and when they were close up, I shouted to them "Alto!" and directly afterward asked "Quien es?" The only reply was the command of the Mexican officer in charge, to "preparen las armas!" and then "Apunten! Fuego!" The bullets fairly rattled about our ears; but dropping suddenly down behind the wall, I escaped injury. I gave the order to my men to fire, and we poured in on the Mexicans such a *feu de joie* as sent them scampering away like madmen. About fifteen minutes afterward a company of our cavalry came dashing up street, and the officer in command inquired what was the matter. I told him, and after some conversation he returned into the city.

The next morning I was relieved by Lieut. Cary and a hundred more men, and returned with my command to the convent. We killed two Mexicans when we fired. Cary, the night he remained there, came very near firing into a party of English express riders, and was only prevented from doing so by

accidentally hearing one of the men speak English. His men were all ready at the time, and about pulling trigger.

Cary was rather a humorous fellow, and on relating the circumstance to me, remarked, that he had "intended to bring the grease, hair or blood;" and I know full well that he was able and willing to carry his Christian design into execution.

On returning, I passed the Alameda, or public garden of Puebla, which is situated in the west part of the city. On each side of the main entrance, raised upon square pillars, stand beautiful statues of Indian queens, dressed in plumes and adorned with beads; passing by these, I entered into a broad road which ran entirely around the inside of the inclosure, and was used for carriages and horses. A fine sidewalk was nearest the stone wall, and around this were stone seats. There were a great many lanes and graveled walks amidst the shrubbery, and large trees flung their dark green foliage over the whole garden. It contains about ten acres of ground, and three large fountains, situated in different parts of the garden, are continually throwing up their clear and crystal waters. Along the south end there is a high wall, and on it there is a mural monument to General Bravo; (there is also an inscription to the memory of Bravo in the castle of Perote). In front of this stands a chaste temple built of stone, with a handsome dome, and in it, reclining on a globe, is another statue of an Indian queen; her right hand is resting upon an eagle and her left is pointing upward. The design is beautiful, and is, I suppose, intended to represent the genius of Mexico, with the

eagle about to take its flight to its home in the clouds. The whole garden forms a scene of singular taste and loveliness, and the grand mountains in the distance, with the crumbling ruins of an old convent near-by, render it the most romantic spot I ever visited. On Sundays, the fair ladies of Puebla roll along the roads in coaches, attended by their beaux on horseback. They dress magnificently, and the flashing of their diamonds and brilliants is only rivaled by the bewitching glances of their dark eyes. They are beautiful women, and more noble-hearted creatures do not exist on earth. Each walk of the garden is lined with a row of rose-bushes, and other fine flowers are scattered about in great profusion. A more enchanting parterre can scarcely be imagined.

Still further west, there is a fine building filled with bathing rooms. A copious supply of mineral water is furnished from springs near-by, and our officers and men frequently enjoyed the luxury of a nice bath.

In the old convent which I just spoke of, I saw an equestrian statue in plaster. It was a good deal mutilated, but still enough remained to show me that it was a superior work, and had been molded by a master hand. Who it was designed to represent, for what purpose it was made, or by whom it was executed, I cannot tell. It stood there alone, amid the crumbling walls of the building, and creeping ivy and other vines twined around the doorways and window-casings near it. I visited it several times—often alone—and could not but regret that this admirable specimen of the arts was left in cold and silent neglect.

CHAPTER VI.

Mexican people—Ladies—Peons—Food—Beggars and Priests—Soldiers—Hotels—Atlixco—Bombarding the town by moonlight—Dreadful slaughter—Pyramid of Cholula—Tradition respecting it—Reflections—Return to Puebla—Market in Puebla—Second in a duel—On guard and patrolling.

I HAVE had frequent occasion in these pages to mention the Mexican people, though as yet I have not attempted to describe their dress, manners, etc. It seems almost a matter of supererogation to do this, as scarcely a man, who visited Mexico in the late war, let the opportunity pass by of saying something about their peculiarities. The men dress in loose pantaloons, open on the outside, which are buttoned up along the whole length of the leg, and adorned with little silver ornaments. They wear sugar-loafed hats with broad brims, and ordinarily have a small cord passed two or three times around the rim; gold and silver ornaments are also fastened to the sides of the hat. In cool weather they wrap themselves up in blankets, which are of very fine texture, and sometimes cost large sums of money. Jackets are also worn by them in the cooler seasons of the year. They have a perfect passion for fine, clean linen shirts, and will work like heroes to obtain them. The lower classes dress almost any way, and a tattered blan-

ket, knee-breeches, and a coarse straw hat, form their only covering.

The higher classes of ladies dress in the most captivating style, and follow closely the Parisian fashions, with the exception of the bonnet, which is unknown in Mexico; in its place they wear a long satin mantilla, which is thrown over their heads while walking, and is fastened to the back part of the head by means of a large diamond or gold pin, which passes through the mantilla and is secured to a bunch of dark hair behind. Their dresses are made purposely rather short, that they may be better enabled to display the faultless symmetry of their beautiful little feet. A Mexican lady in full dress is a dangerous object to meet with, and unless a man is very cautious, he is apt to see her walk away in a proud and stately manner, bearing with her his heart. They coquet with their Spanish fans in the most exquisite manner, peering over them with their large, dark, Juno-like eyes, and their raven tresses falling in heavy masses over their noble foreheads. To use my friend Graham's expression, "it makes a fellow feel aguish to look at them. They are magnificent creatures, and no man could help but do them homage.

A little lower down the scale of womenkind come the middle classes, who dress in fancy-colored petticoats, satin slippers, and loose waist cut very low in the neck. They go bare-armed, and wear a long shawl called a *reboso*; these women, too, are polite and graceful in their manners, and very animated in conversation. Go where you will, they treat you like ladies, and everything like vulgarity or low

breeding is unknown among them. Their ideas of morality are certainly rather different from our own, but in politeness and high breeding they excel any people I ever saw. They smoke little paper cigarettes, and it is esteemed a mark of impoliteness not to take one when they offer them to you.

The Peons or slaves, who are mostly of the Indian blood, are quiet and peaceful, and attend to the wants of their mistresses with much zeal. Every lady, in walking, has one of these slaves following her. These poor things have great love for flowers and tinsel, and the present of a picture of Guadalupe would make them your friend forever. Their dress is very simple and coarse. Their food is meager and plain, and two *clacos* worth of pulque exalts them far above all earthly cares or sorrows. They live in little huts in the country, and in dingy rooms in the cities. They and the men of this class do all the labor and menial services of the country. They are sometimes whipped in the most cruel manner by their masters and mistresses, and in return generally kiss the hand which has laid on the lash. These Indians make the finest waxwork I ever saw, and their little stands, covered with wax images two or three inches high, were scattered about all over the cities. Priests, fine ladies, men, children and American soldiers, were copied by them in wax, with a truthfulness and finish truly astonishing. Nothing escaped their glances, and from the most ludicrous figures to the most noble looking ladies and officers, they caught the inspiration and made a copy instanter.

The dress of their soldiers was generally blue jack-

ets and blue pants. Some of them wore green coats and blue pants trimmed with red. Most of the soldiers wore hats, though the 9th regiment of lancers wore conical-shaped leather caps, with little red balls in the top.

The food of the masses consists of tortillas, frijoles, chile, and pan de mice. They eat very little meat, but a great deal of fruit, which in that country reaches the highest perfection. Tortillas are made by rubbing soft corn on a hard stone, by means of a stone roller, until it becomes a soft mass, and it is then flattened out by being patted into shape by the hands of the women; it is then laid on a tin plate over a little furnace, and baked. In this way, a pile of tortillas are baked and prepared ready for a meal. Frijoles are black beans, boiled soft and highly seasoned with red pepper or chile. The chile itself is red pepper, and is prepared for eating by being boiled in a little water. The Mexicans eat immense quantities of this, and some of our officers supposed this was the reason why the wolves would not eat the dead bodies of Mexican soldiers, when they devoured our dead men with the greatest avidity. Pan de mice, or corn bread, is prepared by cooking the corn a little, and then putting it in corn husks. Sweet potatoes are also used as articles of diet, and the large red ones which they raise, are delicious. Their household furniture, I mean of course that of the lower classes, is neither expensive nor extensive. They eat while sitting on the floor, and scoop up their chile with tortillas, which are exactly like our pancakes. A few mats, or a cowhide, stretched upon poles, are used for their beds, and for a cover-

ing they use their blankets, which serve also as a protection by day.

The valley of Puebla is in many places well cultivated, and a few landholders own immense tracts of it; their system of culture would hardly be compatible with young America's ideas of progress, and one is surprised that they can get along at all. The plows which they use are of primitive make, and consist of crooked sticks of wood, with long tongues. Oxen are hitched to them by means of crossbars, passing over the tongues, which are lashed on in front of their horns. The plowman seizes hold of the handle of the plow, and directs his oxen by means of a long goad. They use hoes in the cultivation of their corn, and gangs of Peons may be seen at all times quietly and busily at work in the fields.

At night these Peons assemble in front of the haciendas, and all sing together a hymn to the Virgin. Their wild songs at nightfall have a melancholy sound, and remind one of their old and barbarous worship of stone idols. Their singing sounds almost unearthly, and in the quiet evening the strains are wafted to a great distance, full of plaintive feeling and wild pathos.

Beggars and priests swarm in Puebla, and both have the same means of gaining a livelihood, which is alms. Some of the beggars are hideous-looking objects, and make such home-thrusts at a man's pocket that he generally surrenders at once. One in particular I recollect in Puebla, and of all sights she was the worst. She had full use of her nether limbs, but her arms were horribly mutilated, and I

declare to you upon the honor of a man, she had one eye in her forehead and another in her cheek, both of which were bleared. She would come running after us full tilt, and thrust her mangled arms in our faces and cry "Por l' amor de Dios!" It was frightful! We all shunned her, though we were perfectly willing to get her out of sight by paying her money. She was more effectual in putting Americans to flight than a squadron of Lancers, and was called by our boys "The hell-bird." She belonged to that interesting class of people known in Mexico as *leperos*. The whole body of Indians received the name of "cracked heels" from our soldiers.

The priests and monks in the city number about two thousand, and have many beautiful churches, convents and nunneries under their control. The people revere them, and when the old Bishop rides out in his coach, every man and woman instantly kneels down and remains in that position until his illustrious highness has passed by. They despised the Americans for not following their example, and looked at us as though it would afford them great pleasure to eat us up.

The people of Mexico have a decided talent for music. Their orchestras were good, and their military bands are of the first order. We had two Mexican drummers in our regiment, and took a whole set of brass musical instruments at Huamantla, which had been used by one of Santa Anna's bands. Guitars and mandolins were the favorite instruments of the Mexicans, and they seemed never more happy than when wheeling in the waltz to their music.

They had many excellent players, who took great delight in music. Their singing and theaters I will speak of hereafter.

Gambling is a besetting sin, and from the highest priest to the lowest *lepero*, all engaged in it with great earnestness. Monte is the favorite game, and I have seen as curious a medley around a monte-table as can well be imagined. American officers, priests, white-armed ladies, and dapper Mexicans, all in the highest excitement, and betting large sums upon the turn of a card. The Mexicans loved silver money, and the jingle of Mexican dollars was the most welcome sound that could greet their ears. In this connection I may as well remark that we passed a silver mine on our way up from Vera Cruz, which, however, was not worked at that time. Broken shafts and broken crucibles lay scattered over the ground, and all around was desolation. It is said, and I think truly, that since the establishment of the mint in the city of Mexico it has coined alone upward of three thousand millions of dollars. Mexico, since its first discovery, has produced more silver than all the rest of the world united, and there are now more than three thousand silver mines in the Republic.

I think it was about the third day after our arrival in Puebla that I went down to the Governor's Palace and saw there a small party of Mexican soldiers, that had come into the city with a flag of truce. Colonel Izunca had command of the party, and his object in coming in was to effect if possible the release of La Vega and Iturbide. These latter officers were afterward placed on parole; that is, they

were permitted to go wherever they pleased, provided they did not fight against the Americans until they were exchanged or the war closed, when they were given their entire liberty. My object in introducing Col. Izunca's party in this place is, that I may give the reader an idea of the looks of a Mexican lancer. The party was in the court-yard, and when I saw them they were all dismounted. Their little mustangs stood meekly alongside of them, and their smoking flanks and distended nostrils bespoke that they had been ridden hard. The lancers crouched down on the flagstones of the yard, with the staves of their lances sticking up between the stones. One of them was certainly the most villainous-looking wretch I ever saw. He was about half negro, and constant exposure to the sun had blackened his face in addition to his sable color. He wore an enormous moustache and whiskers, and was a perfect giant in stature. His huzzar cap set on the back part of his head, with the front piece turned up, and was fastened under his chin by means of a leather strap, which gave his dusky features a hideous shape, and I heard a number of our men express a wish that they might kill him for no other reason than his really devilish looks. His companions were all equally as bad looking, but none of them made such an impression upon me as this negro giant.

The soldiers of Mexico lived on scant rations, and underwent great hardships. They lived on fruit, with a little flour and sugar. Chili pepper was sometimes found about them, though as a general thing their haversacks afforded very poor picking. Our men, I am sorry to say, had a kind of prying

curiosity, and never let the opportunity pass to gain as much knowledge as possible.

The hotels of Mexico will bear no comparison with our own. There were three in Puebla, called respectively the Sociedad del Progreso, the Sociedad del Comercio, and the Vera Cruzana. The Washington House was purely an American establishment, and was used as a gambling and drinking saloon. The Mexican hotels are sorry establishments, and unless a man comes well provided with provisions and clothing he may expect to have but slim accommodations. A meal for a Mexican family would scarcely make a decent repast for one American, and the hotels carry out the principle of subtraction to an alarming extent. In fact, "nada"—nothing—is a familiar word in the valley of Anahuac, and if a man were asked what was inside of his head, I believe he would give this for an answer, which would be very truthful. I believe some of my friends will bear me out in the assertion, that it is really a miracle how some Mexicans live. I have frequently *dined* with them, where they cooked for me, as an especial favor, a couple of eggs. But, bless their souls, they did the best they could for me, and why should I find fault?

Chris. Graham, Abe Lewis and myself were once invited by an old Mexican to come and eat dinner with him. We accepted the invitation of course, and went to his house, where he had prepared a large turkey and plenty of pulque for us. The turkey was swimming in red pepper, but still we forced it down, and put out the fire with pulque. The old Mexican liked us, as we were all young and

full of fun, and we would not have insulted him by not eating his victuals for the world. These are some of the peculiarities of the Mexicans, and with my dear reader's leave I will return to my cell in the convent, and leave the poor Mexicans alone.

On the 18th of October, General Lane sent orders to the commanders of the different corps to have their troops in readiness for a long march on the following morning, as he had learned that General Rea, with a large Mexican force, was at the city of Atlixco, thirty miles from Puebla, and had determined to attack him. Our men had hardly recovered from the fatigues of our long march; but there was a prospect of a fight, and all seemed eager to be on the track.

The Captain of our company was sick, and accordingly I was in command. After receiving the orders, our men pipeclayed their belts anew, scraped their flints, burnished the barrels of their muskets, and prepared everything as well as possible for the coming fray. Many of our men were barefoot, and these went out and borrowed shoes from the Mexicans; while those whose clothes were dilapidated drew the rents together with packthread.

About nine o'clock, A. M., on the 19th, our regiment was formed in front of the convent of San Augustine; and shortly afterward we marched through the streets of the city to the merry strains of shrill fifes and clanging drums. It seemed as though the bells of the city had conspired to drown our music; and when the iron tongue of the great bell in the Cathedral thundered forth its hoarse notes it was echoed back by a hundred minor voices

that filled the air with sonorous sounds. We did not care! and marched along with our colors unfurled; and many a dark-eyed senorita watched us from the balconies as we passed.

The troops that marched out were the 4th Ohio regiment, under Col. Brough, Lieut.-Col. Moore, and Major Young; the 4th Indiana regiment, under Col. Gorman, Lieut.-Col. Dumont, and Major McCoy; a battalion of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment; the regulars, under Major Lally and Capt. Heintzelman; two batteries of light artillery, under Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Pratt; and a squadron of cavalry, under Capt. Ford, of the 3d dragoons.

The sun was excessively hot, and we pressed along the hard road with blistered feet and parched tongues. We passed the Pyramid of Cholula, which we had no time to visit, and wound gradually round the base of the volcano of Popocatapetl. About four o'clock, P. M., when near the hamlet of Santa Isabella, the advance of the enemy appeared, and poured in upon us a volley of escopet balls, which luckily did us no damage; and we were ordered to halt. We had traveled twenty-one miles, and were excessively fatigued and thirsty; the cavalry was off to the right of the road, where they had been burning a noted guerrilla den; the dark, thick smoke was rolling up in heavy masses, and the flames were dancing around the thatched roof. They came galloping by us to the front, when Lieut.-Col. Moore, with a portion of the Ohio regiment, and Major Lally's command were ordered forward. Scarcely had our men commenced advancing when the Mexicans gave way. The cavalry was then

ordered to pursue them, and keep them engaged until the infantry, which was moving forward at double-quick time, should reach them.

Lieut. Pratt, with his guns, was ordered to follow the cavalry at a gallop; but a portion of the infantry filling up the way, he was obliged to halt, as there was no chance to debouche from the main road, the ground on either side being broken by ravines, and covered with loose stones.

The dragoons followed the enemy closely, and soon became engaged with a battalion of the National Guard. A running fight was kept up for about a mile and a half, when the enemy reached a hill, formed in line, and held the dragoons in check until the head of the infantry column appeared, when they again broke and fled. Another running fight of four miles ensued, the dragoons making terrible havoc among the retreating masses, and leaving the road literally strewed with dead and dying men. At this point, when within two miles of Atlixco, a large body of Mexicans was seen drawn up in line of battle on a side-hill to the left of the road. Their front was covered with chapparel, and they waited for the charge of our men. The dragoons poured in upon them, cutting them down in great numbers with their sabres, and fighting with all the cruel malignity of revenge; the bushes were so thick, that they were obliged to dismount and fight on foot; this was a most sanguinary struggle, and lasted some time. The infantry, nearly ready to drop down with fatigue, had been moving forward on the run for six miles, to share in the engagement; but on our approach the Mexicans, to our chagrin, broke their

line again, and retreated toward Atlixco. The horses of the dragoons were by this time so much fatigued that they could follow the enemy no further.

The column now advanced more leisurely, and came in sight of the town of Atlixco after dark. We were again fired upon; and Gen. Lane, deeming it inexpedient to enter the town, as we were perfectly unacquainted with it, gave the order for the artillery to move to the right and left of the road on high ground, and commence battering down the town. The infantry halted in the road; and many of our men were so fatigued that they fell into a doze while sitting beside the dead bodies of the Mexicans who had been killed near the town, and the booming of our artillery seemed scarcely to disturb their slumbers.

The artillery was unlimbered, and the batteries opened. The fire was terribly effective; the shot from the guns ripped open the houses, while the shells from the howitzers passed through the flat roofs, exploded, and tore the buildings into fragments. The night was beautiful, and the moon gave sufficient light to see objects distinctly at some distance. I could watch the course of many of the shells, as they sailed through the air, by the light of their burning fuses, and could even see some of them when they struck the buildings in the town. Lient. H. C. Pratt's battery was well served, and he received the brevet rank of Captain for his gallant and meritorious conduct in this affair. The inhabitants suffered severely, and, to use their own description, they thought hell had opened, and was raining fire and brimstone down upon the people.

After firing nearly an hour, Gen. Lane ordered it to cease, and directed the infantry column to enter the city. Colonel Brough and Major Lally led the advance, and after clambering over piles of stone and mortar, we reached the Grand Plaza. All was quiet, save the groans of the wounded, and the wails of some poor females as they knelt beside the cold and rigid forms of those they loved.

General Rea, the Mexican commander, retreated as we entered Atlixco, and made the best of his way toward Matamoros, a town eleven leagues distant, with two pieces of cannon, and the shattered remnant of his forces. "Scarcely ever," says Lane, in his report to the Secretary of War, "has a more rapid forced march been made than this, or one productive of better results. Atlixco has been the head-quarters of the Guerrilleros in this section of the country, and of late the seat of government of this State. From here all expeditions have been fitted out against our troops. So much terror has been impressed upon them, at thus having war brought to their own homes, that I am inclined to believe they will give us no more trouble."

By midnight we were all resting, except the sentinels who moved about here and there like specters, in the dark shadows of the buildings.

"Thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die."

The slaughter had been almost beyond account, and the Mexicans themselves admitted that they lost two hundred and nineteen killed and over three hundred wounded. Great as this may seem, I am

inclined to think, from what I saw, that their loss was even more than they reported. Over five hundred individuals lay killed and wounded around us; while our own loss amounted to but one dragoon killed, two men wounded, and one missing. Private James McDermott, of my company, was severely wounded, having become detached from us in some way, and we gave him up for dead. Two days after our return to Puebla, he crawled into the convent on his hands and knees, nearly naked, and had eleven lance-wounds on his body. He had been attacked by the Mexicans, who disarmed him, and after killing him, as they supposed, they threw his body into a ditch. Mac crawled out, and after four days of intense suffering reached our company in safety. We were all glad to see him, as he was a good soldier, and had seen service before in Florida.

Private John Sorder, of Captain Lander's company of the 4th Indiana regiment, was the missing man, and it afterward proved that he deserted. In Lane's expedition to Matamoros he was retaken, and while again trying to desert was shot through the lower part of the face by a sentinel, and died from the effects of the wound in a day or two afterward. He was a foreigner by birth.

Had General Lane's intentions been carried out we should undoubtedly have captured the whole Mexican force, but Pratt's battery was taken from the place assigned to it, and could not, as before mentioned, follow the dragoons. A fine battalion of the National Guard of Puebla was cut to pieces, and I afterward became acquainted with a lady whose husband was killed in the fight. He was a

captain, and I recollect seeing the poor fellow lying dead in the road with a ball hole through his breast.

We lay over-night in the city, and a number of scenes of horror, which are too cruel to mention, I witnessed there.

General Lane spoke highly of his soldiers, and a number of the cavalry officers were particularly recommended to the notice of the War Department for their gallant conduct. Captain Ford and Lieut. Martin of the 3d dragoons, Captain Lewis and Lieutenants Lilly, Henderson and 1st Lieut. Waters were of this number.

The morning after the fight we searched for arms and ammunition, but not finding any worth mentioning our column again set out on its return to Puebla. The road over which we passed was the same by which we entered, and heaps of slain were lying along it in every imaginable position; in one place I counted over thirty lying pell-mell one above another. The sight was sickening and sad, and aroused in my mind a train of reflections, which, however, I shall not intrude upon the reader. My business was to obey orders and ask no questions.

Going back I had an opportunity to take some observations as to the character of the country, which I had been unable to do on the preceding day. We passed a number of fine haciendas, and the fields along the route appeared to be well tilled. Our column had scared away the Mexicans; though on our march out, on the day before, we passed a Catholic burial procession near the outskirts of Puebla, which was slowly wending its way toward an old church half-hid by cypress and poplar trees. The

priests were dressed in full robes, and carried long crosses in their hands. The dead body was that of an infant, and I caught a glimpse of it as it lay in its coffin, covered with roses and flowers, when they passed us. The little thing looked happy, and I could not but contrast the beautiful ceremonies which they performed, with our stiff and puritanical forms in the United States. At that funeral everything was appropriate, the flowers were emblematical of the heaven which the child was then in, and the little wreath of roses around its brow, bespoke that glorious crown of immortality. Dead men had no terrors to me, but the beauty and simplicity of that child's burial melted more than one heart in our martial column.

On the night of the 20th we halted a short distance from Cholula, and on that ground which ages ago teemed with human beings of another race, and far different from any now on earth, we prepared our evening meal. Our soldiers had a turkey and some honey, and they sent me a fine piece, of which I made a capital supper. Lieut. Barber and myself were the only officers with the company, and after a quiet evening we cut some cornstalks and laying our blankets down on them prepared to take a comfortable night's rest. The night was quiet and the next morning we marched into the village of Cholula, which contained about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The soldiers under Lane's command who went to Atlixco numbered something more than two thousand. At the village the people came out and gave us sweet bread and pulque, of which we made a good breakfast. Lane, while here, learned that two

pieces of artillery had just been finished by the Mexicans at Guexocingo, a town some distance off, and determined if possible to capture them. Taking with him about four hundred and fifty men, mostly Ohioans and Pennsylvanians, with a few regulars and Capt. Taylor's artillery, he immediately set out, leaving the rest of the command to return to Puebla. He reached the town where he found a party of the enemy, who immediately retreated; after a thorough search he found the gun-carriages though the cannon had been hid. The carriages were burnt and Lane returned to Puebla on the 21st of October.

Colonel Gorman gave us a chance to visit the world-renowned Pyramid of Cholula, and I venture to say that since the time of Cortez so large a number of soldiers had never visited it at one time. We collected a number of curiosities and I had the effrontery to take away a few "bricks." These bricks, of which the pyramid is composed, are about three inches long, one inch thick and two inches wide and are of a grayish color.

The side of the pyramid is covered with bushes, and a person might pass it twenty times and have no idea that it is artificial. Some of our men had but a faint conception of its meaning, and I heard one of them sagely inform his companions that this was the place where so many languages originated. Of course he meant the tower of Babel.

Of the Pyramid of Cholula nothing is definitely known. By whom it was built, how long ago, and for what purpose, we cannot tell; there it stands alone on the plain, and there it has stood for ages! It is eight miles distant from Puebla, and is the

greatest work of antiquity on the American continent. It is built in the form of three stories or steps, one above another, and a winding road, paved by the Spaniards, runs to the top, where there is a level piece of ground on which is erected a neat Catholic church. The perpendicular height is 177 feet, and the steeple of the church runs up 60 feet above this. The base is 1355 feet. As I before remarked, the whole pyramid is composed of small white bricks.

The city of Cholula at the time of its discovery, in 1519, by Cortez, was a splendid place, and his description of it says that it contained twenty thousand houses within the body of the town and as many in the suburbs, and from one of the temples he counted more than four hundred towers, and they were all the towers of temples. What a change! that mighty city is lost forever, and nothing save the pyramid tells of its former grandeur! Here too, Cortez had a dreadful battle with the Cholulans, and by the aid of the Tlascalans, who were the hereditary enemies of the Cholulans, he destroyed six thousand of them without the loss of a single soldier, and continued his march toward Mexico, there to attack Montezuma. We thought Cortez had wrought miracles in his battle, but it was no more strange than the battle we had had the day before at Atlixco, and after all it was only "distance that lent enchantment to the view."

An old Indian tradition gives the following account of the building of the pyramid. This tradition has been recorded, says Baron Humboldt, by a Dominican monk.

"Before the great inundation, which took place

4800 years after the creation of the world, the country of Anahuac was inhabited by giants, all of whom either perished in the inundation, or were transformed into fishes, save seven, who fled into caverns. When the waters subsided, one of the giants, called Xelhua, surnamed 'the architect,' went to Cholula, where, as a memorial of the Tlaloc mountain, which had served as an asylum to himself and his six brethren, he built an artificial hill in the form of a pyramid. He ordered bricks to be made in the province of Tlalmanalco, at the foot of the Sierra of Cocotl, and in order to convey them to Cholula, he placed a file of men who passed them from hand to hand. The gods beheld with wrath, an edifice the top of which was to reach the clouds. Irritated at the daring attempt of Xelhua, they hurled fire on the pyramid! Numbers of the workmen perished. The work was discontinued, and the monument was afterward dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, or the god of the air."

This Quetzalcoatl was tall and huge with a fair complexion, broad forehead, large eyes, long black hair and flowing beard. He was so rich that he had palaces of gold, silver and precious stones, and his voice could be heard from the mountains for a distance of three hundred miles. In his day corn grew so large that a single ear was a load for a man, and gourds were as long as a man's body. It was unnecessary to dye cotton, for it grew of all colors. The god Quetzalcoatl showed much aversion to cruelty and could not bear the name of war. After reigning twenty years, says Dr. McCulloch, he suddenly disappeared and the pyramid was dedicated to

his worship. Another writer gives the following account of the ceremonies on the days dedicated to this god.

“There was at this temple of Quetzalcoatl at Cholula, a court of reasonable greatness, in which the Indians made great dances and pastimes with games and comedies, on the festival days of this idol; for which purpose there was in the midst of this court a theater of thirty feet square, very finely decked and trimmed—the which they decked with flowers that day—with all the art and invention that might be, being environed around with arches of divers flowers and feathers, and in some places there were tied many small birds, conies and other tame beasts. After dinner all the people assembled in this place, and the players presented themselves and played comedies. Some counterfeited the deaf and rheumatic; others the lame; some the blind and crippled which came to seek a cure from the idol. The deaf answered confusedly; the rheumatic coughed; the lame halted telling their miseries and griefs, wherewith they made the people laugh. Others came forth in the form of little beasts, some attired like snails, others like toads, and some like lizards; then meeting together they told their offices, and every one retiring to his place, they sounded on small flutes, which was pleasant to hear. They likewise counterfeited butterflies and small birds of divers colors, which were represented by the children who were sent to the temple for education. Then they went into a little forest, planted there for the purpose, whence the priests of the temple drew them forth with music. In the meantime they used many

pleasant speeches, some in propounding, others in defending, wherewith the assistants were pleasantly entertained. This done, they made a masque or mummery with all these personages, and so the feast ended."

From the extracts which I have given the reader will perceive that everything connected with the origin of the pyramid is wrapped in mystery, and all the accounts of its building are only pleasing fables. That it was built long before the discovery of this country by the Spaniards, there is no doubt, and even then the race of men who had constructed it, had passed from the earth. It stands alone a silent memento of the past, and there it will stand till future ages.

Another account attributes the building of the pyramid to the Toltecs in the eleventh century, but this is not susceptible of proof, and we are left as much in the dark as ever, concerning it. I purchased from the Indians near the pyramid a number of clay images, which were doubtless idols used by the ancient inhabitants. Large quantities of them are found in Cholula and other ancient cities, and quite a trade is carried on by the poor people in these wares. Some of them are hideous looking, though they all evince talent in molding, and show that the ancient Mexicans had made considerable progress in the arts.

A road has been cut through one angle of the base of the pyramid, and on each side a wall of bricks shows that the whole thing is in reality artificial. There is a considerable vault underneath the pyramid, which is filled with rubbish and large cypress

beams. This may have been a tomb, and if it was, I have no disposition to disturb the "original proprietor." It is built exactly corresponding to the four cardinal points, and must have cost an immense deal of labor.

I saw a number of old Mexicans in Cholula—so old, indeed, they looked, that I almost wondered if they helped to build the *cerro*! They were all dried up, and the dust which had accumulated on their faces gave them the appearance of mummies. It is no uncommon thing to see them over one hundred years old. They are very quiet and peaceable, and seem fitting subjects to live near the gray walls of the old pyramid, which their ancestors helped to rear years and years ago.

There was a sort of charm at Cholula—a connecting link between the hoary centuries which have passed and the present. I lingered near the hill, and almost fancied I could see the former inhabitants who had lived and flourished here. It is sad-denning to witness the effects of time upon those old monuments that connect us with former days, as they crumble into decay; a kind of romance seems to be spread around them, and we walk amid their ruins, investing them with green old legends: they seem more endeared as their harsh points are softened by time, and subdued by the mist of years; we imagine their former companions—the gay, the young, and the revered—and sigh to think their names and features have long, long since been forgotten! The chief who built this mighty pyramid has been gathered to his fathers, and his name and fame lie mouldering with his body in the silent dust.

Now no cry of anguish bursts from the lips of unhappy sufferers, as they are being immolated on the bloody altar, as in days gone by; but in its place the holy chant of matin and vesper hymns rises like incense to the Throne of Grace. The temple of sacrifice is now used as a place of worship of our Redeemer.

I could scarcely tear myself away from the pyramid; the recollections of my boyhood, when I had looked in my old geography and wondered what such a thing could be built for, all rose to my mind, and I could not realize that I was on the spot. My soldiers, I am sorry to say, took very little part in my dreams, and were only sad to think the place contained nothing worth having. Young America, with commendable consistency, spurned the idea of anything old, and I verily believe, though I was the youngest man there, that my views and tastes savored most of "Fogyism." I had a respect for the pyramid, and none of my comrades had. One short story, and I will leave Cholula.

After the conquest of Mexico, when the whole race of Indians were reduced to a condition of slavery by the Spaniards, two young men of Cholula formed the resolution to die by their homes and the ashes of their sires, rather than endure the galling yoke of servitude. They were seized by the cruel Spaniards, who intended to take them into the interior, and there let them drag out a miserable existence in the silver mines. Watching their opportunity, they broke away from their captors, and running to the top of the pyramid, gave one wild cry to the gods, and plunged their sharp knives deep

into their breasts. They fell dead on the spot, martyrs to their religion and the memory of their ancestors.

Having given an account of Cholula, it is time to return to my regiment, which was forming in line on the road, preparing to march to Puebla. Taking a look at the old pyramid, with the firm resolution to visit it again as soon as I had leisure, I fell into the ranks and was soon marching along the broad open valley toward the city. The valley of Puebla is from forty to fifty miles wide from east to west, and full two hundred miles long, running north and south, and is one of the most productive regions in the whole republic of Mexico. The river Nasca rises above Puebla, in the country of the Tlascalans, and pursuing a southwesterly direction empties into the Pacific ocean about sixty miles east of Acapulco. A finer climate cannot well be imagined, and our soldiers, after they had been allowed time to recruit their strength, enjoyed, as a general thing, good health.

In the warm weather, we could at any time get an iced lemonade, the ice being brought from the mountains near-by, by the Indians. The tops of the volcanoes are covered with snow, summer and winter, but there is never any snow in the valleys. One morning, during the winter, I saw ice frozen on the top of the fountain in the plaza as thick as a knife-blade, which was the coldest night we had in Mexico. A warm sun soon thawed the ice, and the forenoon was oppressively hot. The foliage remained on the trees all winter, and looked singular enough to one who had been reared in the far north. We never used fires in our rooms except for cooking, and still were not cold. We could at any time procure

good fruit and vegetables in the plaza, which was the great market-place for the city. Every day there were more or less small dealers, crouched down under canopies of coarse matting, selling their products; but on Thursdays and Sundays the plaza was crowded full. It was almost impossible to get along between the rows of sellers and buyers, and such a Babel of languages as were used was astonishing; English, Spanish, German, French and Indian, all had representatives, with here and there a sallow Portuguese. The plaza was really a curiosity on the great market-days, and it was a favorite pastime with me to watch the maneuvers of the Indians and Spanish, while they were trading.

Our column reached the City of the Angels shortly after noon, on the 21st day of October, and we were welcomed with joyous shouts by those who had been left behind to guard the city. The whole American force in Puebla, sick and well, in the latter part of the month of October, 1847, amounted to something over four thousand. One thousand of this number was sick, leaving a little over three thousand soldiers to guard the city. We had lost seven hundred from sickness, and two hundred and fifty had been killed and wounded.

Two days after our return from Atlixco, I went down street, and entered a hotel called the Sociedad del Progreso; it was toward evening, and I sat down by a table and commenced reading a newspaper. Directly after I went in, an officer who was talking with another one near me asked if I would do him a favor. I replied, certainly, with pleasure, and he gave me a note to carry to Lieut. Waters. I imme-

diately surmised what the difficulty was, and found that I was a second in a duel even before I knew the names of the parties. I carried the challenge to Waters, who was playing billiards at the time, and he referred me to Capt. Besançon, who would act as his friend. Besançon was captain and Waters was first lieutenant in the same company of Louisiana cavalry.

I went to the captain, who accepted the challenge, and he went to Waters to consult as to weapons. My principal was Lieut. Brown of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, and we waited together until Besançon returned. Waters, having the choice of weapons, and being withal a Creole, chose pointed foils, and the first blood drawn was to decide the contest. I told Brown, who declared it was no better than murder, and requested me if possible to have pistols substituted. I talked with Besançon, who seemed determined not to change; and he went out of the hotel, and returned with a pair of foils ready sharpened. By this time it was quite late in the evening, and a number of officers had gathered around, and Captain Lewis tried to have the matter adjusted, as he was certain it would end in bloodshed. All his efforts were unavailing, and we were just about going into the court-yard to fight by candle-light, when Lieut. Sears came in with orders from General Lane to place all four of us under arrest, and with further orders for us all to return to our quarters. Some person had told Lane, and he had determined to prevent the duel. I returned to the convent, and the next morning Lieut. Brown was sent off with his regiment to Perote. General Lane released Waters, Besançon and myself, when we all met together and

shook hands. They were ever afterward the truest friends I had in the army. It is probable that Besangon and myself would have been obliged to fight, as neither Waters nor Brown was in good fighting condition.

I met Lieut. Brown afterward at New Orleans, and there received his thanks for assisting him.

On the 6th of November a large train passed through Puebla, on its way down from the city of Mexico to Vera Cruz. This was the first force that reached us from General Scott, though dispatches were sent down previously by means of couriers. There were many officers with it, who were returning to the States; among them I recollect Generals Quitman and Shields, Majors Gaines and Borland and Captain Cassius M. Clay, who were taken prisoners by the Mexicans at Encarnacion, and Passed-midshipman Rodgers, who was taken by the Mexicans at Vera Cruz. There were a great many wounded men who had been in the battles near the city of Mexico, also accompanying the train. Several of our officers who had been disabled went down at the same time; Captain Cochran and Lieut. Cole, of our regiment, were of this number. I almost envied them when I saw them leave, as I knew I would be obliged to remain and toil on through dangers and hardships till the close of the war, which then seemed very far distant.

Our brigade was kept actively engaged, and it seemed as though General Lane never slept; he was active and vigilant, and required the soldiers under his command to be the same. We kept a small guard at the convent, but the city guard, numbering

one hundred men, was mounted every morning in the Grand Plaza. This guard was made up from the 4th Ohio and 4th Indiana regiments, and was under the direction of a field officer, who served as officer of the day. I frequently commanded the guard detailed from our regiment, and was obliged to patrol the city all night. Our men marched through the streets with loaded muskets, in different directions, quieting disturbances and hurrying offenders off to the city prisons. The good conduct of the Mexicans and our own soldiers was in the hands of the patrol guards, and in our efforts to maintain it we were assisted by a very villainous-looking set of Mexican policemen. These men rode on horseback, and were armed with swords, escopettes and pistols; they wore blue uniforms and black hats, with the word *Policia* printed on white cloth in front of them. They hung around us, and sometimes behaved very treacherously, but we could easily bring them to with a musket. Our quarters while on guard were under the portals of the palace, and stores fronting on the plaza. A few soldiers were generally stationed up stairs in front of the door to the general's quarters, who were picked out from among the rest on account of cleanliness. If a soldier was clean—no matter how ragged he was,—he stood a good chance to be detailed for duty at the general's quarters; and as the duty there was light, it was a post much sought after, and served to make the men emulous as to who should appear smartest and cleanest.

In patrolling the city, I frequently witnessed heart-sickening scenes, and tried to the best of my ability to deal out even justice to all. I was often appealed

to, to act as mediator, and have made many a poor heart glad by acts of kindness, and buoyed up the sinking spirits of my men when my own almost died within me.

In our lonely night-walks through the city, when the keen, cold air was blowing fresh from the mountains, the clang of the clock in the tower of the cathedral sounded like the voice of a friend cheering me onward, and telling that the gray pencilings of morning would ere long appear. The hours between two and three, in cold nights, are the most gloomy periods of the night-guard, and if a man is at all speculative he can get up in his own mind spells and fancies, beside which the language of Shakspeare even appears tame.

One night I was officer of the guard, and was sitting on the cold stones conversing with a couple of friends, when Dumont, who was officer of the day, came up and sat down with us. He asked if we had heard the news. We answered we had not, when he told the following story: Captain F—, you know, is a great fellow to collect snakes, horned frogs, lizards, scorpions, etc.; all of which he puts in jars of liquor to preserve them. Lieuts. B. and M. got hard up one night, and seeing no chance to get anything to drink, they concluded they would drink the liquor off the snakes, etc., which they proceeded to do. Capt. F—, seeing his liquor minus the next morning, made inquiry as to who took it, and after ascertaining, said in his peculiar drawling voice, "Mc— I don't care a d—n about the liquor, but I do protest against your eating my scorpions,"—Mac having taken one down at a gulp.

CHAPTER VII.

Fight at Tlascala — Dumont's Report — Lieut.-Colonel Ebenezer Dumont — Lieutenant Chapman — Horrid Tragedy — Volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl — Ascent of Popocatepetl by a party of United States' Officers — Contra-Guerrillas — Old soldier of Napoleon — Fight at Matamoros and the Pass of Galajara — Lieut. Ridgely killed — Change of Quarters — Col. Jack Hays and Texas Rangers — Theaters — Singing and Music.

ON the 29th of October General Lane made a descent upon Tlascala, where there was said to be a body of Mexican soldiers, and after a somewhat protracted search returned to Puebla, having killed a few guerrillas, and taken some twenty prisoners. Tlascala is an independent territory, lying to the north of Puebla, and is inhabited by a race of bold and hardy Indians, who have changed but very little since the discovery of America. Here Cortez had a severe battle; and after conquering the Tlascalans they joined his standard, and aided very much in taking Cholula and Mexico.

After the fight at Atlixco, no more was heard of General Rea until the 9th of November, when Gen. Lane received information from the merchants of Puebla and Mexico, that he had captured a large train belonging to them, near San Martin, and taken it to Tlascala, on the way to Queretaro. Lane immediately made preparations to go out and

recover the stolen property. On the night of November 9th, twenty men were detailed from each company of our regiment, and placed under command of Lieut.-Col. Dumont; and a like number were detailed from the 4th Ohio regiment, under Colonel Brough; these, with the addition of Captain Benjamin Roberts' company of mounted riflemen, and Lewis' company, constituted the whole American force.

For the operations of our men, I cannot do better than insert the report of Lieut.-Col. Dumont, which was sent to Gen. Lane, in compliance with the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPT. PUEBLA, }
Puebla, Nov. 15, 1847. }

“COLONEL—The General commanding directs that you report to this office at once, fully, your operations at Tlascala.

“By order,

“H. RIDGELY,

“1st Lieut. 4th Inf. A. A. A. Gen. Lane's Div.

“TO LT.-COL. DUMONT, 4th Indiana.”

Puebla, Mexico, Nov. 15, 1847.

“BRIG. GEN. JOSEPH LANE:

“*Sir*—In response to your note of this morning, I have the honor to submit the following brief statement of the operations of my command in the late expedition against the forces of Gen. Rea, at and near Tlascala: On the 9th instant, you directed me to hold two hundred men of Col. Gorman's command in readiness to march at seven o'clock that evening. At the appointed hour the men were

ready—twenty from each company—and at the request of Col. Gorman I took command, but owing to the late return of your spies, did not take up the line of march until about twelve at night. At that time I put my command in motion, accompanied by Col. Brough, at the head of two hundred Ohio volunteers, yourself at the head of all. When within six miles of the enemy we were overtaken at daybreak by the cavalry, under the command of Capt. Roberts, comprising, as I understood, a hundred men. His command proceeding in the advance, was followed by Col. Brough and myself, at as rapid a rate as infantry could march; but upon our arrival at the town we found the cavalry had already entered; that the enemy had fled in all directions, and that the cavalry had pursued. I immediately marched my command into the town and halted, supposing the enemy to be beyond the reach of infantry. I soon found some fifty mustang horses, taken by the cavalry; and from the empty saddles and deserted mustangs, it was manifest that their riders had fled precipitately, and were concealed in the houses and churches of the town, or caverns of the mountain. At the earnest request of that number of my men, I mounted some fifty upon these horses, and suffered them to join in pursuit, while the residue were employed about the hiding-places of the enemy; thus distributed and employed, my men killed some of the enemy, captured fifty more horses, a drove of their cattle and sheep, a large amount of arms, and took a number of prisoners—among whom were Miguel Antonio Romero, chef de escuadron; Mariano Mescas, captain of lancers; and Lieutenants Jose Maria Na-

varro, Juan Cienfuegos, and Bravos Pascual Gomez. Upon the first-named were found papers and documents, clearly proving him to be a guerrilla, and Gen. Rea, a guerrilla chief. He was captured by Sergeant-Major Wm. Buchanan, who behaved with credit, and afforded me much assistance. You having seen the train, captured by yourself and those under your immediate command, safely brought back, directed Colonel Brough and myself, with our commands, to remain with it until its safe arrival at this place. Starting at four o'clock, on the morning of the 11th, we arrived safely in Puebla at two o'clock at night, with the loss of private Charles Coulter, Co. D, killed; and private Wm. C. Crookshank, Co. K, missing.

"My thanks are due to Captains Lander, Lunderman, Mason, Fitzgibbons, and Payne, their officers and men; and also to Lieutenants Cary, Graham, Brackett, Yeakley, and Mullen, commanding companies, their officers and men, for their efficient and manly discharge of duty. Assistant Surgeon I. M. Brower, and Assistant Quartermaster N. Hamilton, rendered me all the assistance in their power.

"Major McCoy, having been for some time severely indisposed, was (though recovering) unable to accompany the expedition.

"I have the honor to be very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. DUMONT,

"Lieut.-Col. 4th Ind. Vol."

The 4th Ohio regiment, on this occasion, behaved in its usual gallant manner, and took a number of

prisoners. While we were returning home to Puebla, Colonel Brough was very severely injured, and Lieut.-Col. Moore took command of the Ohioans. Our General spoke highly of the coolness and intrepidity of Captains Roberts and Lewis, their officers and men. Among the prisoners by them captured was one colonel, one lieutenant-colonel, and a number of other officers and men.

Private Crookshank, of our regiment, was taken prisoner by the Mexicans, and kept in close confinement until, by a fortunate circumstance, he made his escape. He was a very talented man and a physician before he entered the army. I always loved to hear him talk; and his letters, which were sent to the States and published, were decidedly the richest specimens of literature I ever saw. He died at Napaloucan, Mexico, June 1st, 1848.

A writer, in speaking of our infantry, says:—
“Morn broke upon Tlascala, and saw us a weary band of infantry in front of a hostile army, vastly superior in numbers. Noonday shone upon us a body of cavalry, careering over mountain, rock and dell—our enemies scattered like chaff. Such are the rewards of promptness and courage! One bold stroke will often secure for a man what years of toil will fail to accomplish.”

As I have frequently mentioned Lieut.-Col. Dumont in these pages, it is right that I should give a short account of his life. He was born at Vevay, Indiana, in the year 1814, and was a son of John Dumont, a man of eminence, and Julia L. Dumont, a lady of considerable literary attainments. At an early age he was sent to Hanover college, and while

there was appointed a cadet at West Point, through the friendship of Gov. Hendricks, who was at that time in the U. S. Senate. He refused to accept the appointment, and after suitable preparation was admitted to practice as a lawyer, in 1836. In 1838 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives of Indiana, and served with credit. After this he held the office of county treasurer of Dearborn county, and in 1847 was made lieutenant-colonel of our regiment.

Dumont was one of the most moral men in our regiment, and always behaved in a manly and correct manner. He was a strict drill-officer, and tried to second the efforts of our colonel in rendering the regiment efficient in discipline. His efforts were always tempered with kindness, and he utterly despised anything like tyranny. He had the good-will of every man whose opinion was worth having, and we all felt proud of his friendship. Since his return from Mexico, he has served in the Legislature, and was speaker of the house in 1850. In 1852 he was elected one of the democratic presidential electors of Indiana, and cast one of the thirteen votes of Indiana for Franklin Pierce. He was elected by the Legislature, in the session of 1852-3, as president of the State Bank of Indiana, for five years.

One night while on guard, I happened to step into the Washington House, which was near the palace where my guard was stationed, and chanced to hear an officer addressed as Lieutenant Chapman. It immediately occurred to me that this individual must be Lieut. Orren Chapman of the 2d dragoons, from old Otsego county, New York, which county I was

also born in. I was introduced to him by a friend, and it proved to be that individual, whom I had only known before by reputation. We were soon engaged in conversation, talking of Cooperstown, Cherry Valley, Otsego Lake, etc. It was a rare treat to meet him and talk of those we loved, far away in the empire state. We spoke of the ladies, of course, and, as I had been but about a year from home, Orren inquired about many of the divinities who live in the neat borough at the foot of the lake. We also discussed the merits of our celebrated countryman, J. Fennimore Cooper, and spoke of him in a very patronizing way. We had not a very long time to talk, as Chapman had come down from the city of Mexico with a detachment of dragoons, and was obliged to leave on the following day. He received the brevet rank of first lieutenant, for gallant conduct in the affair at Medelin, near Vera Cruz, on the 25th of March, 1847, and gained a great deal of credit for his bravery at the battles near the city of Mexico. I parted from him with regret, as he was the only man I saw, that I knew, from Otsego county, while in Mexico. Such little episodes were always pleasant, and revived old and sweet recollections. Sergeant-major Gilbert Brush, of the Texan rangers, was also a townsman of mine, but I did not know it at that time. He was wounded at the battle of Monterey, and afterward under Lane, at Sequalteplan. His father, Elkinah Brush, was a member of the Texan Congress, and was a fine man. He visited my father's house at Rock Island, in the spring of 1852, and was with father when he died.

About the middle of November, five companies

of Texan rangers, under command of Colonel Jack Hays, arrived in Puebla. They belonged to our brigade, though before joining it they went up to the city of Mexico and reported to Gen. Scott. They were certainly an odd-looking set of fellows, and it seemed to be their aim to dress as outlandishly as possible. Bob-tailed coats and "long-tailed blues," low and high-crowned hats, some slouched and others Panama, with a sprinkling of black leather caps, constituted their uniforms; and a thorough coating of dust over all, and covering their huge beards, gave them a savage appearance. Their horses ranged from little mustangs to large American full-bloods, and were of every shade and color. Each man carried a rifle, a pair of pistols, and one or two of Colt's revolvers, or "five-shooters." A hundred of them could discharge a thousand shots in two minutes, and with what precision the Mexicans alone can tell. I watched them closely as they passed silently by me, and could distinguish no difference between the officers and men. They carried no sabers.

Our brigade was now complete, and consisted of five companies of Texan rangers, Lewis' company of Louisiana cavalry, the 4th Ohio and 4th Indiana volunteers. The Texans went on to Mexico, but returned to Puebla a few days afterward.

Quiet reigned in Puebla for some time after our last expedition to Tlascala, and our wounded and sick men had time to recover their health and strength. General Lane had command of the troops in the city, and Colonel Childs was civil and military governor of the department. We had to keep

a strict guard, and frequently met with sights of the most revolting character. I must tell one story of a sight I saw in Puebla, which I assure the reader is true in every particular. I was walking down toward the plaza from my quarters, one Sunday afternoon, with Captain Fravel, when we met a number of Mexicans, standing apparently horror-stricken, near the corner of a street, in front of a fine-looking house. The Mexicans asked us to walk in; we did so, and upon ascending to the second story and entering a room in which some long candles were burning, a horrid sight met our eyes. Lying on the floor was the dead body of an old gray-haired woman, weltering in her own blood, with her throat cut from ear to ear. A large bludgeon was near her. On a bed in one corner lay the body of a beautiful little girl, between two and three years old, with her head nearly cut off. We inquired the cause of the murder, and learned the following facts. It appears that the little girl was an heiress, her parents both being dead, and had over one hundred thousand dollars left to her, which at her death was to be given to the Cathedral of Puebla. Some dastard priest, not being willing to wait for the child to die a natural death, so that the cathedral could get the money, came in on Sunday and murdered her and her duenna. There they lay, cold and rigid in death, and the priest never was, to my knowledge, punished. Sights like this frequently met us; and, what is singular, we thought but little about them an hour afterward. Doubtless there are many of our brigade who will recollect the scene above described.

From the 12th of October, 1847, until the 1st day

of April, 1848, a period of over five months and a half, I was continually in sight of the volcanoes of Popocatepetl, "the mountain that smokes," and Iztaccihuatl, "the white woman." Of course I felt an interest in them, and though I never attempted the foolish and tedious exploit of climbing to their summits, I had accounts from others, who had attained that celebrity, of the appearance of the crater and the mountain sides. Popocatepetl is far the largest, and its neighbor looks as though its summit had been torn off by some violent eruption. The highest mountain is eighteen thousand feet above the sea level. Cortez, upon first entering the country, found the volcano of Popocatepetl in a state of active operation, and the lurid glare of the red light lit up the snows of Iztaccihuatl, and impressed upon the Spaniards and superstitious Indians a feeling that the Aztec power would soon be extinguished in Mexico. In writing to Charles V., Emperor, Cortez says:

"Eight leagues from Cholula are met two chains of very lofty mountains, which are the more remarkable, as their summits are covered with snow in the month of August, and as there issue from one of them, many times during the day and night, very considerable volumes of fire, the smoke of which rises to the clouds with so great a force that that of the winds, however great it may be in that elevated region, cannot change its vertical direction. In order to give your majesty the most particular account of the singular objects of this country, I chose ten of my companions, such as were fitted for a discovery of this nature; I caused them to be accompanied by some Indians of the country, who served them as

guides; and I directed them to use all their efforts to reach the summit of the mountain chain, and ascertain whence the smoke proceeded: but it was impossible for them to reach it, on account of the abundance of the snows, of the whirlwinds of ashes with which it is constantly surrounded, and of the excessive cold that is felt there. They approached the summit as closely as was practicable for them; and while at the most elevated point to which they had been able to ascend, the smoke issued with so much noise and impetuosity that the mountain appeared to be crumbling away. They brought back from their journey only some snow and ice—objects sufficiently curious in a country situated under the twentieth degree of latitude, and where there is so considerable a degree of heat.”—*Corr. of Cortez, 1st Letter.*

After the fall of the city of Mexico, Cortez again wrote to the emperor, as follows:—

“I decided in our first moments of repose to acquire a more particular knowledge of the volcano of which I have spoken in my first letter, and from which there continually arose, in a vertical line, a thick smoke. The vulgar regarded this mountain as very dangerous; tradition announced that all who ascended it died from the effects. I sent a few Spaniards there to examine the summit of the mountain; but as they were ascending it there arose so thick a smoke that they could not and dared not advance to the place from which it ascended. I have caused others to ascend it since, who have clambered up twice, and advanced to the pit from which the smoke issues. The diameter of the pit appeared equal to double the range of a cross-bow, and the

circumference about three-quarters of a league ; its depth is incommensurable to the sight, and they found around the pit some sulphur, which the smoke deposits there. At one time they were very near it, when they heard so frightful a noise accompanying the elevation of the smoke, that they descended in all haste. They were not half-way down the mountain when they found themselves in great peril, on account of the quantity of stones which were rolling down, and which the volcano was ejecting. The Indians were stupefied at the audacity of the Spaniards, and with the surprising act of bravery which induced them to approach so near the volcano."—*Corr. of Cortez, 2d Letter.*

A party of U. S. officers ascended Popocatepetl, in the month of April, 1848, which was composed of Captains Bomford and Fowler, and Lieutenants Stone, Buckner, Anderson and Kirkham. One of the number gives an interesting account of the ascent of the mountain, which was published in Putnam's Monthly, in April, 1853. The party set out from the city of Mexico on the 3d day of April, 1848, and on the 11th succeeded in reaching the summit. I shall give an extract from the description of the last day's journey of this party. The writer says:—

“Supporting ourselves on the snow by means of our pointed poles, and assisting our footing in other places by the sharp stones, which were frozen in the sand and protruded themselves above its surface, we continued to ascend gradually, but constantly, toward the vertex of the two ridges which have been alluded to. As the lines which bounded the irregular inclined plain we were ascending converged to a

point, the inclination became greater, and the increasing rarefaction of the atmosphere added much to our difficulty and fatigue.

“ Before reaching the upper termination of this plain, the distant mountain-chains and deep valleys were indistinctly visible in the west, clothed in the illusive charms of the early dawn. But it was when we were clambering up the steep acclivity which terminates this valley, a little below the Pico del Fraile, that the full glow of morning burst upon our view in its brightest effulgence. The sun, as it rose unclouded in the east, lighted up in all the splendor of a morning in spring, the varying scenes which were spread around us. Nothing could be more beautiful or impressive than the changing tints which came successively over the brightening landscape, as the lofty mountain cast its conical shadow across the valley, and on the distant hills, and on the clouds which curled around them, and, for a long time, obscured the country and villages at its base in the uncertain gloom of early morning, while all beyond the clearly defined line of shadow was glistening in the bright beams of the sun.

“ Passing over the rugged termination of the valley along which we had ascended, the Pico del Fraile, a porphyritic mass shooting up like a needle to the height of perhaps eighty feet, was in plain view and but a short distance above us. We reached this singular rock about twenty minutes past seven o'clock, A. M. It is situated about fifteen hundred feet, in vertical height, from the peak of the mountain, on a bold and rocky ridge, once, apparently, a stream of lava, and which extends in a southwestern

direction from the summit, and divides into the two ridges between which we had ascended. On a clear morning this remarkable feature may be distinctly seen from the city of Mexico, on the western profile of the mountain. My attention, upon reaching this point, was directed by one of the party to the appearance, at short intervals, of light clouds of smoke which were rising above the snow, considerably to the right of the summit. This served to indicate the position of the crater, and sufficiently explained the cause of the strong sulphurous odor we had encountered far down the mountain.

“ On the southeastern side of the ridge on which the Pico del Fraile is situated, extending from near the crater to the forests about the waist of the mountain, is a deep valley whose bottom is covered with sand and ice. In order to reach the point indicated by the smoke, it was first necessary, on account of the many precipices which break in upon the unity of the ridge, to descend into this valley, which forms a practicable way through the rocky barriers. Having passed around the southern side of the base of the Pico del Fraile, we continued, for some time, to move in a horizontal direction, along the steep slope of the ridge which forms the western limit of the valley in question, until, having reached the bottom, we resumed the painful ascent toward the crater. The extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere, added to the increasing difficulties of the ascent, imposed a heavy tax upon all our energies. The effort was difficult and laborious in the extreme to pass in safety over the smooth fields of ice, and among the wild crags which obstructed our path; and it required

much caution to avoid a false step, which might have precipitated us far into the valley below. About six hundred or eight hundred feet above the Pico, we clambered up a steep natural wall of rocks which was at the head of the valley, and entered at once upon an extensive glacier, which filled an indentation in the conical part of the mountain, and extended almost to the summit. The passage of this glacier was by far the most fatiguing portion of the ascent. The surface of the snow, which had now become very deep, was so much softened by the warmth of the sun as to be incapable of sustaining our weight, as we moved over the glacier to a solitary rock, which, with the occasional puffs of smoke, directed us to the edge of the crater. The air, too, had become so much rarefied at this immense elevation, as scarcely to afford enough oxygen to sustain life. The slightest exertion was attended with great fatigue. We found it necessary, as we advanced, forcing our way through the snow which covered the ice to the depth of more than three feet, to pause for a few moments, after having taken three or four steps, to recover from our exhaustion. A sensation of dizziness, attended with a great oppression about the head, gradually came over us as we ascended; and we were much incommoded by inhaling the noxious gases which were ejected from the crater and dissipated in the surrounding atmosphere.

“At ten o'clock, A. M., the advance of the party reached the edge of the crater. The contrast presented by the bright glare of the snow which had so dazzled our sight during the ascent, and the dark abyss which, upon climbing the last few feet, yawned

suddenly before us, was striking in the highest degree. In the clear atmosphere of these elevated regions, it is difficult to form, by the eye alone, an accurate estimate of the distances and apparent dimensions of objects which are at all remote from us. It is not strange, therefore, that the impressions made on the minds of the different individuals composing the party, should in some respects differ. For this reason, I will give only my own opinion of the dimensions of the crater—remarking that my estimates are as small as any which were made by the rest of the party.

“The crater seems to be formed of three cylindrical surfaces, of about the same height but slightly unequal diameters, having a common vertical axis. The lower section of each cylinder is connected with the upper section of the one below it by an irregular conical surface; while the *debris* of the broken masses of rocks, falling from the sides and top of the crater, have formed a similar surface connecting the lower cylinder with the bottom—so that the general form of the crater is that of an inverted frustum of a cone whose vertex is very distant from its base. The right section of either of the cylinders would not materially differ from a circle. The *lip* of the crater, following the declivity of the mountain, and being therefore an oblique section of the upper cylinder, is an irregular elliptical figure, whose longest diameter is in the direction of a vertical section through the summit of the mountain. This diameter, I think, does not exceed the third of an English mile in length. The depth of the crater varies from perhaps four or five hundred to six or eight hundred feet—the difference

of depth in different places being caused by the *slope* of the mountain. The center of the crater is nearly southeast of the summit, which is so slightly removed from the highest part of the circumference that it may be regarded as forming one point of the lip. At the time we reached the edge of the crater, the smoke was issuing in a constant stream from a crevice near the eastern side of the bottom, nearly opposite the point where we stood, as well as occasionally from other parts of the interior. Considerable quantities of sublimated sulphur had been deposited on the bottom and interior conical surfaces; and the quantity of sulphureted hydrogen gas evolved from the crater was highly offensive and injurious. Following along the lip of the crater, the first of the party succeeded in attaining the summit of the volcano, the highest point of land, with perhaps a single exception, in North America, at ten minutes past ten o'clock, A. M. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, having attached a small flag to one of the poles which had been used in making the ascent, we took formal possession of the subjacent country, and planted the "stars and stripes" firmly on the highest peak of the Popocatepetl, overlooking the dark crater which was smoking below.

"The view from this point is unsurpassed in extent and magnificence. The eye looked, in every direction, far as human vision can extend, over almost boundless tracts of diversified and enchanting prospect. To the north, and below us, was the white summit of Iztaccihuatl, partially veiled by the clouds which were floating around it. Beyond it, and to the left, reposed the magnificent capital of the

Aztecs, amidst the beautiful plains and placid lakes of the valley, shut in, as if by enchantment, by a chain of lofty mountains which concealed its beauties from the surrounding world. To the south extended the fertile valleys of Atlixco and Cuernavaca, and the distant plains of Oaxaca, inclosed between mountain chains, which appeared one beyond another, until lost in the rising mists of the *tierra caliente*. In the west shone the snowy top of the Nevado de Toluca; and farther to the north were the more distant plains of Morelia or Michoacan. To the east lay the city and valley of Puebla, the famed Pyramid of Cholula, amidst the ruins of the ancient city, and, at the base of the Malinche, the mountain country of the warlike Tlascalans. So transparent was the atmosphere, that we could distinctly trace the national road, as it wound across the plains, until it was lost in the *garita* of Puebla. Farther off still, were the more elevated table land of Perote and the remarkable 'Cofre' above them; while, but a short distance from the sea-shore rose the hoary head of Orizava, glittering in the bright beams of the morning light."

These two volcanoes lie to the west of Puebla, and seem much nearer than they really are. The mountain of La Malinche is situated on the north of the city, and at the head of the valley of Puebla, which reaches down through the states of Puebla and Guerrero to the Pacific ocean.

The Texan rangers came back to Puebla again about the 20th of November, and it was evident that General Lane would soon be again upon the track of the guerrillas. Old Jo said nothing but

kept up, as the boys said, "a hell of a thinking." There was no doubt, blood in his eye, and when he had anything serious on his mind he said but little and rather avoided entering into conversation. Walker's company had been all cut to pieces at Huamantla, and sergeants Sloan and Harris were sent home to recruit it; Harris had a brother in our company, B. C. Harris, who was also a sergeant. The place of Walker's men was supplied by another company of the mounted rifle regiment, under Captain Benjamin S. Roberts, lettered A, which had served bravely at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec.

Our men were supplied with new clothing, the Rio Grande suit having by constant exposure become riddled into fragments, and on parade we looked as good as new. Our regiment had by this time learned to drill *well*, and the Ohioans under Brough were almost perfection in the manual exercise and battalion movements. Lewis' company also looked well on parade, and when our brigade was all out drilling we felt no diffidence about appearing before any one. Our companies were drilled separately in the plaza every morning, and at four o'clock every afternoon, we marched down from the quarters to the plaza in solid column, and had dress-parade. Our bayonets were always kept fixed, except when drilling as light infantry.

Col. Gorman was expert in the light infantry or rifle exercise, and often drilled us as riflemen. As a battalion of skirmishers we were as well informed as any body of men in the service, and acquitted ourselves creditably. In speaking thus of our regi-

ment, I hope I shall not be accused of bragging, as I speak of others, not of myself.

I have forgotten to mention in its proper order, that, a day or two after the fight at Atlixco, Lieutenant Sears, 2d artillery, started from Puebla as bearer of dispatches from Gen. Lane to the United States' Government. He had as his escort a Mexican spy-company of *contra-guerrillas* in our service, under command of Col. Dominguez, and was attacked, a short distance from the city, by a large Mexican force under General Torrijon. Having beaten them off, he again proceeded on his way to Vera Cruz, and was again attacked by another Mexican force under Colonel Vamos, and was obliged to return toward Puebla, having lost fifteen killed and wounded in the two fights. He met Col. Wynkoop with his regiment, which was on its way down to Perote, and was safely escorted by it as far as Plan del Rio, after which Sears reached Vera Cruz in safety.

Lieutenant Sears had been General Lane's adjutant-general, and after his departure Lieutenant Henderson Ridgely of the 4th infantry, was appointed acting-assistant adjutant-general in his place.

The *contra-guerrillas* under Dominguez were a rascally set of fellows, and I never could look upon them with any degree of sympathy. Traitors to their own country in the darkest hour of stern trial, they aided the Americans against their own countrymen, and covered themselves with lasting infamy. There is an old saying "we love the treason but despise the traitor," which did not hold good with us.

We loathed the treason and cursed the traitor. Every man in the company was a "jail bird," and a worse body of men could not have been collected together.

I once rode from the National Bridge to En Cerro with a squadron of these chaps, and was the only American with them. I had been carrying an order down from En Cerro to the Bridge, and was on my return. They rode along singing ribald songs, discharging their escopettes every few minutes, and behaving in the most unsoldier-like manner. They had a few women along with them who seemed to be as thoroughly steeped in vice as the men. Each man carried a lance and wore a wide red band around his hat. Mexican treachery is proverbial, and these contra-guerrillas were a complete embodiment of it. On first seeing them, I thought very much, as one of our Irish soldiers did, "may the devil fly away wid'em for a set of ragamuffins."

It was originally the intention of Government to arm our company with rifles, but from some cause or other, we never received them. Our men were mostly young and sprightly fellows, ranging from eighteen to twenty-four years of age, though there were some middle-aged men with us. In the Ohio regiment there were a great many Germans who made fine soldiers, and prided themselves much upon their military bearing. One old captain in that regiment, named John Fries, who commanded company K, always attracted attention by his fine appearance, his age, and his previous military history. He was a Bavarian by birth, and when he entered our army was sixty-four years of age. The old man had served as a non-commissioned

officer in the Young Guard under Napoleon, and was in the Russian campaign, and afterward at the bloody battle of Waterloo. Frequently, on our long and tedious march, Lieut.-Col. Moore would ask the old man to get into a baggage-wagon and ride. "No," he would reply, at the same time giving his thigh a slap, "these legs have waded through the snows of Russia, and did not come here to be overpowered in Mexico." Such was the spirit of our men! and this alone conquered Mexico.

When General Scott came down to Puebla he was introduced to Captain Fries. Immediately upon seeing the heavy gray moustache which adorned his upper lip, and reminded one of the "Old Guard," Scott remarked, taking his hand, "If I am not mistaken, this man has served with Napoleon." "I did," said Fries, and at the same moment a tear started in his eye at the recollection of *le petite corporal*. A conversation was then carried on in French between them, Scott speaking no German, and Fries speaking very broken English. The soldier of Napoleon found a true friend in the great American commander, and all who witnessed the interview stood by in silence.

As was anticipated, Gen. Lane again set out on the 22d of November, to meet the Mexicans, whom he had learned were assembled at Matamoros in the State of Puebla. Their numbers were considerable and they still continued to infest the neighborhood where we were stationed, frequently killing our soldiers as they were walking in the streets. On the evening of the day above-mentioned, Lane set out, taking with him a portion of the Texan rangers

under Col. Jack Hays, Captain Roberts' company of mounted riflemen, Lewis' company of Louisiana cavalry, and one piece of cannon under Lieut. H. B. Field—in all one hundred and sixty men. This force was all well mounted, and though I did not accompany the expedition, am enabled to give an account of the actions which occurred from information received from others. Rain fell during the night, which somewhat retarded the advance of our men, though by morning they had accomplished the entire distance, fifty-four miles, and were in front of the enemy. A sudden and rapid charge was made into the town, and as usual Lane carried everything before him, sweeping the streets, killing and wounding sixty or eighty of the enemy, and capturing three pieces of artillery—a small one, a long six, and a long twelve-pounder—all of bronze, and in good firing condition. Col. Piedras, commanding at Matamoros, was killed, beside two captains of artillery and several other officers. Twenty-one American soldiers who had been prisoners to the Mexicans, were set free and restored to the service, armed with muskets and mounted on horses taken from the enemy.

Beside the artillery, there was a large amount of military stores captured, including five hundred muskets, five hundred sabres, one hundred horses, twelve tons of shot, twelve boxes of fixed ammunition, twenty-seven bales of escopet and musket-balls, and seven bales of slow and quick matches. The General ordered them all destroyed except the horses, muskets, sabres, and fixed ammunition, in consequence of his inability to procure wagons. In this

engagement every man behaved well, and received the thanks of the commanding officer.

“Early on the morning of the 24th,” says Lane in his official report, “we moved toward Puebla, a part of Captain Roberts’ company of rifles composing the advanced guard, while a few were in rear of the artillery; the Louisiana cavalry under Capt. Lewis, constituting the rear-guard. While moving with difficulty through a long mountainous pass, called the Pass of Galaxara, some five miles from Matamoros, the train became considerably extended. Retarded by the obstructions of the way, the artillery and a small train of four wagons, containing captured property drawn by Mexican mules, and driven by Mexicans, had fallen far in the rear, and were progressing slowly under my immediate superintendence, when it was reported that the enemy had appeared in front. Colonel Hays was immediately ordered to repair to the head of the column, and to engage the enemy with the advance guard. He found a small party of observation running in under the pursuit of two hundred Mexican lancers. He promptly repulsed them, and with Captain Roberts and company, and Lieutenants Ridgely, Whipple, Waters, McDonald and Blake, and my private secretary Mr. Phelps, numbering in all about thirty-five men, gallantly charged, broke, and pursued the enemy across an extended plain, and up a long precipitous ascent toward the mountains from which they had made the attack. Midway of the hill the enemy halted, and attempted to rally. They wheeled to the front, but falling rapidly

before the continued charge, they again broke, and fled over the summit of the mountain, closely followed by Col. Hays, with his small force. Here the enemy was reinforced by a reserve of five hundred lancers, under command of General Rea. The Texans, not being armed with sabers, and their revolvers and rifles having all been discharged, Hays ordered his small force to retire to their original position. This order was coolly obeyed, and the men retired in good order, under the full charge of four or five hundred lancers. Having returned to their position, the enemy were immediately repulsed, and the post maintained until the arrival of the artillery, under Lieut. Fields, and of the cavalry under Capt. Lewis, whom I had ordered to the front immediately on perceiving the strength of the enemy. It is due to these excellent officers to remark, that they moved forward to the engagement with that promptitude and alacrity for which they have ever been distinguished. The artillery was immediately unlimbered, when the enemy retired to the mountains, and receiving a few rounds of grape and canister, they disappeared. For several hours they continued to hover about our march in scattered detachments, too remote for the assault of our already jaded horses. And though the riflemen dismounted and attempted to reach them on foot, and the artillery was several times unlimbered and brought to bear upon them, it was impossible to bring them to another engagement. Our loss in this affair was two killed and two slightly wounded."

General Lane, by his bravery on this occasion, saved the whole American command from being cut

to pieces. When the piece of artillery under Lieut. Fields arrived, he with Lane unlimbered it, and putting in a full charge of grape, the general fired it with his lighted cigar, there being no percussion-caps for the cannon at hand. A few rounds poured into the head of the Mexican column of lancers, changed their direction very suddenly and relieved the brave Texans from imminent danger, as their pistols and revolvers had all been fired, and they had not, as yet, had time to load.

Lane spoke highly of his men, and particularly of Col. Hays. Capatins Roberts and Lewis also behaved admirably, and the former was made a brevet lieutenant-colonel for his good conduct—Lieuts. Waters, Lilly, Whipple, McDonald, Douglass, Blake and Fields, and assistant surgeons Brower and Newton fought well.

First Lieutenant Henderson Ridgely, of the 4th regiment of infantry, acting assistant adjutant-general to Gen. Lane, was killed while gallantly charging with his comrades in front of the enemy. He seemed to have had a presentiment that he would be killed in the fight, and frequently spoke of his wife and family on the night preceding the battle. He was born in the State of Maryland and was appointed to the army from civil life, not being a graduate of the West Point school. Private William Walpas, of the rangers, was also killed. Lieut. S. W. Waters and one private, were wounded in the charge, and privates Gorman, Foss and Friedman of the artillery, had been wounded on the preceding day by an accidental explosion of gunpowder. As before mentioned private Sorder, or Balty as he was

called, of company D, 4th Indiana regiment, was mortally wounded in this expedition and died a day or two after Lane reached Puebla. He was a German, and by some oversight had two coffins prepared for his body. This circumstance made one of our Irish soldiers very angry, and he expressed his huge indignation by saying, "There's ould Balty, the d—d ould thraitor has two coffins fur him, when many a better man has been buried without nary one."

The loss to the enemy was about fifty killed and wounded. During the engagement, the Mexican drivers, after cutting the mules from their teams, made their escape; this rendered it necessary to destroy all the captured property, except the large pieces of artillery, and the sabers, most of which were distributed to the mounted men, and the remainder destroyed.

On the afternoon of the 25th, our regiment and the 4th Ohioans marched out of Puebla, and met "Old Jo," as he was coming in. With drums beating and colors flying, we escorted him to his quarters in the palace, and gave him three cheers for the success of the expedition. In the period of sixty hours, Gen. Lane had traveled one hundred and twenty miles, fought and defeated the Mexicans twice, broke up their depots, and so discouraged them that they abandoned Matamoros as they had Atlixco.

Shortly after Lane's return, our regiment changed quarters. We moved out of the old convent of San Augustine — much to the relief of the Catholic monks — and took the quarters which were built for the National Guard of Puebla. The right wing occupied the quarters fronting on one street, while

the left wing was directly back of them facing on another street. The officers of the left wing, to which I was attached, were provided with comfortable rooms in the houses near the soldiers' quarters, and we were much better accommodated than when in the convent. In the barracks our soldiers were well situated, and each company had a separate room, with racks for their muskets, and bedsteads to sleep on. The rooms were clean, and the courtyard inside of the building well paved, with a nice fountain of pure water bubbling up in the center. The change conduced much to the health of the troops, and they gained strength every day.

I was sitting by a window up-stairs, one afternoon, looking out upon the street, and watching the movements of the Mexicans who were passing along, when a slim young man asked me from the pavement, if I could direct him to Lieut.-Col. Dumont's quarters? I told him certainly, and directed him to walk round and come up stairs, as Dumont lived in the same building with me. He came up, and I, thinking he was a teamster, opened Dumont's door and asked him to walk in; when, to my surprise, our Lieutenant-Colonel introduced the stranger to me as Colonel Jack Hays. I shook hands with him, and could scarcely realize that this wiry-looking fellow was the world-renowned Texan ranger. Jack was very modest, and, sitting down on a mess-chest, commenced conversing. He was very plainly dressed, and wore a blue roundabout, black leather cap, and black pants, and had nothing about him to denote that he belonged to the army, or held any military rank in it. His face was sun-browned; his

cheeks gaunt; and his dark hair and dark eyes gave a shade of melancholy to his features; he wore no beard or moustache; and his small size—he being only about five feet eight—made him appear more like a boy than a man. Such scraps of his history as I have been enabled to get together I will give in this place.

John Coffee Hays—or as he is more familiarly known as “Jack Hays”—was born in Wilson county, Tennessee, in the year 1818, and was consequently about twenty-nine years of age, at the time I first became acquainted with him. When nineteen years old, he removed to San Antonio, Texas, where he was employed as a surveyor of public lands. In 1840 he was appointed by the Texan Congress a major in the republican service, and was intrusted with the defense of the frontier against the Indians. Here, with such friends as Chevallie and Walker, he spent his time, and his name and fame became a terror to the wild Indian tribes who roamed about on the broad plains of the Far-West. His history, during this period, is exceedingly romantic, though I have no minute account of it.

Shortly after the commencement of the war between the United States and Mexico, he was made colonel of a regiment of Texan rangers, of which Walker was lieutenant-colonel, and with the regiment fought bravely at the battle of Monterey. He next joined our brigade, and served with it until near the close of the war. His regiment was never together on Scott's line, as a part was left on the Texan frontier to protect it against the Indians. After the close of the war, Jack went to California,

where he served as sheriff of San Francisco county, and is at the present time surveyor-general.

Notwithstanding the appearance of the Texan rangers, Jack was a strict disciplinarian, and had learned by his experience that the only way to render troops efficient is to have them well disciplined.

I heard Hays say that his men were as well calculated for street-fighting as any body of troops could be; but he said that he hated to meet a force of Mexican lancers on an open plain, as they were so much superior to his own men in horsemanship. He said that during the Texan revolution he went to Texas with a party of ninety men, and at that time all of them were dead except three. Hays was no great talker, and appeared to avoid speaking as much as possible; still he was very kind, and did not seem to put on any unnecessary airs.

He spent the afternoon with Dumont, and we all supped together. A number of good anecdotes were told, but none of them more characteristic of the Texans than one reported by S. C. Reid, in his book entitled "McCulloch's Texas Rangers." In speaking of the battle of Monterey, he says:

"It was at this time, while the shot of the enemy flew so thick, that one of our number was ordered by Col. Hays to ascend a large tree, in the corn-field, and reconnoiter the Mexican infantry. The ranger reported, that the enemy kept their position, without any seeming intention of advancing; and receiving no order to descend, being within direct range of the enemy's battery, and the shot flying high, he asked the Colonel if he should come down?

"'No, sir,' said Hays, 'wait for orders.'

“ ‘Soon after, the Texans were directed to return, when they moved rapidly off, leaving the ranger up the tree; and Hays’ attention being called to the fact, he ran back, and cried out—

“ ‘Halloo, there—where are the Mexicans?’

“ ‘Going back up the hill,’ replied the ranger, without knowing who it was that addressed him.

“ ‘Well, hadn’t you better come down from there,’ said Hays.

“ ‘I don’t know,’ said the ranger, ‘I am waiting for orders!’

“ ‘Well, then, I *order* you down,’ said Hays.

“The ranger, discovering it to be his colonel, without waiting for a second call, like Martin Scott’s coon, forthwith descended from the tree.”

The time of our men, during the month of December, was pretty well divided between guard mounting, beating up guerrilla quarters, and attending the theaters; of which latter there were three in Puebla, called respectively, the Teatro Principal, Teatro del Progreso, and Teatro de los Gallos. The first of these was principally monopolized by the Ohio boys, who got up some very creditable theatricals, and the latter by Senorita Carmelita Morales. The Teatro del Progreso, being the nearest to our quarters, was the one most frequently attended by our officers and men. Who among us does not recollect the beautiful Senorita Munoz, and who does not recollect her good singing, graceful dancing, fine acting, and above all her pronounciation of the word “impossible?” In Anna Boleyna she was perfection, and won as much applause as the Buckeye boy who performed Lucrecia Borgia at the Principal.

At evening, the street in front of the theater was lined with carriages, and the fair Poblanas, dressed in magnificent style, tripped gayly into the theater, and took their places in the boxes. American officers and southron dames being all seated, the rattling of Spanish fans, before the rising of the curtain, would be the only sound heard. Below was a heterogeneous mass of soldiers and blanketed Mexicans.

At the rising of the curtain all sounds were hushed, and a play went on spoken wholly in Spanish. Munoz was the only one who could speak the Castilian so that it sounded like the ringing of the clear metal. She, and she only, could rivet the attention of the "northern barbarians," who would sit and listen to her by the hour, wrapped in silent admiration—understanding, meanwhile, not a word she said. Her Spanish friends would now and then laugh excessively, and we, understanding that the "laughing time had come," of course followed suit.

A favorite song of the Mexicans which we used to hear, called *La Ponchada*, I will here give to my readers, in order to show them how well we were entertained. This was sung, mind you, by *Senorita Munoz*.

LA PONCHADA.

- a. Ya no se llaman negros
 Los hijos de Aragon,
 Se llaman defensores
 De Isabel de Borbon.
 Ay! ay! ay! Mutilac
 Chapela, Gorriac.
- 2a. Orgulloses marcharon
 Con trompeta y clarin,
 A la playa llageron,

A tomar Chacoli.
 Ay! ay! ay! Mutilac
 Chapela, Gorriac.

3a. Mal Chacoli tuviera
 En dia tan fatal,
 Y con la borrachera
 Se cayo el general.
 Ay! ay! ay! Mutilac
 Chapela, Gorriac.

In this way we were entertained, and continued to patronize the theater as long as we stayed in Puebla. There was a guard of American and Mexican soldiers always at the theater to preserve order.

One evening I went up, in company with four other officers, and took a box, after paying my money. The old Mexican manager had got something crossways in him, and determined to annoy us as much as he could. The first box we went into we were obliged to give up to a party of Mexican ladies: and so with the second and third. Not relishing this arrangement much, we determined to remain in the next box we went into, if we had to fight for it. After we had got quietly seated, the manager sent us word to leave the box, as he wanted to use it. One of our party, a lieutenant of artillery, politely told the old man to go to h—, that we would not leave. The messenger went away, and in a short time six Mexican soldiers appeared outside, and told us to open the door, which we did, and a couple of bayonets were presented at us. We all had our sabers, and rushing at them, sent them scampering down stairs, two of them having sore heads, and one of our men having a slight stab from

a bayonet. We kept our seats, and were not afterward disturbed. Some of the Greaseritas in the next box were considerably frightened, and smelling salts and eau de Cologne were in active demand. Quiet was soon restored, and the play went on without further interruption.

The old and young, grave and gay, rich and poor, (provided they could get money enough), all visited the theater, and without doing so the day was not considered as properly ended. Some of the Mexican ladies that attended were really beautiful, and took no pains to conceal their charms. The love of admiration is a national trait, and what in this country would be considered as absolute rudeness, was there looked upon as highly complimentary.

Their orchestras were good, and with a natural fondness for music they pursue the study with ardor and become very expert musicians. As to the performance of many of the players, I cannot speak, as I did not understand their language, and always when in the theater had enough else to occupy my attention beside watching the maneuvers of the Mexican men. Our lads sometimes joined them in trying to make sport for the multitude, and I am free to admit that they always rendered themselves supremely ridiculous. But as this may have been their aim, I have no reason to find fault with them.

Going to the theater served to while away many an hour, and on the whole was extremely beneficial to us. We enjoyed the sport amazingly after our trials, and the most indifferent article in the way of pleasure was turned to a good account. The theaters were well conducted and orderly, and the decora-

tions inside of the most chaste style. It was the only place where a person could enjoy an hour's repose without being talked to and drilled by those high in authority, or beset by the trivial complaints and ceaseless grumblings of some of our soldiers. To sit there and smoke for such is the fashion, and take items of passing events, was a pleasant pastime and one which I frequently took pains to enjoy. I always tried to do my duty to my country and to my regiment, and at the theater I felt that I was doing an important service to myself, by giving my mind a little freedom and my body some relaxation after it had been stiffened to death by military discipline.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fight with Guerrillas—Battered on the head—Evening at Abe Lewis' quarters—Duel between Lieutenants Martin and Lilly—Meeting of officers of our brigade—Letter to General Lane—Medal ordered to be made—Lane goes to the city of Mexico—Letter to Gen. Scott—Guerrillas in the city of Puebla—Scott's orders respecting them—Generals Torrejon and Gaona taken prisoners—Doctor Elisha K. Kane.

ON the night of the 5th of December I had just got fairly asleep, when the adjutant of our regiment came into my room, and awakening me, gave me an order to go to the quarters and turn out my company for a scout against the guerrillas, who were reported to be in force near Cholula. Hurrying on my clothes as fast as I could, I obeyed the order, at the same time heaping anathemas on the heads of everything that lived and moved in the valley of Anahuac, for being broke of my rest. Four companies were soon formed under Lieuts. Van Dusen, Lewis, Graham and myself, and all placed under command of Lieut.-Col. Dumont, and with Lewis' cavalry company under Gen. Lane, we left Puebla. We moved out on the main road and thence down toward Cholula, until we had traveled about seven miles, when we struck out into the bushes.

It was a dull, gloomy night; the clouds were rolling up in dark masses, as we marched silently along.

Now and then flashes of lightning were seen far off to the west, showing by their blue glare the hacienda and rancho toward which we were wending our way. Nothing broke the stillness save the heavy rumbling of the distant thunder, the muffled tread of our soldiers and the plaintive howling of the scared dogs, as they watched the coming storm.

“Lieutenant,” said our lieutenant-colonel, in a subdued voice, riding up to me as I picked my way along at the head of my men, “take your company off to the right, get in the rear of the building, conceal yourself as well as possible, and the first man that attempts to pass you, shoot him.”

I turned to my soldiers and gave the order—“File right! close up!” and we moved on cautiously through the bushes. The remainder went round to attack the rancho in front. When we came within about fifty rods of the rancho, I ordered a halt, and told the soldiers to examine their priming and flints, which being done, we again moved a little closer, and knelt down in the bushes. I could now plainly see through the canes of which the building was constructed; there was a dim fire burning in one corner, and around it lay a number of Mexicans, wrapped in their blankets, apparently buried in deep sleep. Their mustangs were huddled together in a yard, a short distance off. I also perceived a sentinel, leaning with his back against a tree in the yard, his chin resting upon his breast, the broad brim of his hat shading his dusky features. He was evidently asleep, as his escopette was ordered, the muzzle resting in the bend of his arm.

By this time the storm was upon us; large drops

of rain came pattering down, and a sharp, rattling crash of thunder followed, that seemed to rend the heavens. The Mexicans sprang up at the report, but ere the reverberation ceased, our soldiers in front forced the frail door and rushed with a shout upon them. A volley of musketry succeeded—then a low wail of agony mingled with the shouts of our soldiers and the hissing curses of the Mexicans. I grasped the handle of my saber more firmly, and knew that the whole gang would soon be upon us. The locks of my soldiers' muskets clicked, and I knew they waited like greedy vultures for their share of the prey. They had not long to wait, for after a few scattering shots from escopettes, pistols and muskets, the Mexicans, tearing away the canes, came bounding toward us like a gang of hyenas. I gave the word to my men, "Ready!" their guns and themselves came quickly to a perpendicular; "Aim!" I hesitated a moment—the enemy was close upon us—"Fire!" said I; the muskets flashed along our line, the Mexicans staggered, halted, and a number pitched forward dead upon their faces. Their halt was only momentary, and on they rushed again. "Give them the steel, boys!" said I, at the top of my voice, and at the same instant I received a blow on the right side of my head which settled me back partly stunned; the whole inside of my head seemed wonderfully lit up, and I raved like a madman. I turned in the direction of the retreating Mexicans, and dashed forward with my boys, some of whom already had the start of me, in pursuit of them. They beat us running, and Dumont came riding up on horseback, and ordered us to halt, as it was useless

to follow them in the dark. We faced about and marched back to the ranche, where I met Chris. Graham who came up and shook me by the hand.

"Come in," said he, and we entered the building together. I went up to the fire, which had been replenished, and taking off my heavy overcoat, now dripping wet, sat down to dry myself. When I removed my cap, Chris. pointed to my forehead and exclaimed — "Why they haven't pinked you, have they, old boy?" "It feels some like it," said I, gruffly.

He then came up and examined my bruise, which was a cut about an inch long; the blood was oozing out of it quite profusely, and trickling down my cheek. "How did you feel when they struck you?" said Chris.

"I felt something like an illuminated bible," said I, in no very enviable humor.

"Here, take some of this," said Chris., handing me a flask of cogniac, "it will make you feel better;" and while I took a pretty stiff pull at it, he bound up my head with a handkerchief.

A few moments after I felt very much relieved, and getting up off my seat I went to a corner of the building, where I found Charley Lewis, the orderly sergeant of our company. I inquired how our men were, and he replied, "One killed, and two wounded, sir, beside yourself."

"Who is killed?" inquired I.

"Harvey Drake, sir—here he is;" and moving a little to the right, he showed me the body of poor Drake. His jacket was unbuttoned, his shirt torn open, and through the upper part of his left breast

was a horrid ball-hole. His arms were crossed on his body, and his head lay over on one side. I heaved a sigh as I looked upon this noble, brave fellow, who was beloved by all his comrades.

We went on a little further and found our wounded men, one with a bad lance-wound, and the other, like myself, none the better for a battered cranium. They were doing as well as circumstances would admit, and I left them, after a few consolatory words, and went to the door, where I found Dumont conversing with Lane, who was surrounded by the different officers of the command.

Our loss had been two killed (Drake and Adams) and five wounded. The Mexican loss was fourteen killed, three wounded, and seven prisoners; beside which we had captured over thirty horses, saddles, etc., and a great many lances, sabers, pistols and escopettes, and had most effectually broken up this den of guerrillas.

Lane complimented me for the part I had taken in the skirmish, and after conversing some time he ordered us to form our companies as soon as possible, and return to Puebla.

The storm was now passed, and the gray streaks of dawn began to appear in the east. Our men were all in line—the wounded that were able to ride were placed on horseback; litters provided for the dead and badly wounded; the prisoners tied together in pairs, and, after piling the Mexican dead in a heap near the building and putting on the finishing touches by setting fire to the ranche in four places, we commenced our march homeward.

I was mounted on a fiery little mustang, and rode

along very comfortably. I looked round, after we had been on the route a short time, and saw the flames leaping up and curling about the burning building, and as we turned round an angle of the old Pyramid of Cholula, that shut it from our view, the thatched roof fell in, burying forever that guerilla den in a mass of ruins.

When our motley group reached the city, which was about nine o'clock in the morning, we were received with shouts of joy by the officers and men of our brigade. I gave the command of the company to Sergeant Lewis, who marched it off to the quarters; and as I was turning my horse to ride to my quarters, Abe Lewis rode up and gave me an invitation to come and take supper at his quarters.

I was well satisfied to get back to my room again, and after taking a strong cup of coffee and a good sleep, felt very much refreshed. The breaking up of the guerrilla quarters was considered a great feat, as we had been repeatedly annoyed by them, and had effectually prevented their gathering in that place for the future.

In the evening I went to Lewis' quarters, and there found Graham and a few other good fellows, and we enjoyed ourselves well after our tedious march on the previous evening. A supper of eggs, mutton, oranges, bananas, pineapples, etc., washed down with pulque, served to render the evening agreeable; and Graham told a few stories in his quaint way; and Lieut. McLean sang a good song.

There is a saying among the Mexicans to this effect—"Puebla is the first heaven, Mexico the second;" and I certainly believe they are right; at

all events I thought so that evening; and a merrier set of young bucks never congregated around a social board. Mark McGraw had been with us to Cholula, and of course made pretty free, and the consequence was, he got glorious and retired. About twelve o'clock I went home, and heard some one talking and laughing in a very pleasant manner up-stairs. I thought it very strange, and on going up found everything dark; but still the talking continued, and a hearty chuckle would now and then fill up the interstices of conversation. I struck a light, and looking around saw Mark sitting flat on the floor, with his back braced against the wall, evidently feeling in the best humor in the world with himself. I asked him who he was talking to?

"Never mind," said he, "I'm having a good time;" and then followed a laugh, which shook his good-natured sides. He had imbibed pretty freely, and was still under the impression that he was at the party. I got him on a blanket, and let him cool till morning, and he came out as bright as a button.

Near the quarters was a house where fandangoes were held nearly every evening, and I took pains to attend them once in a while, accompanied only by Mark McGraw. I had no desire to join in the waltz myself; but still I loved to see the Mexicans enjoy themselves; and being, beside Mark, the only American present, I had pleasant times all by myself. Pulque generally floated very freely, and a dollar would buy enough to supply the company for the evening

Capt. Fravel, of our company, gave a supper to the officers, a short time after the one just spoken of,

and a great many were present—among the rest, Major Crutchfield, of Arkansas, paymaster in Puebla. The evening passed merrily away: though there were two cavalry officers who got into a quarrel, at the Sociedad del Comercio, which resulted in a challenge. The parties were Lieut. Martin, of the 3d dragoons; and Lieut Lilly, of the Louisiana cavalry. Arrangements were made for the meeting on the following morning, at day-break.

Accordingly, after the symposium, I rose early, and, in company with another officer, went to the Alameda garden to witness the duel. The parties came on the ground, and after the necessary preliminaries took their stands. The weapons were dragoon sabers, and the first blood drawn was to decide the fight. Dressed in blue frock-coats, closely buttoned, they commenced hacking away at each other, and both being good swordsmen, the harsh clash of their steel blades sounded murderous enough, while long streaks of fire rolled off the edges. At last, Martin being slightly off his guard, Lilly made a pass at him to run him through the left side of his body, which Martin seeing, quick as thought, he grasped the blade of Lilly's saber with his left hand, throwing it clear of his body, but receiving at the same time a wound which cleft his hand to the bone. The blood flowed freely, and he was immediately placed in the hands of a surgeon.

The duel was ended, and we returned home to think it over, and say nothing about it. Martin was unpopular, and a few days afterward went to the city of Mexico, where he joined his regiment. He

died afterward, at the National Bridge, while on his return home.

On my way home I met a decent-looking soldier, and going up to him I asked him about some of his officers. "Officers," said he, touching his cap, "I know but d—d little about the officers—I belong in the rear rank on the left flank." I could say no more, and left him wiping a pair of green spectacles, he being slightly sore-eyed. This was the most independent expression of feeling I had ever heard, and I left the soldier with a high opinion of his moral worth and independence.

Since our arrival in Puebla, there had been considerable jealousy of Gen. Lane, on the part of Col. Childs, who took every measure in his power to annoy our noble commander. Lane was a most indefatigable follower of the armed Mexican bands of guerrillas, and the way he followed them was rather a novelty to the old straight-laced army officers, who thought everything must be done on scientific principles. The truth is, Lane "pounded the rust off the guerrillas," as our boys said, in such a way as to render his name a "terror to all evil-doers;" and while Childs was reposing on his laurels, Lane was scouring the country far and near, and carrying the American flag, in triumph and glory, to the most secluded spots haunted by the guerrilla robbers.

On the 9th of December, the officers of our brigade held a meeting at the Casa Washington, in the city of Puebla, to take into consideration a certain communication which Col. Thomas Childs had forwarded

to General Scott, and which contained gross misrepresentations with regard to General Lane. The meeting was called to order and Lieut.-Colonel A. Moore appointed chairman, and Capt. A. L. Mason secretary. The following memorial was drawn up, unanimously adopted, and after being signed by nearly every officer of the brigade, was delivered to Gen. Lane.

“Puebla, Mexico, December 9, 1847.

“TO BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH LANE,

“Commanding Department of Puebla.

“*Sir*:—The undersigned, officers in the brigade under your command, have seen with infinite regret, a communication from the Bishop of Puebla, covering and inclosing a communication from Senor Baltazar Prefect, addressed through Col. Childs, civil and military governor of this city, to the general commander-in-chief.

“In these papers, complaint is made that, through your direction or permission, and by the troops under your command, defenseless towns have been entered, and the persons and property of non-combatants outraged—that the churches have been broken open, especially that of San Francisco at Tlascala, and the sacred vestments stolen therefrom worn in public profanation by soldiers, etc.

“It is further set forth that these acts of outrage and sacrilège had been committed contrary to the protestations of Gov. Childs—that he had done all in his power to remedy them, but that even *he* had been unable to recover *all* the church property plundered at Tlascala—and, to prevent future like acts of desecration the general-in-chief is implored to

'*strike at the root of the evil,*' by directing the order especially to you, for the restraint of the troops under your immediate command.

"This document, printed in the Spanish tongue, is being hawked about and sold by hundreds in the streets, at a time when the inflammable and vindictive populace is encouraged to acts of open hostility and secret assassination, by the small number of troops under your command, and your inability, from the absence of mounted men, to scourge, as heretofore, the enemy's guerrillas back to their lairs at a distance.

"It seems inconceivable to us that Gov. Childs—if he possesses a knowledge of the true character of this document, in view of the regulations of all military etiquette, of the truth as *we know* it to be, and for the honor of American arms—can have forwarded at all, much less with approval, these libels upon you and your command. But in the possible contingency that he may have transmitted it, through inadvertency or otherwise, it is due to you, to ourselves, and to truth and the national arms, to state the facts as they are. We do therefore, General, make the following statement, which you are at liberty to use as you deem expedient, the correctness of which we are prepared to maintain by any test and before any tribunal.

"First then, in relation to entering defenseless towns, and the outraging of the persons and property of non-combatants. So far as this relates to the city of Puebla, you entered it with your command, at the earnest and repeated solicitation of Gov. Childs, to rescue it and him from an infuriated enemy, quar-

tered and *fortified* in more than one of its many churches. It was not a defenseless place; Col. Gorman and his officers can testify that they were fired upon near the eastern gate of the city, as also can Lieut.-Col. Dumont, commanding a detachment of that regiment, and the officers under him, and they fought and pursued a strong body of guerrillas, interchanging volley after volley into and through it. Colonel Brough and his officers can declare that they were fired upon by more than fifty guerrillas from the church of San Francisco, on the topmost spire of which floated a lancer's flag, upon their first entrance. And Lieut.-Col. Moore, of the Ohio regiment, commanding a detachment, with his officers, can also affirm that they fought and pursued another large body of the enemy from street to street, being also fired upon from the windows and house-tops at almost every step; and that the enemy made a final and desperate stand under cover of the church at the Alameda; further, that before the door of that very church, they found the horridly mutilated corpses of several soldiers of Col. Childs' command, who had been overpowered and slain that very morning.

“That some acts of pillage were committed that afternoon, and the night following, is true. There are bad men everywhere, and it cannot be claimed that your command is wholly exempt. Something, however, must be allowed to the excited passions of men, so opposed by an enemy fighting, not for victory, but for slaughter; and something must be allowed for the first chaos of a conquered city before government can be organized. Yet even in respect to these acts, we unitedly aver that they were less

extensive and flagrant than the wrongs committed by the Mexican troops upon their own people, non-combatants, these latter being witnesses; that by far the greater portion of them were committed by men under the immediate command of Governor Childs, and that every possible effort was made by you, Sir, eventually with success, to arrest them.

“And equally unwarrantable is the charge in respect to the entrances of Atlixco, Tlascalala, and Matamoros. The enemy had contested every practicable position for six miles of the road leading to Atlixco. Routed and driven with loss from each of these by the cavalry under command of Captains Ford and Lewis, they lined the hedges and house-tops on the outskirts of the town, and discharged repeated volleys of small arms as the head of the infantry-column approached. It was then quite dark—the plan of the town was unknown—the enemy in apparent force, and, as all supposed, with artillery. Under these circumstances, with the advice and approbation of every field-officer near your person, you directed the artillery to open and continue its fire until the enemy's musketry was silenced. Even then, the town was not formally surrendered until we had entered it in force. The command of Col. Brough was quartered in the buildings appendent to a church, in which were found a quantity of bread for the enemy's troops, a room, seats, ink, paper, and a brazier containing yet living coals—that same room having been the guerrilla head-quarters. In another church, as we have since been creditably informed, there were concealed four pieces of cannon and other arms. You made every exertion to pre-

vent acts of pillage, and succeeded so far as was practicable.

“The first entrance into Tlascala, we cannot suppose to be subject-matter of complaint. The enemy were there, and forcibly driven out. The second expedition was projected by you, at eleven o’clock at night, at the instance of merchants, non-combatants, some of them Mexicans, all having American protection, who had been robbed by Gen. Rea of goods of immense value. The infantry, to the number of four hundred, in six hours marched upward of twenty miles over a rough road and in the night, to recover and restore the stolen goods. You entered with Capt. Roberts in advance—found the church of San Francisco in possession of the guerrillas and were fired upon from thence. Afterward Lieut.-Col. Dumont, with his command, seized at this church a large number of horses and arms, and several guerrilla officers and soldiers concealed in the recesses. You found the merchant-train in the act of being fired by Rea and his robbers, who, since they could not keep, were determined to destroy, this argosy of non-combatants. From out of the very building, whence had issued a squad of thirty guerrillas, you obtained forage, and because it was claimed with apparent truth as private property, caused it to be paid for. On the floor of this church, a number of priests’ robes were found lying, some of which were no doubt taken by our soldiers, though every effort was made by the officers to restore the property.

“In the affair of Matamoros but few of us participated, but we have every assurance that it was a recruiting station of guerrillas.

“It is strange to us that it should be said ‘*that even Gov. Childs had been unable to recover and return all the church property in question.*’ The truth is, that he recovered none of it, although he was the medium of restoring that which was taken to headquarters, in pursuance of your orders. Our purpose is not accusation but vindication. We forbear therefore to inquire by what means the popularity, so vaunted at your expense, has been obtained among a hostile and vindictive people. You, Sir, may well afford to admit that you have *only* treated them justly—you have flogged their armed bands too severely ever to become a favorite.

“With sentiments of the highest esteem, we are, General, your obedient servants.”

(Signed by forty-six officers.)

The following resolution was also unanimously adopted:

“*Resolved*, That Col. Gorman, Col. Brough, Capt. Lewis and Capt. Kessler, be appointed a committee to obtain a medal, and present it to Brigadier-General Lane, in the name of the officers of his brigade.”

The meeting then adjourned.

We all felt indignant at the conduct of Col. Childs, though it was in keeping with his former conduct at Jalapa, where, says a soldier who was under him at that time,—“The officer commanding the main guard had received orders to have the guard under arms, and at the approach of the procession (Catholic procession of the host) to cause them to present arms, and then kneel with their muskets in the left hands and their caps in the right, until the proces-

sion had passed. To the credit of the volunteers, who formed about two-thirds of the guard, they refused to obey this absurd order, which was luckily not insisted on, or the consequences might have been serious." *English Soldier in the U. S. Army*, page 213.—Childs was at that time Governor of Jalapa.

I am not disposed to be captious, but must say in truth, that all Col. Childs' misrepresentations had no effect upon General Scott, who knew that Lane had done right, and he was afterward intrusted with the command of a number of important expeditions by the General-in-Chief.

On the 11th of December, Major-Generals Butler and Patterson arrived in Puebla with a large American force from Vera Cruz. Their force consisted of the 5th Indiana and 5th Ohio regiments, one Kentucky and two Tennessee regiments, beside some regulars. Major Lally and Captains Heintzelman and Simmons, with their battalions, also went up with them to the city of Mexico. They went on through Puebla, leaving three companies of the 5th Ohio regiment with us to guard the city.

Brigadier-General Lane left us on the 14th of December for the city of Mexico, where he had been ordered to report in person to Gen. Scott. "He was received by the commanding general," says a writer, "with marked emotion, creditable alike to General Scott as to the *citizen* soldier whose deeds had won the distinction of the veteran's approval."

We parted with our general in silence, being too much moved to address him with empty words and unmeaning compliments. He knew us—we knew

him—and the rough scenes through which we had passed bound us together by a tie stronger than mere friendship!

Lane loved his brigade, and knew us all personally. I hope I may be pardoned a little vanity if I insert in this place a short extract from one of his letters, directed to a friend, dated Washington, Dec. 28th, 1851, in which he thus refers to myself. Says he: "I recollect well the gallant bearing of Lieut. Brackett in the battles of Huamantla and Atlixco, and also upon other trying occasions, and hope you will present to him my best wishes for his happiness and prosperity." This from Lane is as good as old gold to me.

Shortly after reaching the city of Mexico, he sent the following letter to Gen. Scott.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, BRIG.-GEN. LANE,
Mexico, Dec. 21st, 1847.

"SIR:—At the solicitation of the colonels and other officers of the 4th Ohio volunteers and 4th Indiana volunteers, and other men now stationed at Puebla, I respectfully beg leave to present to the consideration of the General-in-chief, their earnest wishes, if in his opinion compatible with the interest of the service, to be permitted to advance in preference to the new troops which are soon expected to arrive in Puebla. The 4th Ohio under Col. Brough, and 4th Indiana under Col. Gorman, have been in service some seven months, and from the other line arrived with me in Puebla. They are well drilled, and are in as good, if not better condition, than any volunteer troops between this city and Vera Cruz. In several affairs they have shown the utmost steady-

ness and reliable bravery under fire, and are endeared to me—both officers and men—by their faithful service. Will the General-in-Chief pardon me a freedom, prompted by a personal regard to Capt. Lewis, of the Louisiana mounted volunteers, in requesting that he may be attached to my command. His gallant conduct, in all my affairs between Jalapa and Puebla, makes me desirous (should you approve) to have him with me.

“With great respect I am, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“JOSEPH LANE, Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

“To Capt. H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. Gen.”

In reply to this letter, Gen. Scott assured Lane that, in case of a forward movement toward San Luis Potosi, our brigade should be sent ahead.

After Lane's departure, Col. Childs was left in command at Puebla, as civil and military governor, and Col. Gorman was appointed commander of the city troops. The garrison consisted of our regiment, the 4th Ohioans, three companies of the 5th Ohioans, under Lieut.-Col. Latham, some artillery soldiers, and Lewis' cavalry company. Fort Loretto was garrisoned by Company E of our regiment, under Capt. Crooks, together with one other company. The whole number of troops, of all arms, did not exceed two thousand. The garrison was afterward strengthened by a battalion of artillery under Major Wm. W. Morris, of the 4th artillery. Morris was an old officer, and had served as major of a regiment of mounted Creek volunteers in the Florida war.

Puebla was quiet under the direction of Colonel

Childs, though the city was still infested with guerillas, who continued to kill our soldiers in the streets whenever and wherever an opportunity offered. A soldier of company H, named Jones, went down street one evening, and while there was attacked by a party of these fellows, who cut and hacked him in the most shocking manner, and left him for dead in the streets. He subsequently recovered, though he was maimed and disabled for life. Another man, attached to the quartermaster's department, was lassoed while he was riding on horseback, dragged from his horse, and pulled some distance along the street by his neck. With great presence of mind he drew a knife and cut the rope, and succeeded in making his escape from them. Lieut. Graebe, of the Ohioans, was also attacked, but they let him alone after he had killed two of them. In consequence of these attacks, and similar ones which occurred in Mexico and Jalapa, General Scott issued the following order, which was read to the different regiments:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Mexico, December 12, 1847.

"1. The highways of Mexico, used or about to be used by the American troops, being still infested in many parts by those atrocious bands called *Guerrillas* and *Rancheros*, who, under instructions from the late Mexican authorities, continue to violate every rule of warfare observed by civilized nations, it has become necessary, in order to insure vigor and uniformity in the pursuit of the evil, to announce to *all* the views and instructions of general head-quarters on the subject.

“ 2. Every American post established in Mexico will daily push detachments or patrols as far as practicable, to disinfest the neighborhood, its roads and places of concealment.

“ 3. No *quarters* will be given to known murderers or robbers, whether called *guerrillas* or *rancheros*, and whether serving under Mexican commissions or not. They are equally pests to unguarded Mexicans, foreigners, and small parties of Americans, and ought to be exterminated.

“ 4. Offenders of the above character, accidentally falling into the hands of American troops, will be momentarily held as prisoners—that is, not put to death without due solemnity. Accordingly, they will be reported to commanding officers, who will without delay order a *Council of War*, for the summary trial of the offenders under the known laws of war applicable to such cases.

“ 5. A council of war may consist of any number of officers, not less than three nor more than thirteen, and may, for any flagrant violation of the laws of war, condemn to death or to lashes, not exceeding fifty, on satisfactory proof that such prisoner, at the time of capture, actually belonged to any party or gang of known robbers or murderers, or had actually committed murder or robbery upon any American officer or soldier, or follower of the American army.

“ 6. Punishments awarded by councils of war will be reviewed, approved or disapproved by the commanders who respectively order the councils, and in cases of approval be immediately put into execution by their orders; but councils of war, except in extreme cases, will be ordered only by commanders of

detached divisions or brigades, or by commanders of military departments.

“7. All punishments under this order will be duly reported to general head-quarters.

“ By command of

“ MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT.”

In the latter part of December, Col. Dominguez, with his contra-guerrillas, was returning toward Puebla from Vera Cruz, as an escort for Dr. Kane, bearer of dispatches from government to Gen. Scott, when he accidentally fell in with a body of Mexican troops under Generals Torrejon and Gaona, near Napaloucan. A fight instantly took place, and the whole body of Mexicans surrendered. After the fight, Col. Dominguez, having a spite against Gen. Gaona, attempted to kill him. Dr. Kane interfered, and in his efforts to save the life of the general, who was a prisoner of war, received a severe wound. Kane was successful, and Torrejon and Gaona, with Major Gaona and Captain Torres and about a hundred Mexican soldiers, were safely brought into Puebla, and delivered over to Colonel Childs. Major Gaona was very severely wounded, and I assisted to carry him home, according to Childs' orders, where he could be more comfortable than in prison. The two generals were confined in a large room of the palace, and I frequently had command of the guard which was kept over them. The soldiers were all confined in the calaboose.

General Torrejon was a fine old man, and used frequently to speak to me while I was on guard. He was one of the bravest generals of the Mexican

army, and fought on nearly every bloody field during the war. He was provided with everything necessary to render him comfortable, and after a time was released from captivity, upon giving his word of honor that he would not again fight against the Americans during the war, unless he was regularly exchanged. He retired to San Martins, where he had his home, and rigorously kept his word.

General Gaona was a tall, straight old fellow, and looked considerably like General Butler. He commanded a brigade, I believe, at the battle of San Jacinto, and was afterward Governor of Puebla. Upon being brought into the palace, the old man burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause replied: "I respect the Americans, they are a brave and magnanimous nation. I could have been taken prisoner by them without a murmur, but I have been captured by that man, (pointing to Dominguez,) who is a thief and a robber and whom I had publicly whipped in that plaza for robbery. My honor is gone—I am an old man and shall soon die, and I weep to think that my last days will be embittered by the reflection that I have been captured in this war by that infamous scoundrel and traitor, Dominguez."

I pitied him, as he seemed to be filled with the most poignant grief. He was subsequently released by Col. Childs, and the circumstances which led to it will be given hereafter.

Dr. Elisha K. Kane, since become world-renowned by his efforts in the Arctic explorations, was at that time a surgeon in the United States Navy, and as just mentioned, came up as bearer of dispatches.

He was a young man, though he had already visited most of the countries of the earth, and made friends of all whom he met with. There was always a species of sneering jealousy between the regulars and volunteers, but I saw none of it in Surgeon Kane. This remark may be too general, as there were numerous other honorable exceptions—among these Scott, Duncan, Major Lally, Captains Simmons and Gatlin, and some others.

Dr. Kane remained some time in Puebla, to recover from his wound, and during that time lived at the private residence of General Gaona, in the city. His treatment was of the most friendly character, and the general's family tried by every means in their power to render his stay as agreeable and pleasant as they possibly could. Kane's wound was excessively painful, and for some time his life was despaired of on account of it. But by careful treatment and the assiduous attentions of a kind family, he was restored to perfect health, and preserved to be instrumental in bringing honor upon his country by his brave and heroic efforts in search of Sir John Franklin, the British navigator.

CHAPTER IX.

New-year's day and 8th of January celebration—Speeches, toasts, etc.—Promoted to the artillery—Capt. Hermann Kessler—Painting and Poetry—Lane's Expedition to Tehuacan—Attempt to capture Santa Anna—Night march—Description of Orizaba valley—Cordova—Major Wm. H. Polk—Amusing anecdote—Santa Anna's letter—New troops—Lieut. Wm. L. Crittenden shot at Havanna.

ON the first day of January, 1848, the soldiers of our company had a splendid dinner at the officers' quarters. We gave up our room, which was a large one, to them, and a table was set that reached the whole length of it. Sergeants Lewis, Harris, Egbert, and Soward constituted the committee of arrangement, and each soldier rendered all the assistance, toward getting it up, that lay in his power. Col. Gorman, Lieut.-Col. Dumont, Major McCoy, our company officers, and Lieutenants Lee and Mullen, were invited to attend it. The dinner was in every way creditable, and the boys were highly delighted with their entertainment.

Balls, fandangoes, theaters and parties served to make time pass away agreeably enough, though, as a soldier, I panted for some opportunity to advance myself. I could not bear the idea of staying in my quarters and vegetating, though by so doing I might flourish like a "green bay tree."

On the 8th of January, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, Col. Childs reviewed the troops. At twelve o'clock, M., all the soldiers of the garrison appeared on the Grand Plaza, in clean uniforms, with arms burnished and belts whitened, and made a grand and imposing appearance. Amid the heavy and regular tread of soldiers' feet, and the soul-thrilling strains of martial music, one might well have imagined something of the nature of the event we were commemorating. Childs appeared on a heavy gray charger, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and rode up and down our lines. He was our commander; but we should have felt far differently if Joe Lane had been with us. Review being over, the corps marched to their respective quarters; and in the afternoon companies C and K gave a fine dinner to their guests and themselves.

There were a number of officers present, and the whole thing was conducted in the best possible manner. Lieut.-Col. Dumont made a neat and appropriate speech, from which I make only one short extract:

“You too, my boys,” said he, addressing the soldiers, “have witnessed and felt war's stern realities. In it there is more prose than poetry, and none know it better than you. The hardest battle that the soldier has to fight is a bloodless one. It burns no gunpowder, nor is the din of conflict heard. The battle of which I speak is made up of the long and fatiguing march; the heat, and cold, and privations which the soldier has to encounter. Death upon the battle-field has no terrors; but the very thought of death, by slow and lingering disease, in a foreign

land and among strangers, is enough to rend the stoutest heart.

“In four well-fought battles have you been engaged; you have seen your comrades falling all around you; and yet what are they, (I mean the battles,) in comparison to what you have otherwise endured. Ay, and that too, cheerfully, manfully, without a murmur. You have traversed the Father-of-waters to New Orleans, and the Parent-of-all-crooked-rivers to Mier; you have crossed the gulf twice; you have traveled on foot upward of five hundred miles; you have fought the battle of Huamantla; raised the siege of Puebla, and again met, fought, and vanquished the enemy at Atlixco and Tlascalala. Side by side, for the most part, with Ohio and Louisiana volunteers, you have, by emulating them, merited the esteem of your county. No one better than you can bear witness to the gallantry of Col. Brough's 4th Ohio, and to that of the Louisiana mounted volunteers, Captains Lewis and Besauyon. You too, witnessed the desperation of Walker's men on Huamantla's plains, and, after the conflict was ended, saw them weep over the lifeless clay of their fallen chief. You have since seen them fight as though they were still inspired with the spirit of their departed leader. Long will it be before the impressions made by that day of strife will be effaced from your memories. The sun never rose upon a more lovely morning, nor shone upon men more anxious to meet a foe worthy of their steel. Well do I recollect the avidity with which you shouldered your muskets, and took up the line of march, and

the pain it gave me to compel some sick ones to stay behind.

“I had to resort to compulsory means, for no entreaties would do; and some whom I actually drove back, as I thought, reappeared in the thickest of the fight, and fought with the desperation of the tiger. After the excitement of the battle was over, they again sunk, and you carried them back on your shoulders. One had crept into a wagon filled with the dead. I heard his groans, took him out, and placed him on my horse behind me. He fainted and fell to the ground. He was with difficulty got into camp; and since our arrival at this place has gone to his reward. With my own hand I planted the stone that marks his resting-place. He was a poor obscure boy, but Indiana can boast of no nobler dust.”

After the conclusion of Dumont's speech, the boys fell upon the provisions, and made sad havoc. There were fruits of every variety and clime on the table that day, and, for a January party, comprised a fair collection—among them were the grape, the orange, the pineapple, the banana, peaches, apples, pears, plantains, and water-melons. At the conclusion of the feast, a number of toasts were drank—among which were the following:

“To Brigadier-General Lane.—His indomitable courage and untiring energy commands our greatest admiration. May he be rewarded by his countrymen as his merits deserve, and may the foul tongue of *calumny* never tarnish a laurel of his well-earned fame. His brilliant and successful career is unsurpassed.

“The American Navy.—The most brilliant arm of our national defense.”

Then there were cries for Doctor Kane, of the navy, who was present. The Doctor arose, and was for a moment embarrassed; but, throwing it off, in a clear, mellow voice, he said he had been traveling all his life, in many countries and in every clime; yet he had never before beheld such a spectacle—officers and men so intimately associated, so far from home, in celebrating a public anniversary. Really, they were freedom’s own sons. Such was the beauty of the volunteer service. Neither had he ever seen a more abundant and sumptuous feast than the one of which, through their kind invitation, he had just partaken. He concluded with this sentiment:

“Volunteers.—Soldiers when requisite, and gentlemen always.”

By Lieut.-Col. Dumont.

“To Colonel Brough.—Brave and prudent. The honor of Ohio may safely be intrusted to his keeping.”

Col. Brough rose and made a short speech, full of humor and good feeling. He delivered himself handsomely, interspersing his remarks with so much wit and good humor as to be frequently interrupted by peals of laughter.

Majors McCoy and Young; Captains Lander, Alexander, and Fitzgibbons; Lieutenants Cary, Mills, Hamilton, and McLean; and Messrs. Steele, Forrester, Cromlow, Beamesdaffer and Cheek—all delivered appropriate sentiments.

Col. Gorman made a short speech, full of interest, and acquitted himself handsomely.

Vocal and instrumental music, with the aid of certain ominous-looking black bottles, helped to render the party quite merry; and it was rather late when the entertainment broke up.

I know not who cooked on this occasion; though I believe it was a Frenchman, who kept a drinking-house near the old convent. He was a queer chicken; and one night, not getting up out of bed as quick as one of our officers wished him to, the lieutenant fired through the window and came near killing both the Frenchman and his wife. It was amusing to hear Crapeau give an account of the occurrence; at the same time pointing at the bullet-hole, and grinning and gesticulating in the most savage manner: "Sacre," said he, "ze d—d loot-nant come to ze vindow. I no tink noting. He say—'come in.' I tink noting ag'in. Bym-by, he fire de pistil—I see de bullet—den, d—n my soul, den I tink someting."

In the month of January, I was promoted to the artillery, a position which I had longed for, and one which I received mainly through the influence of Col. Gorman. I quickly donned the cross-cannons, artillery buttons and red stripe, and was congratulated by all my brother officers on my good fortune. Others had been promoted before me, and among the rest was my friend Chris. Graham, who was called upon to support the dignity of a captain. Sergeant James Thompson was also promoted as second lieutenant, giving place to J. V. Beamesdaffer, of Co. C, as orderly sergeant. Sergeant John E. Britton, of Co. E, was also promoted to a second lieutenantcy, and being but seventeen years old, he

became quite a pet under the name of "Little Brit." He was a good officer, and we being both very young were afterward quite sociable.

A sad accident occurred to one of our men named Isaac F. Lytle, sergeant in company F, one day while he was on duty at the calaboose. He had a revolver in the bosom of his jacket, and by some means it fell out on the hard pavement and discharged itself, shooting him through the foot and causing a dreadful wound. His leg was cut off, but he was too weak, and the poor fellow died soon after the operation. Landers was promoted sergeant in his place.

Another man of company E had his leg shot off at Fort Lorretto, and died in consequence of it.

I had a little dress sword, which Lytle had captured from the Mexicans, and which the colonel had presented to me. After his death I gave it to Sergeant Kramer of the same company, who gave it to his father, Captain Francis Lytle, of Columbus, Indiana. Orderly Sergeant Wm. F. Allen was promoted first lieutenant of company E, in Graham's place.

The artillery which I was promoted to was commanded by Captain Hermann Kessler, of the 4th Ohio regiment, and the men were half Ohioans and half Indianians. The battery consisted of two pieces, one twelve-pounder howitzer, and one six-pounder cannon, with caissons and horses complete. The men and guns were kept in a building opposite to the calaboose, and in the same building as the palace. Kessler's and my own quarters were in the palace.

* In Captain Kessler I found a congenial spirit, one

whose tastes and impulses were the same as my own, and the brief period that I was with him sufficed to show me that there burned within his breast the fires of true feeling and a just conception of the beautiful. He had an artist's eye, and was never so happy as when engaged with his pencil. Some of his drawings were sent home, and I believe engraved, though I never as yet have been able to procure any of them. His designing was good, and the talent evinced by his draught of the gold medal which our brigade presented to General Lane, elicited the admiration of all. On one side of the medal was a wreath of laurel, twining around near the rim, on which were six shields of differently tinted gold, and on each one of these was the name of a battle in which Lane had been engaged,—Buena Vista, Huamantla, El Pinal, Atlixco, Puebla and Tlascala were thus inscribed, and inside of the wreath was Lane's profile likeness. On the reverse side was a view of the entrance of our troops into Puebla, and an inscription that the medal was presented to Gen. Lane by the officers of his brigade, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his bravery, etc.

Captain Hermann Kessler was born in Dresden in the kingdom of Saxony, in the year 1811, of very respectable parents, his father being a major in the Saxon army. He was educated at the military school in his native city, where he was a classmate of Prince Albert, and, after graduating, entered the army of Saxony as a second lieutenant of horse-artillery. He served most of his time at the fortress of Koenigstein, in studying the art of fortification and field engineering. After ten years' service, he

resigned his commission as first lieutenant, came to America, and settled in Pittsburgh, where he lost all his property and drawings by a fire, in the year 1843. Leaving Pittsburgh; he went to Cincinnati, where he occupied his time in lithographing until the war broke out with Mexico, when, upon the second call for troops, he entered Moore's company as first lieutenant, and served as adjutant of the 4th Ohio regiment until Moore was made a lieutenant-colonel, when Kessler became a captain. Being the best artillery officer in the brigade, he was placed in command of our artillery, and I had the good fortune to be his first lieutenant.

We painted and sketched together, and from him I learned artillery tactics. He always flattered me when I exhibited my drawings to him, and I must admit that his was the only opinion I cared one straw about—he was an artist—and in him I felt a superior. He had visited the great picture galleries of Dresden—"the German Florence," and basked in the sunshine of painting and inspiration. He grew eloquent when speaking of these subjects, and a tear would sometimes start unbidden to his eye, as his thoughts wandered back to his home and earlier days in "Fatherland."

I had some taste for drawing, and once received a fine compliment from one of America's poets, who resides in New York, and who, though young, has already won a high fame. I drew a picture delineating a scene from one of his poems, and in return he wrote the following:

From the Western Literary Messenger.

SONNET

ON SEEING A PENCIL SKETCH OF ALBERT G. BRACKETT, A YOUNG
ARTIST OF THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Young Artist! I have looked upon the lines
Traced by thy pencil with supreme delight,
They teach me that thy soul is clear and bright,
A fruitful nursery of great designs.
Press on! and, like the masters of thine art,
Derive from nature inspiration strong;—
The gifted painter and the lord of song
Must worship at her shrine to sway the heart.
This sketch is rich in promise:—rock and tree—
The red man watching, with vindictive glance,
The dread flotilla of invading France
Ploughing the waters of an inland sea,
Are truthful in their grouping, and proclaim
That toil and study yet will make thee known to fame.

I was full of poetry then, and painting too, but the Mexican war broke out, and I could not withstand the temptation of following the glorious "stars and stripes" on the field of war! The consequence was, the world had one poor painter the less! I had even visited Neagle's studio in Philadelphia, with the intention of becoming an artist, but muskets and bayonets had a greater charm to me than pencils and paints, and I was not long in finding an opportunity to quench my burning desire for glory. Still, I loved my pencil, and many a happy hour have I spent in its company.

January 18th, 1848, General Lane left the city of Mexico, with four companies of Texas rangers under Col. Jack Hays, two companies of the 3d dragoons

and one company of mounted riflemen, under Major Wm. H. Polk, on a secret expedition under the especial orders of Gen Scott. His force amounted to about three hundred and fifty men, and on the afternoon of the 20th he reached Puebla. Here he was reinforced by Lieut.-Col. Dumont of our regiment, and Assistant-Surgeon Brower with a few private soldiers on horseback. Major Young and Captain George E. Pugh, of the 4th Ohio regiment, also joined the expedition, the latter serving as aide-camp to the general. After dark on the 21st, Lane left Puebla in a chilling rain, and proceeded on his journey. "All were a good deal surprised, the evening we left Puebla," says one of the party, "to find themselves on the National or Vera Cruz road, and traveling in the direction of the latter city; for, so far as conjecture could point out the ultimate destination of the expedition, after the information in relation to Rea's head-quarters at Matamoros, and the *guerrillas* being in the neighborhood of Puebla, the general supposition was that Rea would be attacked, or that the general would go in search of the *guerrillas* reported to be between Puebla and Rio Frio, off the road.

"It was raining when we started, and for some four or five miles of the road the night was intensely dark. All however went on cheerfully; for, with Gen. Lane in command and making a night march, every man was confident that some object worthy of the sacrifice of comfort was in view. When we arrived at Amasoque, the general, leaving the Vera Cruz and Orizaba roads on the left, took a road entirely unknown to any one beside himself and his

guide. For a time it was broad and good; but after traveling some ten or twelve miles from Amasoque, we turned into a track but little better than a mule-path, and for about eight or ten miles the horses had to travel over a bare and jagged limestone rock. The horses bore it admirably, and about five o'clock in the morning we took up our quarters at a hacienda near the village of Santa Clara, at the foot of a range of mountains, after having accomplished a march of over forty miles.

“At this place the general informed the officers that his immediate object was to capture Santa Anna, who he had information was at Tehuacan with about one hundred and fifty men. In order that the Mexican chieftain might not obtain information of the presence of our troops in this section of the country, the general ordered every Mexican in the hacienda and every one found on the road to be arrested and kept close until we left in the evening. The order was strictly enforced, and at about dusk the march for Tehuacan, distant nearly forty miles, was taken up in the full hope that the wily Mexican would soon be within our grasp.

“Shortly after leaving the hacienda, at a part of the road where it ran through a deep and narrow cut, and before the moon rose, the general and his staff came upon a party of armed Mexicans before either saw the other at the distance of twenty feet. The Mexicans, eight in number, were immediately disarmed; but in the rear of them we found a carriage, from which stepped a Mexican with a passport from General Smith, to travel from Mexico to Orizaba and back, with an escort of eight armed

servants. This being discovered, the arms were of course returned and the cavalcade permitted to go on.

“Midway between the hacienda we had left and this place, the road becomes as bare and uneven a rock as it was a part of the previous night. The horses, jaded from the rapidity with which we had moved the whole distance from Puebla, gave signs that cautioned their riders not to push them too hard; and the consequence was the command did not travel with the celerity the general had designed—for he had intended that the forty miles between the hacienda and Tehuacan should be accomplished in about seven hours, and that he should arrive there about two o'clock in the morning.

“Within eight or ten miles of Tehuacan, the guide received information that Santa Anna was without doubt at that place, and had with him from one hundred to two hundred men. With renewed hope every man now spurred his jaded steed, and on we went quick enough until within five miles of our goal, where a halt of an hour was made, and the plan of attack and capture disclosed by the general to his officers. We again mounted and moved forward—orders were given to observe the strictest silence during the remainder of the march. The order was obeyed to the letter, for every man had an intense anxiety to secure the prize ahead.

“This silent march over such a country as we passed through was impressive indeed. On our right was a precipice, rising immediately from the road to the height of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet; on the left was a dense chapparel,

between us and a lofty range of mountains, through the gorges of which was seen occasionally the moonlit snowy peak of Orizaba—brilliant but black; and ahead of us was a road over limestone rock, having a dazzling whiteness from the moon's rays being reflected upon it directly toward us. Amid the romance of scenery, the suggestion could not fail to present itself that we were only about three hundred and fifty strong; that we were from eighty to a hundred miles from reinforcements, without infantry or artillery; that we were treading a part of the country which never before knew the presence of American arms, and that the enemy might have had notice of our advance and collected a formidable force; but there was an abiding confidence in the sagacity, skill and bravery of our gallant general.

“At dawn of day we were within half a mile of Tehuacan. The report of a solitary gun from the town, and the rapid passage of lights to and fro in the building next us, gave hope that the bird was about to be caged, and sustained the expectation of meeting an enemy. As the command came to the entrance of the town, the dragoons and rifles dashed to the right and left, and in a few minutes every outlet was stopped; and the Texan rangers galloped ahead toward the plaza (public square), with their *revolvers* cocked, glancing warily on every side, with the belief and hope that the enemy was on the house-tops. The rangers in the plaza formed into squads, and galloped through every street, but no enemy was to be found; and in a few minutes we had the mortification to learn that the great object

of our search had fled two hours before we arrived, and had taken the road to Oajaca with an escort of seventy-five lancers.

“The national flags hung out from the residences of foreigners, and white flags suspended from the houses of the Mexicans, in every part of the town, told that our approach was known in advance; and it was with chagrin that we learned that the Mexican, whose coach and escort we stopped shortly after leaving the hacienda, had sent, by a short route across the mountains, one of his servants to communicate to Santa Anna that American troops were on the road, and as he believed with the view of capturing him.

“Had it not been for the treachery on the part of a man traveling under an American safeguard, the surprise would have been complete. The guide, a Mexican whose fidelity had been proved, after meeting the carriage, was uneasy during the remainder of the march, and was constantly urging Gen. Lane to press the command forward with greater rapidity; but this could not be done without risking the loss of the men and horses who were most fatigued—a weighty consideration in the position he was then in. It was suggested, on arriving in town and finding that Santa Anna had fled, to press fifty or a hundred fresh horses, and pursue him as long as there was a prospect of finding him; but the general wisely argued that the gentleman was alarmed, and to pursue him to a country unknown to our troops and perfectly known to the enemy, and with the possibility, too, that the enemy's force might accumulate on the road to a number dangerous to so

small a body as could be mounted, would be seeking danger with scarcely a possibility of success in the grand object.

“The first feeling of disappointment having in a great measure passed off, the public buildings and suspicious private dwellings were searched, and it was a meager satisfaction to find in the quarters so recently occupied by Santa Anna, a part of his best military wardrobe, two of his costly canes, his field glass, and three trunks containing his lady's clothing. This served, at all events, to show the chase was hot and the departure hasty. His military property was taken as legitimate spoil, and the trunks containing his wife's clothing were turned over to the alcalde. A receipt was taken for them, and a letter addressed to her illustrious husband, informing him of the disposition made of the trunks, and expressed regret at his absence on the occasion of appearing in his quarters.”

On the morning of the 24th, Lane left Tehuacan for Orizaba, and stopped that evening at the village of Acalcingo, situated near the base of the intervening mountains between that village and Orizaba. He entered the city on the afternoon of January 25th. For a description of the valley and mountains near Orizaba I am indebted to an officer of our regiment. He says:—“The best part of the state of Vera Cruz, indeed the best part of Mexico, is the Orizaba valley, in the midst of which is the city of the same name. It is formed by two rows of lofty mountains, between which the valley reposes; the highest of these is the snow-capped peak of Orizaba. In looking down the valley from the road, as you first approach,

there seems to be no space between the mountains which rear their lofty fronts on either side of it, but as I have before said, in passing down the valley, you find that a considerable space separates many of the spurs, forming other lateral valleys opening into the main one, like so many tributary streams pouring their waters into the parent river. What the length of it is I do not know. Entering it from the west, our course led us along it toward the east some fifteen miles, and I found it of peerless beauty. Long before reaching it, we had ascended a lofty flight of mountains, upon the top of which we had traveled so long that it was hard to realize that we were still upon a mountain; we rather seemed to be passing over a plain. Suddenly the valley opened to our vision, and there we stood riveted to the spot. We gazed, and still gazed, for we were bound by the charmer's spell. The base of the mountain upon which we stood seemed to be the source, head, or starting-place of the valley. Like a broad and majestic river, it seemed to stretch forth from the base of the mountain, and after winding between the mountains as far as the eye could reach, to be lost in the distance. As clear as the atmosphere in Mexico is, I looked in vain for its termination—between it and me the horizon intervened. I have said that we were charmed: but it was not alone by what we saw, heard or felt—but the combined influences of them all. It was morning! The golden tints of the sun were beginning to penetrate the clouds that were hovering over the valley and far below us,—imparting to them a thousand colors, hues and shades of rainbow brightness; and, as

though willing to communicate his warmth and beauty to all around, the sun slowly ascended the mountain side, and soon caused the snows of Orizaba to sparkle and glitter like diamonds. The water which came from the mountain to the valley, also attracted our attention. The position we occupied enabled us to see it in all its forms and shapes; now the rapid torrent—now the rushing and roaring cataract; and anon, as it bounded over a precipice into the valley at one bold leap, the proud and imposing cascade; then the smooth and placid stream, wending its way through green meadows and shady groves, and mingling its low soft murmurings with the whispering winds. When we afterward descended into the valley, and rode along its banks, we found that the stream contained fish of many different kinds, hues and colors, and that deer and antelopes, in great numbers, visited it to rest upon its downy banks, beneath its sylvan shades, and to drink of its limpid waters. Though not exceedingly wild, still at our approach they bounded off.

But I must not yet quit my position on the mountain, for I have still much to tell of what I saw from the spot whence we first caught sight of the valley. Every one who has ever been in Mexico, or heard of the nation of “bell-ringers and throat-cutters” will, of course, know that I saw many churches, but they will not know, unless I tell them, that though the time of which I speak was the 25th of January, that as far as my eye could reach, green meadows and corn-fields, orchards and groves of delicious fruit, golden wheat, oats, rye and barley-fields, coffee, potatoes, tobacco—in short *everything*

that grows anywhere was to be seen. At one glance I saw a wheat-field ready for the reaper's scythe; another just springing from the earth in fresh and tender beauty, and a third in a medium state between the two. Nor was it thus with wheat alone, everything that I have mentioned could be seen in the green, ripe, and ripening stages. I saw two peach trees, standing side by side, one full of blushing fruit, and the other in full bloom. Every part of the valley was in a high state of Mexican cultivation and improvement. A neat cottage here, there a hacienda of more ample bounds—yonder a sweet, clean village or hamlet, while farther in the distance could be discerned the spires, domes and cupolas of Orizaba, a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Descending at length from the mountains into the valley, I became satisfied that it is not always that distance lends enchantment to the view. Distance may hide deformities, but can add no charms to beauty. A creation of art from an accomplished hand, suffers not from close and repeated inspection. The devotee, as he gazes at it, will, at each subsequent examination, discover new and heretofore hidden beauties, and if this be true of the handyworks of man, why not of the works of nature's great Architect?

As I approached those objects that had attracted my attention at first, I found the reality of that in which I had feared there was but too much of fancy, and there in confirmation of the illustration that I have already attempted, I found many charming things that distance had at first prevented me from hearing or seeing. The shrubbery and flowers which

adorned the gardens and lawns filled the air with fragrance, while the note of the mocking-bird, the caroling of the canary, the chattering of the parrot and the music of a thousand other sweet warblers, seemed to welcome us with their gleesome and joyous notes. And then the atmosphere—one more soft and sweet man never inhaled. The gentle breezes which fanned my temples and played among my locks, seemed to have first visited the orange grove, and the odor which it bore upon its wings proved that in its onward flight—

“—It had been trifling with the rose
And stooping to the violet.”

If in traveling in this valley of perpetual summer, and perennial fruits and flowers, you chance to cast your eyes above you, the snows of Orizaba that meet your gaze, cause an involuntary shudder, and an argument is necessary to convince yourself that you are not cold. And then the water leaping and tumbling from the mountain; the wild scream of the eagle soaring among its peaks and cliffs; the scream of the panther and yell of the cougar contrast as strangely with the heavenly harmonies of the valley, as do the snow and ice above with the birds and flowers below.

In descending the mountain that which most attracted my attention was a village built in the side of it. Not one of huts and shanties, but one of material no less substantial than stone, neat, massive and strong. It seems that nature, in one of her freaks, had deemed it proper, on the side of this almost perpendicular mountain, to leave one little square

platform not exceeding four acres in extent, upon which the aborigines thought proper to build this town; indeed, for aught I know, it was left with the understanding, at the time, that the town should be built. When it was founded, history is silent; but it is now a tenantless ruin, and from its appearance time for many centuries has been gnawing upon it. I have, or should have said, that it was a fortified town; fortified by being built so close to the perpendicular heights that all missiles from above must pass over; the steepness of the hill would prevent all approach from below. How the inhabitants themselves found ingress and egress I know not, unless hoisted up and let down by means of a pulley."

Upon entering Orizaba, General Lane took formal possession of it, and being the first American commander who had ever visited it, he appointed a full complement of governmental officers, as follows, viz: Major William H. Polk, 3d dragoons, civil and military governor; Colonel John C. Hays, Texas rangers, commander of the troops; Lieut.-Col. E. Dumont, 4th Indiana volunteers, attorney-general.

On the 28th of January, General Lane visited the city of Cordova, distant from Orizaba about twenty miles, taking with him three companies of Texans and one company of dragoons. During the march Lane fell in with a party of armed Mexicans, and after a short conflict they fled, "with the exception of one, whom," says Lane, "Lieutenant-Colonel Dumont of the 4th Indiana volunteers had the good fortune to overtake and kill. In this connection I take pleasure in mentioning Lieutenant Runnels, of

the Texas rangers, who was most zealous in the pursuit and evidently wounded the leader of the party."

After taking possession of Cordova, Lane again left it upon hearing that Col. Bankhead, of the artillery, was on his way thither with a large American force. Major Wm. H. Polk continued to exercise the functions of governor of Orizaba, until the morning of the 31st of January, when Lane started back to Puebla.

Major Polk, brother to the lamented James K. Polk, late president of the United States, was born in Maury county, Tennessee, on the 24th of May, 1815. After attending college he studied law with Gen. Pillow, and was subsequently elected to the Legislature of his native State. After his brother was elected president, he was appointed *charge d'affaires* to Naples, and served in that capacity two years. Returning home he was appointed a major in the 3d regiment of dragoons, and as such joined his regiment. He behaved very well in Mexico, and since his return home, has served four years in the United States House of Representatives.

On the 3d of February, the General reached the city of Puebla having been absent just two weeks. In his report he speaks highly of his officers, among whom were Col. Hays, Lieut. Col. Dumont, Majors Polk, Truett, Chevallie and Young, Captains Crittenden and Pugh, Lieutenants Hays, Butler, Maney, Haslitt, Doctors Brower and Hunt, and Messrs Merriweather and Scully.

After leaving Puebla, Lane had a skirmish with the enemy on the 5th of February, near the town of

San Juan de Teotihuacan. The Mexicans were under Colonel Manuel Falcon. Lane ordered Major Polk to attack the enemy with two companies. "My orders," says he, "were executed with alacrity and effect. Seventeen of the enemy are known to have been killed—two of them by the hand of Major Polk. Lieutenant Claiborne displayed his usual intrepidity, being among the foremost in hot pursuit and ever ready to assault the foe. Lieutenant Colbert, of the Texas rangers, also signally exhibited much coolness, courage, and good conduct. Indeed, every officer and man who was permitted to engage, showed the utmost devotion and bravery, and rendered efficient service."

A good joke occurred on the return march from Orizaba, which I will "give to you as 'twas told to me."

One of the nights we traveled, said my informant, was a most shocking cold one, and we found that the only way to keep the spirits up was to pour the spirits down. The consequence was that two of our number, like Tam O'Shanter, got most gloriously drunk; and falling from their horses, alternately, kept us pretty busy in picking them up. At length Major C. fell from his horse, and the fact was not announced until we had rode some three or four miles. A halt was then called and some half dozen soldiers sent back after him, and supposing that it might take an hour before they rejoined us, we all concluded to lie down and take a snooze; Captain C., still pretty drunk, was with some difficulty safely landed on *terra firma*, and soon joined in the general chorus. The soldiers were very long in getting

back with the Major; the wind blew very cold, and the Captain awoke considerably sobered, and inquired the cause of the halt. The General told him, that the Major, having taken a little too much liquor, had fallen from his horse, and that he had sent back after him. "A d——d pretty state of affairs," rejoined the Captain, clinging to a tree that stood near, "that the service must suffer, and decent and sober men be left here, to freeze for such a drunken scamp. I am nothing but a Captain, General, but I must remonstrate against it." The General told him that it *was* bad, but that misfortunes would happen to the best of families, and with great difficulty got the Captain to consent to wait. He did, however, at length consent, saying that the Major was too clever a fellow to leave behind, and that as soon as he got sober, he would have a serious talk with him, and tell him plainly his opinion of such conduct. Then it was that roars, peals and volumes of laughter prevented the Captain from proceeding farther in his remarks.—The Major (and really a better or more gentlemanly man, I have seldom met) was soon up, and we again upon the saddle, over the hills and far away.

General Santa Anna did not relish Lane's descent upon Tehuacan at all, and sent a very lachrymose letter to the Mexican Minister of War, giving an account of his grievances. He called for a passport to get out of the country, which being granted to him, he went down to Jalapa and was escorted from thence to Antaigua, on the Gulf of Mexico, by a body of American soldiers, and there taking a steamer went to the West Indies.

I give his letter respecting General Lane's expedition entire, so that the reader may have the benefit of each side:

Cascatlan, Feb. 1st, 1848.

“MOST EXCELLENT SIR:—At Tehuacan I was preparing a note, to be forwarded to your excellency, when the people were suddenly invaded, early in the morning of the 25th ult., by four hundred dragoons of the enemy under command of Gen. Lane. They came from Mexico, and by the express order of Gen. Scott, to take possession of my person in some way or other. Gen. Lane, by hurried marches and journeying by night, succeeded in reaching the vicinity of Tehuacan without being perceived. Fortunately, however, I was informed of his approach two hours before he came, and thus was safe from his clutches with my family; and with a small escort which accompanied me, I took refuge in the town of Teotitlan del Camiro, where there was a force from the State of Oajaca. My persecutors forced open the doors of my habitation, and searched for me with extraordinary activity, extending their search to different houses of the place. The greater part of my equipage was destroyed by the invading soldiers, and their chiefs took my wrought silver plate, two canes, a new uniform, and other things of less value, as I have been informed.

“After two days General Lane proceeded to Orizaba, where he remains, having left no very favorable recollection of himself in Tehuacan. I left for this place in order to look about me and see whither I shall go and place myself beyond the reach of the enemy, now that I cannot fight against them, on

account of the mournful condition to which I have been reduced by the Government, which ordered that I should throw aside my arms. I am sensible that spurious Mexicans and the invaders persecute me at the same time—the one calling me a *traitor*, and the other the *only obstacle to the negotiation of peace*. Fatal position in which I have been placed by the injustice of my fellow-citizens.

“When I shall have found an asylum which offers sufficient security I shall make it known to your Excellency, for the information of the First Magistrate of the Republic, in compliance with my duty.

“Receive the consideration of my particular esteem. God and Liberty.

“ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

“To his Excellency the Minister of War.”

On the 10th of January Brig.-Gen. Thomas F. Marshall arrived in Puebla, with a body of U. S. troops on his way to the city of Mexico. His command consisted of the 3d Tennessee regiment, the Georgia cavalry battalion under Lieut. Col. Calhoun, afterward governor of New Mexico, a battalion of recruits under Major Morris, and another battalion under Lieut. Col. Miles of the 5th infantry. Gen. Marshall rode through the streets of Puebla in full uniform, to the no small astonishment of a gaping crowd of Mexicans who followed him round the city, thinking, no doubt, that he was in fact the supreme head of the Americans. Marshall was the only man I ever saw in Mexico, in full uniform, by which I mean cocked-hat, feathers and epaulets. All the

officers wore what is called the undress uniform, consisting of a blue frock coat, blue pants, and blue cloth cap.

The day after Marshall's arrival, Major-General Twiggs and Brigadier-General Franklin Pierce, the present president of the United States, also arrived in Puebla. They came down from the city of Mexico, on their way to Vera Cruz, from whence Gen. Pierce returned home.

About the time that Twiggs and Pierce reached Puebla, a young officer joined our Brigade whose name was William L. Crittenden, a native of Kentucky, a graduate of West Point, and at that time a second lieutenant in the 1st regiment of infantry. This young man resigned his commission in the Army on the 1st of March 1849, and joined the ill-fated Cuban expedition, under General Lopez. He commanded with the rank of colonel, what was called the artillery battalion, and with fifty of his comrades was shot at Havanna on the 16th of August, 1851. When brought out to be killed he was told by a Spanish officer to kneel. His reply has rendered his name immortal, "An American," said he, "kneels to none but God, and always faces the enemy." A volley of musketry followed, and his body fell a lump of clay! He was a misguided man, though a more chivalrous soul never had life.

I have always regretted the fate of the Cuban Patriots, though I could not uphold their designs upon "the gem of the Antilles." Quite a number of our men were engaged in the enterprise, some of whom were killed. One of the captains of our

brigade commanded a company in the first expedition, and was fortunate enough to escape with his life, though as he expressed it, "he was a little pressed for time, when he went off to the steamer." Cuba is a most enchanting place, and I hope she may yet be added to the Union by fair and honorable means.

CHAPTER X.

Capture of guerrillas—Hanging them—Stampede among the Mexicans—Childs' letter to General Gaona, and reply—General Lane's expedition to Sequalteplan—Defeat of Padre Jarauta—Capt. Kessler killed—San Martin's—Recovery of dead bodies—Lieut.-Col. Augustus Moore—Carnival—Ordered to Napaloucan—Regiment marches out of Puebla—Amasoque.

ON the 4th of February, a Mexican guerrilla force was reported to be in the neighborhood of Puebla. Lieut. Lilly immediately set out in pursuit of them, with his company of Louisiana cavalry, and coming up with them, between Puebla and Amasoque, a severe skirmish ensued. I was, with a number of other officers, in the steeple of the cathedral, and from thence had a full view of the fight, which was going on some four or five miles distant. The Mexicans gave way after one or two rounds; and I could see the Louisiana boys pouring their fire into the scoundrels, who fled in all directions. Fifteen of the enemy were killed, and the remainder, with their horses, arms, and accouterments, captured. It must be borne in mind that these guerrillas were robbers in time of peace; and were much dreaded by the Mexicans themselves, as their only object was plunder and murder; and whether they fell upon friend or foe, all fared alike. They sometimes attacked haciendas of their own unoffending country-

men, and after butchering the inhabitants, rifled the place of its contents. They lived by robbery, and previous to the occupation of the country by American troops, had never received any serious check. The Mexicans, as well as ourselves, were glad to see them brought in prisoners, and they were lodged for safe-keeping in the calaboose.

Three guerrillas were tried by a council of war, and having been found guilty of murder, they were sentenced to be hung, according to the orders which we had received from General Scott, under date of December 12, 1847. Col. Childs approved of the sentence, and they were ordered to be hung on the 8th day of February.

Gen. Rea, the guerrilla chief, hearing what was going on in the city, sent word to Col. Childs, that if he attempted to hang the men he would come in and put all the American garrison to death. Childs sent word back to him, to come in, as nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to give his guerrillas a good dressing.

On the morning of February 8th, the 4th Indiana regiment, the 4th Ohio regiment, three companies of the 5th Ohio regiment, and a battalion of artillery serving as infantry were drawn up inside of the plaza, in the form of a hollow square, with a gallows for the accommodation of the three culprits in the center. A sufficient guard was left at the different regimental quarters to protect them in case of an attack. Our battery of artillery, under Captain Kessler, was stationed in the street, in front of the palace, and so pointed as to sweep the street, if necessary. I was not on duty with the artillery; but

was ordered—in company with Capt. Graham, Lieut. Lewis, and the provost marshal—to go into the calaboose, and escort the prisoners to the scaffold. We went into the room where they were confined, and there found six Catholic priests going through their ceremonies, and administering extreme unction to the unfortunate criminals. It was a sad sight, and one which I never wish to look upon again. After the ceremonies were concluded, the priests put white robes and white caps upon the prisoners; and two priests took hold of the arms of each of the prisoners and led them out of the prison, through a strong guard of American soldiers, into the plaza. Graham was with one of them, Lewis with another, and myself with the third. After getting them inside the plaza I returned to the palace, and went out on a balcony up stairs, overlooking the whole scene. The whole space was crowded with the Mexican populace, who had assembled to witness the execution. It was a still, awful, and imposing spectacle. The prisoners mounted upon the platform of the scaffold; while the priests, below them, were saying prayers in the most vehement manner. At a given signal, Sergeant Britton knocked the stick which supported the platform out, and the three guerrillas were launched into eternity.

As they swung off, a voice from the cathedral was heard, shouting in loud Spanish—“Kill the d——d Yankees! Butcher them!” and away the whole body of Mexicans started, running as though their lives depended upon it. There must have been fifteen thousand of them—men, women and children—and the way they scampered out of the plaza was

rather singular. What was strange, there was no hallooing or talking; a silent panic seeming to have come over the whole multitude.

Our soldiers, thinking that Rea was upon them, were ordered to load their muskets with ball cartridge; and the sound of the springing of rammers was almost lost in the pattering of feet upon the hard pavements. Captain Kessler had kept his slow matches burning in the linstocks, ready for instant action; and thinking the time had now arrived, the cannon were made ready to be fired immediately. But Gen. Rea did not make his appearance; and in a short time the plaza, which but a few moments before only contained American soldiers and the three hanging guerrillas, was again filled with the Mexican population.

It was an exciting scene, and one which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The Catholic priests, during the excitement, forgot their religious duties; and intent only on saving their own lives, rushed through the American lines, and ran with all possible speed for the shelter of the cathedral, leaving their gold crucifixes lying on the ground at the foot of the scaffold.

After the bodies had been hung some time, they were cut down and delivered over to their friends; and the soldiers marched off to their quarters. It was a new thing for the Mexicans to see a man hung; and for several days afterward nothing else was talked about by them. Dolorous ditties, respecting the three deceased individuals, were also hawked about the streets; and a great attempt was made to excite the people to revolt against the

Americans. We took the matter very calmly, and felt ready and willing to give them a good beating whenever they thought they needed it.

An attempt at insurrection was discovered by Col. Childs, and a young man, (the leader,) was arrested and confined by his order. He had been corresponding with General Rea for some time, and being caught and caged, gave us no further trouble. He was evidently a fellow of some consequence, and frequently invited me to walk into his room, and sit down with him while he was a prisoner. His sisters, (two beautiful young ladies,) often came into the palace in the evening, to bring him food and other little delicacies, to render his captivity agreeable. He had a large room in the palace, and with his cigar and guitar, took matters very coolly. He had good musical taste, and frequently sang with his sisters. I never knew what ultimately became of him, though I think he was released by Colonel Childs.

Colonel Childs suffered General Torrejon to retire to San Martin's on his parole of honor, and unconditionally released Gen. Gaona and Major Gaona from confinement—the cause which led him to do so, will be fully understood by reading the following correspondence.

“OFFICE OF THE CIVIL AND MILITARY GOVERNOR,

“Puebla, February 9th, 1848.

“GENERAL:—For more than thirty days I have been an eye-witness to the kind and affectionate treatment of yourself and family to Surgeon Kane, of the United States navy, bearer of dispatches to the

general-in-chief. In the name of the general-in-chief of the American Army, and especially in the name of the secretary of the navy, of the United States of America, to whose arm of the service this officer more particularly belongs, I give you my most sincere thanks.

“ It appears that Dr. Kane of the United States navy, was marching under an escort of a native spy company, when a detachment of Mexican lancers, who were escorting you, fell in with said company—when a fight immediately ensued, resulting in the capture of several Mexican officers—youself and son, Major Gaona, were of the number of captives, the latter severely, and for a time considered mortally wounded, possibly by the hand of the officer to whom you have extended such noble hospitality. It further appears that this officer, after the excitement of the battle was over, and you and your comrades were prisoners of war, interposed his person to save the lives of the captured officers; that in doing so, he received from one of the spy company a severe wound in the side from the butt of a lance; that blow, together with the excessive fatigue, produced the sickness that came so near terminating his earthly career; that, while smarting under the circumstances that occasioned your capture, and, as was feared, a mortal wound to your son, and you, at the same time a close prisoner, insisted on Dr. Kane being taken to your house, where he was attended by your amiable wife and daughters, with all the affection that parental kindness and sisterly love could dictate. To this assiduous attention, smiled upon by a kind Providence, Dr. Kane is

indebted to the pleasing anticipation of speedily being restored to the service of his country, and to the arms of an affectionate family.

“For this noble and magnanimous conduct on your part, I know that I but faintly meet responses of the general-in-chief, and of the government of my country, when I say, that yourself and son are released from your paroles, unconditionally, and are at liberty to remain in Puebla, or to go wherever else it may be your pleasure.

“As the commander of the Department of Puebla, I tender my personal thanks, consideration and esteem, and have the honor to be

“Your most obedient servant

“THOMAS CHILDS,

“Col. U. S. A., Commanding Dep'tment of Puebla.

“TO BRIG.-GEN. ANTONIO GAONA,
Mexican Army, Puebla.”

A N S W E R. (*Translation.*)

Puebla, February 12th, 1848.

“COLONEL:—In due reply to your very attentive and favorable note under date of the 9th instant, I must say that when I opened my habitation to Dr. Kane, and rendered him that assistance, which the lamentable state of his interesting health demanded, I did nothing more than comply with the duties prescribed by hospitality and gratitude; because I shall always acknowledge the singular favor conferred upon me and my companions by the Doctor, in saving our lives, when the escort, who took us prisoners, threatened us with death.

“I proffer a thousand thanks to divine Providence for having saved the life of the highly recommendable Dr. Kane; for had its influence been a contrary one, it would have been a fatal blow, sensibly felt by myself and my family—while we are now enjoying the satisfaction to know, that he will shortly have the pleasure to embrace his virtuous family, as you intimate, and to incorporate himself with the service of his country, with the former utility of his avocations, and which, as may be expected, his nation will ever recognize, with the same solemn feeling that I entertain for the person of the Doctor; and this is not less than that, which I harbor for the general-in-chief and the government of the United States, for the distinguished favor which the generosity of the two last have, without example, deemed proper to honor me with. At the same time I tender you, with the most prolific effusion of my heart, my most expressive thanks for your mediation in this matter, which latter I again request to acknowledge my sincere gratitude to their Excellencies (the general-in-chief and the U. S. Government), as well as to the illustrious corps of officers of this garrison, to whom I am indebted for many kindnesses and wherefore I put my person and services at their disposal. I express to you especially and with pleasure, my most affectionate regards, with which I have the honor to call myself

“Your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

“ANTONIO GAONA.

“To THOMAS CHILDS, Col. of the Army of U. S. of the North, and Commander of the Department of Puebla.”

The Mexican officers whom we had taken prisoners were very gentlemanly men, and messed and lived with us in great apparent friendship, which I suppose was sincere, as I know we felt no personal animosity toward any of them. They had a high estimate of the bravery of our soldiers, and evinced the greatest astonishment at seeing our private soldiers read and write fluently. I told General Torrejon, one day, that there was not a soldier in my company but could read and write as well as I could myself. He seemed to look upon me with incredulity and thought it impossible that such could be the case. I had told the old general the truth, and cannot now remember a man in the company but was a fair scholar, and a number of them had fine educations. In truth, I often regretted that some of our men were not officers, in place of some who served in that capacity in our brigade.

The officers of the Mexican army were all clever fellows, and one young lieutenant named Miguel Lopez, whom I became acquainted with, was a noble-hearted man. He was not a prisoner, but lived with his father in Puebla—his regiment having been cut to pieces and disbanded. I frequently had long conversations with him, respecting the United States, and from him obtained much information respecting the Republic of Mexico. He was a perfect gentleman, and seemed fond of my company. The Mexican soldiers were respectful to our officers, and except in one instance never disobeyed my orders. This occurred one evening when the chief of the Mexican police attempted to pass one of my sentinels without halting. I brought him to his senses

with a musket ball, and sent him home rather chop-fallen.

In the latter part of February, 1848, Gen. Lane had another fight with the guerrillas, and not being in the skirmish myself I will give his account of it, as reported to the commander of our forces, who was at that time Major-General William O. Butler, he having taken command of the American forces by the express desire of Major-General Scott, on the 19th of February, 1848.

" Mexico, March 2d, 1848.

"SIR—I have the honor to submit for the information and consideration of the commander-in-chief, the following report of the late expedition of the mounted troops under my command against the guerrillas infesting the country north and northeast of this city.

"In obedience to my instructions, I left this city on the 17th of February, with 250 Texan rangers under command of Col. Hays; 130 men of the 3d dragoons and rifles, commanded by Maj. Polk; and the company of contra-guerrillas of Col. Dominguez, for the purpose of scouring the mountainous country north of Rio Frio. I followed the main road leading to Vera Cruz, as far as the hacienda of San Felipe; and returning from thence several miles, I deflected to the right in the direction of Tulancingo—in which place, from reliable information, I had reason to believe I should find General Paredes, as also Almonte, and the famous guerrilla chief Padre Jarauta, with a considerable force. I arrived at Tulancingo on the morning of the 22d, and attempted,

by a rapid movement of a small portion of my force, to surprise the town; but information had preceded me, and all the force of the enemy left in consequence—Jarauta having left three days before. General Paredes alone remained and escaped by a mere miracle, and our ignorance of the localities of the place. To his family, which remained, and to all the inhabitants of the place, the utmost courtesy and protection was afforded, as far as it was within the power of my officers.

“Early on the morning of the 23d, Major Polk, with a small detachment of his command, proceeded to a large hacienda, about a league distant from Tulancingo, where Gen. Paredes was reported to have taken refuge. Paredes was not found; but it being necessary to procure a large number of horses for the command, in consequence of the loss and disability of many, the Major returned with several of a superior quality of the Mexican breed. The measure was justified by necessity, and, further, from the confessions of the agent and servants of the hacienda, it was ascertained that Paredes and Jaurata had frequently conferred together there; and moreover, that the latter had been furnished with horses, ammunition and money, by the proprietor of the hacienda. However, upon the representations of the proprietor, supported by several letters from responsible and influential officers of our army, I ordered the horses to be returned and others to be purchased.

“From further reliable information received, that Jarauta had retired with his whole force to the town of Sequalteplan, situated in the mountains,

about seventy-five miles north of Tulancingo, I left the latter place, sending the sick in charge of Colonel Dominguez to the city of Mexico, and arrived, after a forced march, immediately after day-break on the 25th, in the vicinity of Sequalteplan.

“With the Texas rangers in advance, I marched my force with a rapid charge upon the town. Near the suburbs, a heavy fire was opened upon the Texas rangers from a quartel to the right, which was immediately returned with fatal effect from their unerring rifles. One company remained to keep the enemy in check, the remainder marched forward to the main plaza, receiving a fire from both sides of the street. Passing through the plaza accompanied by Lieutenants Hays and Haslett and several of the Texans, I found, some three hundred yards beyond another quartel, from which a fire was opened upon us; another force of the enemy's lancers was discovered beyond, and believing our force too small to contend with the whole of the enemy, should a combined attack be made upon us, although I had been joined by Captain Daggett, of the Texas rangers, with several of his company, I dispatched my aid, Lieut. Hays, who soon returned with a reinforcement of rangers. The fire of the enemy from the quartel having redoubled, I ordered the Texans to dismount, when the conflict became more animated and equal. The distance between the combatants was at no time more than thirty feet, and frequently muzzle to muzzle until it became necessary to make a charge, to dislodge the enemy from his position. I consequently ordered a charge, which was gallantly led by the officers and promptly followed by the men,

driving the enemy before them, until they took refuge in the rooms of the quartel, disputing, however, every inch of ground. Here the contest became most desperate, although brief; the doors were forced and the superiority of our men and arms was soon shown, in the termination of the conflict. About thirty of the enemy, including several officers, were killed, and several taken prisoners, while many escaped through a passage in the rear, unknown to us.

“I am extremely gratified to be able to report our loss as so trifling—being but one probably mortally, and five slightly wounded; while on the part of the enemy not less than one hundred and fifty were killed, uncluding Padre Martinez, second in command, and several officers whose names have not been ascertained; in wounded his loss is considerable, including Colonel Montagna, mortally, with fifty prisoners, three commissioned officers, and three Americans, believed to be deserters.

“For the prompt and efficient support which I received from every officer of my command during the expedition, I beg leave to tender my heartfelt thanks; and of each non-commissioned officer and soldier I must say, that they bore themselves with that distinction which ever characterizes the American soldier.

“To Col. Hays, Majors Polk and Truett, individually, I repeat the assurances expressed heretofore by me. To Dr. Lamar, surgeon to the command; Captains Hutton and Pancroft, commissaries; and Lieut. Haslett, A. A. Q. M., (who particularly distinguished himself during the day,) I convey my

sincere thanks for the faithful discharge of their respective duties. In the rencontre with the enemy at the quartel, I was pleased to observe the gallantry of Captain Daggett, Lieut. Davis, and Sergeant-Major Brush, of the Texas rangers. In the charge upon the enemy, Lieut. Davis was twice severely wounded. Dr. Ford and Lieut. Walker of the rifles are also entitled to consideration.

“Lieut. Alexander Hays, 8th infantry, A. A. A. Gen., needed not this occasion to signalize his bravery, coolness, and devotion to his duties. His behavior in every emergency added, if possible, new honors.

“I regret to state that during the engagement, in the incessant firing, fire was accidentally communicated to the thatched roof of one of the houses, and which finally spread over a large portion of the town.

“Leaving Sequalteplan on the morning of the 26th, I returned to this city on the 1st inst.

“Respectfully submitted,

“JOSEPH LANE, Brig.-Gen.

“TO MAJOR L. THOMAS,

“Ass't Adj.-General, City of Mexico.”

A few days after the fight of Sequalteplan, I met Gen. Lane, and heard him relate the following incident which occurred during the fight: Lane had rode up with a party of Texans, in front of a large building, and from one of the windows of the upper story he noticed an escopette which was pointed at his breast. The General supposed his last hour had come, but on the instant a young boy, belonging to the rangers, fired his revolver at the Mexican, who fell backward into the house, and as he fell his

escopette went off, the ball passing through Lane's hat. It was the work of an instant, and was finished before Lane had a chance to do anything. The boy was afterward taken under Lane's charge.

On the 27th of February, 1848, Captain Kessler started from Puebla, to visit the city of Mexico. He was accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Moore, Lieutenant Roessler, and private Wohlleber, of the 4th Ohio regiment; and Corporal Saunders, and private Leagle, of the artillery. Lieut.-Col. Moore went up to see about getting clothing for his regiment; and Kessler went up to carry the medal which our brigade had caused to be made for General Lane. The battery was left under my command; and I took an affectionate farewell of Kessler.

At sunrise, the little party, well armed and mounted, wended its way through the streets of Puebla, and was soon far off on the road. They continued their course around the gray volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, and about noon reached the town of San Martin's, twenty miles from Puebla, where they stopped and took dinner. Old General Torrejon called upon them while they were here, and took dinner with them. After resting a short time, they resumed their journey. They had proceeded but about a mile, and were riding leisurely along a narrow portion of the road, the sides of which were very high and steep ascents, when there were two parties of guerrillas rode out from dense thickets in their front and rear. The Mexicans in front fired upon them; when Moore gave the order to face about, and try to get back to the town of San Martin's, or the shelter of a bridge which they had

passed but a few moments before. As they approached the bridge, they found it strongly guarded by Mexicans; and Moore told his companions to scatter as much as possible, so as to avoid getting hit. The guerrillas again fired, and Capt. Kessler was shot through the neck. The red blood spurted out in a thick stream upon his blue coat, and he fell from his horse. Privates Wohlleber and Leagle were shot dead; and Moore, with his two remaining comrades, forced the bridge, he shooting one Mexican as he passed, and Lieutenant Roessler another. They made the best of their way to San Martin's, where Moore claimed protection of the *alcalde* and ordered him to furnish them with a room.

Captain Kessler, after his fall, defended himself as long as he could with his saber, but was at last overpowered and transfixed in many places by lances, as were the two soldiers. The fiends then stripped the bodies, taking the medal and everything valuable belonging to them; then placed a lasso around Kessler's neck, and dragged his body some distance over the craggy road, with their horses on the full gallop. They laughed and screamed with joy as they saw his flesh lacerated by the sharp rocks, and trampled upon his manly, though now inanimate, form with their horses' hoofs. After wreaking their vengeance in this way, they threw the bodies into a ditch by the road-side.

The guerrillas next rode to San Martin's, and demanded of the *alcalde* the deliverance to them of Lieut.-Col. Moore and his comrades, who had been supplied with plenty of guns and pistols by Gen. Torrejon, who, in this instance, behaved in the most

manly and honorable manner. They were in a room near the street, and could hear the movement of horses' feet and the sound of voices, and expected every moment to be attacked. Gen. Torrejon made a speech to his countrymen, upbraiding them for their conduct, which was received by them with shouts of scorn, and every demonstration of indignation.

A messenger was dispatched to Puebla for assistance; and, at midnight, Colonels Brough and Gorman, Lieut.-Col. Dumont, Capt. Dodd, with Lewis' company of cavalry and my artillerymen on horseback, armed with muskets, started out to rescue Moore from the guerrillas. He was released about daylight; and the detachment then proceeded to the scene of slaughter, where Kessler's body was found with the two others, mutilated in the most shocking manner. He had over twenty-five wounds upon his body, and I should not have recognized it at all, had it not been for his moustache. While out looking for the bodies, a party of guerrillas was discovered looking on, and after a long pursuit one of them was taken prisoner.

The dead bodies were taken to Puebla, and Kessler was buried on the following day in a cemetery of the city. The body was buried in a wall, according to the Mexican custom—there being a large hole or space, in which the body was run, feet foremost, and the opening at the head afterward covered with cement. Nearly three full regiments followed his remains to the place of interment, and Capt. Robinson's company fired three volleys of musketry over his burial-place. It was one of the most sad and affecting scenes I ever witnessed, and I with my

artillery company, appeared as mourners. We all loved our captain, and his memory will be always dear to me. The remains of Captain Kessler were afterward sent home to Cincinnati, Ohio, in charge of Captain Zircle, of the 4th Ohio regiment.

This was, all-in-all, one of the most cold-blooded scenes, (indeed I may safely say the most cold-blooded scene,) that was enacted during the Mexican war, and I never think of it without a thrill of horror. It was perpetrated upon a man that I loved, and one whom I had become associated with in the strong ties of military service.

Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus Moore was born in the city of Leipsic, in the kingdom of Saxony, in the year 1813. He was educated in the Polytechnic school, and remained in Leipsic until the year 1832, when he came to the United States. In 1838 he commanded a company of cavalry, which he had raised in the city of Philadelphia, and served in the Florida war. His company was attached to the 2d regiment of dragoons, and participated in several skirmishes with the Indians. He was honorably discharged from the United States' service in Florida, and from thence set out for the West India islands. He was unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked on the island of St. Thomas, in the latter part of 1838, and thought himself lucky in escaping with his life. From St. Thomas he went to New Orleans, and from thence to Cincinnati, where he married in 1839. In the year 1846 he raised a German battalion for service in the Mexican war, which was not mustered into service, though it received three months' pay. A beautiful sword was presented to Moore, by the

citizens of Cincinnati, through the honorable David T. Disney, which in some measure served to quiet the feeling of disappointment occasioned by not being mustered into service. In 1847 he became captain of a company, and afterward lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Ohio regiment. He is now major-general of the Ohio militia.

Moore is an expert *sabreur*, and a brave man. He betrayed the most poignant emotion upon the death of his friend Capt. Kessler, and everybody honored him for it. He was a strict disciplinarian, and a good officer.

The Carnival commenced on Sunday, March 5th, and for a period of three days the city presented a lively and gay appearance. Col. Childs had given orders that no maskers should appear in the streets, as he apprehended that assassinations might be committed under a jester's garb. But inside of the theaters, and particularly at La Lonja, or the Hall of the House of Representatives in the palace, the most superb masked balls were going on. I had a great deal of pleasure during this period, and visited sometimes three or four balls in the course of an evening. The music was excellent, and the Mexicans entered into the amusement with great zest and earnestness. Our officers and soldiers rigged themselves up in the most outlandish style, and some of the most ludicrous scenes occurred that it has ever been my fortune to witness. Turks, Arabs, soldiers, sailors, flower-girls, fine ladies, and everybody else, were mixed together in the strangest confusion, and all aimed to make the time pass away as pleasantly as possible.

After the Carnival, there were many religious services going on for a number of days, all of which were very attractive to the Catholics; but not knowing much about them, and caring less, I took but little pains to ascertain what particular saints they were in honor of. Night and day they kept their performances going, until from sheer fatigue they ceased chanting in the street and carrying their long wax candles about after dark.

A regiment of Illinois volunteers, under Colonel Collins, arrived in Puebla during the month of March, and took up quarters in the convent of San Augustine. There was a number of fine fellows in the regiment, though our stay with them was so short as to give us but little time to cultivate their acquaintance.

March 22d, 1848, First Lieutenant J. S. S. Decatur Cary, of our regiment, died. He was a good officer, and contracted his disease while attending upon his brother, Capt. Cary, of the 5th Indiana regiment, who died in the city of Mexico. During our stay in Puebla, company I, 4th Indiana volunteers, had three men killed out of it, viz: Thomas Russell, Samuel Thomas and Harvey Drake; and five men died, viz: Lucas L. Brish, Jacob Castleman, Moses Hicks, Charles W. Reeves and Zimri Williamson.

On the 26th of March, Sergeant Washington O'Neal and private Robert Roberts, of company K, went to Cholula, to have a bit of fun; while there they were attacked by the Mexicans and both severely wounded. Hearing of the affray, I went out with my artillerymen, and was joined by some of the Indianians, to rescue them. We found them

coming through the fields, and one of my soldiers shot a Mexican, who was a long distance off making signs at us. We put the wounded men on our horses and carried them safely into Puebla.

The next day after the occurrence of the incident above alluded to, news reached us of the death of the venerable ex-president, John Quincy Adams, who died at Washington, D. C., on the 23d day of February, 1848. Minute guns were fired, and the officers were ordered to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. The army was proud to do honor to the memory of that distinguished statesman, who went down to his grave covered with honors and the gratitude of his countrymen.

From some cause or other, I never could understand why, the 4th Indiana regiment was ordered to march from Puebla and garrison that most gloomy of all places, Napaloucan. It was said that guerrillas still infested the country thereabout, and it was necessary to give them a good flogging. To leave Puebla seemed almost like meeting death; but as we had been obliged to face that without flinching, so we were obliged to go to Napaloucan without murmuring. Heigh-ho! it was hard, but an order from Col. Childs to me, of which the following is a copy, will show how little that gallant officer cared for my individual feelings.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEP'T OF PUEBLA,

Puebla, 31st March, 1848.

“*Special Orders, No. 51.*

“1. First Lieutenant Brackett, 4th Indiana regiment, and the non-commissioned officers and privates

attached to the artillery section, and belonging to the 4th regiment Indiana volunteers, are hereby relieved from the duties they are at present performing, and will immediately join that regiment.

“By order of THOMAS CHILDS, Col. U. S. A.,

“Commanding Department.

“O. F. WINSHIP, A. A. G.”

I turned the battery over to Second Lieutenant Mosher, of the 4th Ohio regiment, and commenced making preparations to leave the proud and beautiful City of the Angels, in which I had fought and bled for my country. But we anticipated fighting below, and moreover Napaloucan was forty miles nearer to the United States than Puebla. With as good a face as we could put upon matters, and which, by the way, reminded me of the old fable of the fox and the grapes, we sorrowfully made ourselves ready to go.

On the first day of April, 1848, our regiment formed for the last time in Puebla, in front of our quarters. The men had their knapsacks, haversacks and canteens on, and everything bespoke a long march. The Mexican population appeared to feel very bad at seeing us leave, and many of the kind-hearted *senoritas* wept like children. The men, too, felt sad, and gave us hearty hand-shakings, and sent up prayers that we might be blessed on our journey. We had treated the inhabitants of Puebla with the greatest kindness, and when we were ordered to leave the city, they appeared to be very loth to let us go. But we had been too long idle, and our colonel, with the express wishes of General Butler, thought a little exercise would do us good.

Our flag was unfurled, and with our drums beating a merry march we left Puebla, followed by half the population. The Ohio boys were sorry to see us go, as Lane's brigade by this means was entirely broken up. Still they cheered us as we passed by them, and we returned the compliment to them. It was a very pleasant day when we left, and marching along the hard road eastward we reached the town of Amasoque before nightfall. There being but one regiment of us, we had an opportunity to pick our own quarters, and the result was we were very comfortable. I slept in a nice, clean room, and had a good cup of chocolate for my supper. Our regiment lay here until the next morning, when we again took up the line of march.

CHAPTER XI.

Napaloucan—Major William W. McCoy—Hacienda San Marcos—Sports—Visit to the city of Mexico—Mexican girls—Sights in the city—Return—Major-General Winfield Scott—Major Dykeman—March to En Cerro—List of regiments at En Cerro—Brig.-Gen. Lane—Major Taylor and Captain Field drowned at sea—Loss of steamship San Francisco—Lieut. Winder's letter.

ON the 2d of April, we marched from Amasoque to the hacienda of Floresta, a distance of over twenty miles, and met with no incident worthy of record, except being fired upon by some Mexicans, and taking two or three prisoners near the town of Acahete. We lay at the hacienda all night, and the next day marched into the town of Napaloucan. This town is built upon a gentle eminence, and is noted for its healthfulness and fine climate. It contained at that time a population of about three thousand. It has a fine Gothic church fronting upon the main plaza, which is surrounded by a high and thick stone wall. A deserted convent also fronts upon the plaza, and was used by one of our companies as quarters during our stay. The town is twelve miles from Huamantla, where we fought the battle and was the head-quarters of Santa Anna during the engagement. The scenery around it is of the most romantic character, and the mountains of El Pinal and La Malinche loom up in the west.

Five companies of our regiment, viz: companies F, G, H, I, and K, were sent out of town one mile to the hacienda San Marcos, and continued there some time, under the immediate command of Wm. W. McCoy, who was a brave soldier and an accomplished gentleman. He was born in Boone county, Kentucky, on the 21st day of June, 1811, and was the son of a farmer who emigrated from Virginia. He chose medicine as his profession, and read with Dr. Waller, in Burlington, Kentucky, and afterward graduated as doctor of medicine, at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1834. After being graduated, he moved from Kentucky, and settled in Shelbyville, Indiana, and served as a member of the Legislature from Shelby county, in 1840. He moved from Shelby to Laporte county, and was elected captain of company I, in the month of May, 1847; his company being made up from Laporte, St. Joseph's, Kosciusko, Fulton, Elkhart, Pulaski, and Cass counties, Indiana. He was captain; Fravel, first lieutenant; and Allard and myself second lieutenants. Upon the formation of the regiment, McCoy was promoted major; Fravel, captain; and myself, first-lieutenant. His health was very poor while in Mexico; but still he refused to return home, and continued to do his duty, when all pronounced him too unwell. He was proud-spirited, and one of the most sensitive men I ever knew. He now lives in California.

Hacienda San Marcos was rather a rural place, and we had plenty of time to take items in Mexican agricultural pursuits, and in the treatment and manner of life of the peons or slaves. On the farm where we were stationed there were about three

hundred of them ; and I frequently visited their huts, which were built around the square inside of the walls of the hacienda, and found them the most meek and quiet people in the world. Every Saturday night they received from the head man of the hacienda, corn and beans enough to do them a week, and then went noiselessly to their homes to cook and eat them in silence. Whether this taciturn spirit is natural, or whether it is caused by being broken down and enslaved by their conquerors, is more than I can say. But I always found them meek in disposition, suffering the pains of the lash without murmuring, and only rousing from their lethargy by seeing the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, or hearing the solemn and impressive music of the Catholic service. They lived with us in peace, and I never saw one of them disobey an order, whether given by an American officer or a Mexican overseer.

The hacienda buildings were surrounded by a high and thick adobe wall, within which were the mule-stables, and the buildings of the peons. The hacienda was built with a view to protection against the bands of robbers who infest Mexico, and was a farm-house of no mean pretensions. It had been once attacked by a band of robbers, who, after being severely worsted, were obliged to retreat. Our soldiers were quartered in the mule-stables, and I thought then, and still think, that placing them there was scandalous. I know not who was to blame, neither do I censure any one, but placing a battalion of American soldiers in a mule-pen, when there were plenty of good roomy buildings within eight or ten miles, was a most precious outrage, and

an unwarrantable assumption of power on the part of some individual. To the honor of our men I must say, that they bore the whole thing without a murmur, and tried to get along as well as possible while suffering their various inconveniences.

To pass away the time, Graham, Lewis, and myself assisted a party of quartermaster's men to break and tame a drove of mules; "for," says one of them to me, "a mule, when he's broke, makes the best horse in the world." I think we had as much sport at it as anything we ever fell upon to make sport out of, and with a dozen bare-headed Irish teamsters and as many more soldiers, we had fun indeed. We would get an Irishman on a mule, when Graham would prick the animal with a pen-knife, and away he would go, sailing along under full gallop, amid the shouts and cheers of ourselves and our men, until directly the mule and Irishman would land in a deep ditch by the road-side; when we would run up and afford all the assistance in our power to the unfortunate Hibernian. We were all armed with long blacksnake whips, and the skirmishes which we had with the mules were in the highest degree exciting and laughable. The head-teamster was a large, powerful fellow, intent only on breaking his animals; while we, seeming to assist him, rendered the mules as frisky and untamable as we could. The old fellow would bawl out to us—"Give it them, gintlemen; treat the divils hash!" And again we would get an Irishman aboard of a mule, and again land him in the ditch. Such was our pastime at San Marcos; and Graham and Lewis,

who were stationed in Napaloucan, would come down every morning to join me in my *innocent* sports.

At other times we would go into the fields with the Mexicans, and watch the operation of making pulque, which I have already described. We each and every one of us had a horse, and frequently took trips into the country, visiting the haciendas of San Antonio Tamaris, Floresta and La Concepcion. In this way we became acquainted with the whole country and with all the manners and customs of the Mexican people. I had learned Spanish so well that I could converse very well with the people, and felt as much at home while conversing with the Mexicans as I did with my own countrymen. The country people were very kind to us, and I can safely say that we were as kind to them. We lived together in the greatest peace and harmony, and a passing stranger would not have supposed that our soldiers were quartered with a conquered people. They went on in their usual ways of life, not interfering with us, and we followed their example by not interfering in their concerns.

Having obtained leave of absence for two weeks from the colonel of our regiment, I set out, accompanied by seven officers and ten soldiers, to visit the city of Mexico. We had one wagon with us which was loaded with provisions, and after taking leave of our friends, set out and reached Puebla the following day. We were all mounted on good horses, and after resting over-night at Puebla, again started on our journey toward the capital. Passing along a hard road which had once been well paved, we

arrived at the village of San Martin, and moving on through it reached Rio Frio, where we stayed over-night. Here we found seven companies of the 5th Ohio regiment under Col. Irwin, and with the officers of that corps we spent the night. At early dawn we were again in the saddle, and passing down a rapid descent the valley of Mexico burst upon our view. The high mountains on the left rose in silent and awful grandeur, pushing their great white cones up against the blue sky, and seeming to rise from a sea of green vegetation as luxuriant as it was beautiful. The atmosphere was clear and bracing, and far off to the west a succession of mountains and green valleys were seen stretching in the distance, and giving the whole scene the appearance of a brightly tinted and well executed picture. A few miles further on the road we turned an abrupt corner, and the city of Mexico, with its spires and steeples, broad streets and gay coloring lay before us, surrounded by lakes of pure water, which reflected the rays of the sun, and by broad fields which seemed to stretch far out toward the bases of the mountains.

We swept down into the city at a gallop, and did not halt until we had reached the Grand Plaza, which is somewhat larger than that of Puebla. The Cathedral of Mexico is on one side; the National Palace (or "Halls of the Montezumas," as our poetic North American letter-writers are wont to call it) on another; while on the third there is a substantial and well-filled market house. The fourth side of the square is filled with houses with projecting portals over the pavement. After stopping a short time in the plaza, we were directed to a house where we could obtain

quarters, by a kind-hearted, and certainly disinterested individual, and putting spurs to our jaded steeds, were soon in possession of a very decent-looking house in the *Calle de Mercedores*.

Housing in our wagon, we took out a good supply of American cured ham, and some fresh bakers' bread, and seated ourselves in the family room where we partook of a very pleasant supper. There were two young ladies within, both handsome, who looked upon our northern operations of stowing away bread-stuffs with considerable curiosity, and thinking they were hungry I asked them to join us. The girls first looked at one another, and seeming to form a sudden resolution, they tripped toward me, and seating themselves on the floor on each side of me, commenced eating in earnest; at the same time keeping up a womanly conversation in the purest and most musical Spanish language. Every now and then they would ask me some question, and look upon me with their great black swimming eyes, and expect that I would answer them in soberness. Could I, reader? No!—If you think I could, you have never seen a beautiful Mexican girl. I was sitting beside them on the floor, and they took great pains to show their darling little feet now and then, encased in dainty little satin slippers. I liked them both from the commencement, and when I tell the reader that their names were respectively Rosa Flores and Guadalupe Roderiguez, I presume nobody will blame me for falling in love with them immediately. Our supper was ended in due time, and with the aid of a capital glass of pulque, and a finely-flavored cigarrita, presented to me by Rosa, I felt very com-

fortable, and formed very pleasing ideas of my first introduction into the great City of Mexico.

In the evening I went to the *Bella Union*, which place most Americans will recollect, particularly if they have ever spent any length of time in the city. The sights at this place it is no business of mine to describe, and what is unknown about it, is as well as what is known. After spending a few hours at this place I returned to my quarters, and had the pleasure of hearing Guadalupe play on her guitar. It was a calm, still, quiet evening, and sitting on the balcony in the clear moonlight, the music sounded charmingly. Below us were a number of people enjoying the luxury of the pleasant evening, and everything appeared to be hushed in repose. I shall long recollect that scene, and from the place where I stood, I watched the pale moon as it climbed slowly up into the heavens and lighted up the sides of the mountains, throwing the shadows in still deeper gloom. It was a late hour before I retired, and even then the soft thrumming of distant guitars, and the melodious warbling of sweet voices, served to render me quite wakeful and nervous. No one can conceive of the beauty and almost heavenly quiet of a night in the uplands of Mexico, unless he has been there. All the language of romance falls far short of depicting the truth with regard to them; and with this assurance I will leave that subject.

The city of Mexico is built on the site of the Indian, or Aztec city, which was conquered by Cortez in 1519. It had at that time four entrances or causeways, made by the hand of man, twenty feet wide, which were built over the low marshy ground

from the highlands around into the city. Cortez, in his letter to Charles V. of Spain, says: "The province which constitutes the principal territory of Montezuma, is circular, and entirely surrounded by lofty and rugged mountains, and the circumference of it is full seventy leagues. In this plain there are two lakes which nearly occupy the whole of it, as the people use canoes for more than fifty leagues round. One of these lakes is of fresh water, and the other, which is larger, is of salt water. They are divided, on one side, by a small collection of high hills, which stand in the center of the plain, and they unite in a level strait, formed between these hills and the high mountains, which strait is a gun-shot wide, and the people of the cities and other settlements which are in these lakes, communicate together in their canoes by water, without the necessity of going by land; and as this great salt lake ebbs and flows with the tide, as the sea does, in every flood the water from it flows into the other fresh lake as impetuously as if it were a large river, and consequently at the ebb, the fresh lake flows into the salt. The great city of Mexico is founded in the salt lake; and from terra firma to the body of the city the distance is two leagues on whichever side they please to enter it. The city itself is as large as Seville or Cordova, with some very wide, and some narrow streets."

In the city proper, there is at the present time a population exceeding 200,000, composed of high-blooded and rich Spaniards, Creoles, Mestizos, and Indians. I cannot say that I was particularly struck with the appearance of the city, and were I to con-

sult my own taste would much rather reside in the city of Puebla. Still there are many things to attract attention and elicit a person's interest. The character of the people is much the same as in other cities of the Republic, except it may be that they carry vice and debauchery to a greater extent than in any other place. I shall not attempt to give a description of the various sights in the city—were I to commence it the task would be one of considerable length, beside being foreign to the design of this work. The city, with all its antiquities, its legends and romantic history, have all been so frequently described, that it would seem to be an unnecessary piece of information to plunge into minute details.

After staying here over a week, our party commenced making preparations for our return to Napaloucan. Taking leave of our kind friends we threaded our way through the streets, and along the wide and well-paved causeways until we reached the uplands, when we broke into a round trot and before night reached Rio Frio. Arriving at Puebla in safety, we stopped one day and then took leave of it again forever. It was rather sad to leave the dear old city where I had spent so many happy days and hours, but with an effort I mounted on my horse, and did not again look round till the hills and shrubbery had hid it entirely from my view. I bade Puebla good-by with a tear, and inwardly cursed Napaloucan, where I was going, with all its straw and wretchedness.

Shortly after returning to Napaloucan, the left wing

of our regiment was ordered to garrison the town, and the right wing was sent down to the hacienda San Marcos, which the left wing had previously occupied. Adjutant Dodd having been promoted captain of company A, Lieutenant Van Dusen was appointed adjutant in his place. Lieutenant Berry was promoted captain and assistant commissary, and Sergeants O. H. P. Cary, Caleb Davis, and Samuel Macom were promoted lieutenants.

While in Napaloucan Major General Winfield Scott passed through, on his way down to Vera Cruz from the city of Mexico. He reviewed our regiment as he passed, and I shall never forget the appearance of the old hero as he marched down in front of our regiment, on foot, with his blue foraging cap in his hand. He halted his coach as he neared us, and getting out of it, marched down our line, which never appeared better than on that day. There were two companies of Georgia cavalry with us, under the command of Captains Nelson and Fulton, who also saluted the old general. Scott looked well, and I afterward had the pleasure of being introduced to him, and hearing him talk. He complimented our regiment highly, and spoke of General Lane and the 4th Ohioans, who had been with us, and said he would like to have had us with him at the city of Mexico, "but," said he, "you have done well—very well, and I was pleased to hear General Lane give so good an account of you." He only stayed one day in Napaloucan, and then came on to the United States. He is by far, the greatest military man ever born in America, and

has done more than any other person toward rendering the American soldiery the best and most reliable in the world.

While in Napaloucan I had a young negro in my employ who exulted in the name of "Hyacinth," or, as he was called in the vernacular, "Hysaint." He was a good hand to work, and could turn off a boot with a most exquisite polish, and was very handy in picking up odd things, such as frock-coats, pants, shirts and papers, which were left by our company officers lying around on the floor of our quarters. One morning I met Hysaint, while he was busy scouring up a pair of "twenty shilling brogans," which one of our officers was soon to wear on parade: said I, "Hysaint, where did you come from, before you came to Mexico?"

"From de Cherokee Nation, sah," said he.

"Was you born a slave there?"

"No sah," said he, giving the brogan an extra rub, and bringing out the reflection in bold relief.

"How came you to be a slave then, Hysaint?"

"Oh! sah, I was goin' through Arkansaw, and dey put me in jail."

"Well, suppose they did, Hysaint, that didn't make you a slave, did it?"

"No sah, dat didn't, but you know dey had to sell me to pay de jail fees," said Hysaint, with a look which would have done honor to a more profound legal champion than he was himself.

I always had a great regard for Hysaint after this, and forgave him for calling me "Lieutenant *Brack-ish*," when Col. Dumont asked him whom he belonged to.

I also became acquainted with Major-General Gideon J. Pillow, who was very sick for a time in Napaloucan. I liked his conversation and should think he was a very kind-hearted man. Brigadier-General Cadwallader also passed through Napaloucan, so that in fact I became acquainted with nearly all the most celebrated generals of the Mexican war.

Cushing, Towson, and Belknap were in Puebla together for a time, and I was introduced to General Zachary Taylor at New Orleans, while on my return home.

Among the officers stationed at Napaloucan was a young lieutenant of the Georgia cavalry named Davis, who was one of the best hearted fellows in the world. We became very intimate, and I found him sociable except when under the influence of liquor, when he was as uproarious as can well be imagined. He had been raised among the Creek Indians, and frequently told amusing anecdotes respecting them. Another fine fellow who stayed some time with me, was Major Garret Dykeman of the 2d New York regiment. He had been a captain, and was severely wounded in the battle of Contreras, near the city of Mexico, and upon the death of Lieutenant-Col. Baxter, who was killed at Chapultepec, he became Major of the regiment. He had been to the United States, and was then returning to his regiment which was at the capital. Dykeman was a noble-hearted man, and I was glad to have so clever a New Yorker come to mess with me. He told some good stories, and among the rest gave me an account of Captain Van O'Linda's death,

who, as I before mentioned, was killed at Chapultepec. Van O'Linda had a presentiment that he would be killed in the battle, and made his arrangements to meet death before going in. He was a brave officer and fell very much regretted. The 2d New York regiment suffered very severely in the battles near the city of Mexico, Col. Burnett, having been very severely wounded, Lieutenant-Col. Baxter, killed, and nearly every commissioned officer either killed or wounded. I became acquainted with the regiment at En Cerro. Dykeman went from Napoloucan to the city of Mexico after having made quite a visit at my quarters.

In the latter part of April Col. Gorman was appointed governor of Puebla, and leaving the regiment, went to that city where he commenced his administration. The reason of this change, was, that Col. Childs returned to the United States, having become very unpopular in Puebla. Lieutenant-Col. Dumont was left in command at Napoloucan, and everything went on very quietly. Our stay in this place was exceedingly disagreeable, and caused me to feel ill-natured toward my country and the army generally. We had no conveniences, no amusements, no pleasures—in fact there was nothing worth living for in Napoloucan, and I look back upon it as the most gloomy and perfectly cheerless portion of my military service. I grew sick—all my ambition oozed out, and like the "Ancient Mariner," I almost despaired. The sky seemed rotten, and the bleared faces of the surrounding mountains, gave an unusual gloom and soul sickness to all the members of our regiment. The earth was dry and

parched—the deepest wells seemed almost destitute of water, and what little there was left was filled with loathsome vermin. Another month in that detestable place would have killed us all!

On the 29th of May, 1848, Major Graham of the Engineer corps arrived in Napaloucan, bearing with him the treaty of PEACE, which had been ratified by the Mexican Congress at Guadalupe Hidalgo, on the 27th. He was on his way to the United States, and pushed forward with all possible speed. His horse having given out, was replaced by Dumont's. As we were all engaged to serve during the war, this news was exceedingly agreeable, as we had a prospect of once more getting home—at all events we should get away from “Napaloucan, and be d—d to it,” as one of our boys expressed it.

From this time troops continued to arrive in town from above, who marched on without delay toward the sea-coast. Artillery batteries, heavy siege-guns, etc., were trundled through, and life and health were again seen in the distance. On the 5th of June we received orders to march, and the following day started for *En Cerro*, below Jalapa, where we were to wait until a sufficient number of ships arrived at Vera Cruz, to take us to New Orleans. After a pleasant march of one week's duration, we arrived safely at En Cerro, where we found a number of regiments encamped, all waiting, like ourselves, for means to get home. The encampment was a magnificent affair, and being on Santa Anna's own farm it was considered rather romantic: it is called by the Mexicans *Los dos Rios*, or the ‘two rivers,’ and is a little beyond *Mango de Clavo*, Santa Anna's favorite

country seat. We had three generals on the ground, viz: Major-General Patterson, and Brigadier-Generals Lane and Marshall, and I believe, Major-Gen. William O. Butler, who was at that time a candidate for vice-president under Cass, was also there, a part of the time. This was the largest body of United States' volunteers ever assembled together, and consisted of the following regiments and corps, viz:

1st Massachusetts Regiment, Col. J. H. Wright.

2d New York Regiment, Col. W. B. Burnett.

New Jersey Battalion, Lient.-Col. J. Woodruff.

1st Pennsylvania Regiment, Col. F. M. Wynkoop.

2d Pennsylvania Regiment, Col. J. W. Geary.

Maryland and D. C. Batt., Col. G. W. Hughes.

1st S. Carolina Reg't., Lient.-Col. A. H. Gladden.

Georgia Cavalry Batt., Lt.-Col. J. H. Calhoun.

Louisiana Cavalry Batt., Lt.-Col. W. F. Biscoe.

4th Tennessee Reg't., Col. R. Waterhouse.

5th Tennessee Reg't., Col. G. R. McClelland.

3d Kentucky Reg't., Col. M. V. Thompson.

4th Kentucky Reg't., Col. J. S. Williams.

4th Ohio Reg't., Col. C. H. Brough.

5th Ohio Reg't., Col. W. Irwin.

4th Indiana Reg't. Col. W. A. Gorman.

5th Indiana Reg't., Col. J. H. Lane.

6th Illinois Reg't., Col. J. Collins.

This large force, with several separate companies, were all encamped within a circuit of three miles, and in the beautiful evenings which we passed at that place, the music of the different corps was superb. Every evening the drummers and fifers, over two hundred in number, would commence

playing, and the sounds would be reverberated over the broad plain and flowing river, and die away in the distance amid the softest and sweetest echoes. After they had finished, the regimental bands marched out in front of their respective regiments and played some brilliant airs. In the clear and pure nights, the music had a most charming effect, and caused us all to feel happy with ourselves, our country, and Mexico. There is something soul-inspiring when half a dozen well organized military bands "peal the loud drum, and twang the trumpet-horn," and when the sounds are wafted toward you in a moonlight evening, on a breeze fragrant with the odor of tropical fruits and flowers, a man with half a brain is inclined to become very well contented.

The New Yorkers and South Carolinians, who were so sadly cut to pieces at the city of Mexico, elicited my admiration, though I could not but feel a pang of grief when I looked along their shattered and diminished lines. The New York regiment went out one thousand strong, and when I saw it there were scarce one hundred men left. They had suffered almost unheard-of hardships, and the thunder crash of fifty cannon had for a time played on them alone. Like the green sedge they were swept away, and crumbled like a rope of sand before the iron fires of the Mexican batteries. The wail of woe—the shriek of keen and agonizing anguish, had risen from their midst, while their officers' commands were heard wild above the storm, and obeyed by the death-stricken though undismayed soldiers. I visited the regiment often, and was always well treated by Major Dykeman and the other officers. In fact it

seemed like home to be with them. One day I was sitting in Dykeman's tent, when a young fellow from New Orleans, an *attache* of the *Delta* office, came in and told a story which elicited a great deal of laughter, and which I will give as near as possible in his own words:

"The chivalrous Colonel D—— of Louisiana," said he, "raised a regiment of six months' volunteers, and was among the first who hurried to the assistance of Gen. Taylor.

"The Colonel was eager for a fight, and he knew he had but little time to train his men; and after frequent false alarms of 'The Mexicans! The Mexicans are upon us!' he got them so they could form a line of battle with very little confusion. This being accomplished, the next step in learning the art of war, was to learn them to stand a charge of cavalry, which was by no means a difficult job for a commander of his ingenuity; and the following is the method he thought likely to effect so desirable a result:—

"One morning the companies were all marched to the parade-ground, and the regiment regularly formed. The Colonel was a tremendous large man, and was mounted upon a war-horse whose proportions were well suited to carry such a rider; his sword, too, was a ponderous blade, and could have been wielded in a fight most destructively by his muscular arm.

"Such a man, thus equipped and mounted, took command, that morning, with all the pride and military bearing of a hero of a hundred battles.

"After ordering his regiment through various

evolutions, he formed them into a hollow square, and galloped off at a convenient distance, and wheeled his horse and stood for a few moments gazing with admiration upon his noble-looking regiment; then with a flourish of his sword over his head, he put spurs to his horse, and away he went at full speed and ran right upon his men, and they broke ranks and let him into the square. Then followed volleys of oaths and abuses, thick and fast. 'If you let one horseman break your ranks in this way, what would become of you if you were charged by a body of Mexican cavalry. Why they would run over you, tread you down, and cut you to pieces.'

"He then ordered them back into lines, and repeated the maneuver, but not with the same success; for they all had their bayonets charged, and the Col. ran the second time against a powerful Irishman, Jimmy Clary, who held his musket firmly braced, and gritting his teeth, ejaculated, 'and Jasus, Colonel, I can niver give way!' and he ran about six inches of his bayonet into the horse, which 'brought him up standing,' very suddenly. The Colonel dismounted, and with a smile of satisfaction playing upon his countenance, surveyed his bleeding steed, and said; 'Well, the horse did his duty—the rider did his—and the soldier did his—in fact, all did well.' And thus ended the first lesson."

The last time I saw General Lane was at this place. After returning to the United States he was appointed Governor of Oregon Territory, and in August set out to commence the discharge of his official duties. He arrived safely at Oregon City on the 2d of March, 1849, about six months after his

departure from home. After serving some time as governor, he was elected delegate to Congress from Oregon Territory, and shortly after returned to the United States, and met with a public reception at Indianapolis, Indiana. Having been so fortunate in all his undertakings, civil and military, the Democratic Convention of Indiana, unanimously declared him to be the choice of that State as candidate for the presidency, and accordingly in the Democratic National Convention, he received thirteen votes of Indiana and one of Tennessee. His name was withdrawn by his friends, and General Pierce was nominated and elected. Lane was again appointed Governor of Oregon, in the spring of 1853, and after serving a short time he resigned and was again elected delegate to Congress. Before setting out for Washington City, the Indians became very troublesome in Oregon, and Lane led a band of citizen soldiers against them. On the 24th of August, 1853, his command came upon the Rogue River Indians, and a furious fight immediately commenced. The Indians were in a dense forest and fought with the utmost desperation; their yells, the howling of the dogs, and the sharp continuous crack of the rifles, lasted about an hour, when Gen. Lane with his men made a sudden and rapid charge upon them, and scattered them in all directions. In the fight Capt. Armstrong and privates Bradley and ——, were killed, and Gen. Lane, Col. Alden, privates Hays, Abbe, and Fisher, were wounded. Lane was shot through the shoulder, making the second ball-hole through him, the first having been received at the great battle of Buena Vista. In the afternoon a propo-

sition came from the Indians for a parley, they having lost twelve killed and twenty mortally wounded, which being granted, the chiefs came into the American camp and were very glad to make a treaty of peace. Lane is held in the highest esteem among the Indians, who consider him the bravest man now living. The General always treats them with firmness and kindness, and whenever they get unruly he is willing to give them a few touches of discipline in a way which makes a lasting impression upon their minds. Lane conducted himself admirably in the fight and won the praise of both friends and foes. He is brave and generous to a fault, and his daring rashness may, unless he is more careful, yet cost him his life, though I sincerely hope he may never fall by a bullet.

The artillery of our brigade which went up with us from Vera Cruz to Puebla, and which served at Huamantla and Atlixco under Captain Taylor and Lieut. Field, I saw for the last time in Puebla. As both of these officers met an untimely death on board the steamship *San Francisco*, which was wrecked in December, 1853, I cannot forbear giving an account of the melancholy occurrence. The steamship *San Francisco* left the harbor of New York on the 21st of December, 1853, bound to San Francisco *via* the straits of Magellan, touching at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Acapulco. On board were companies A, B, D, G, H, I, K and L, of the third regiment of United States' artillery, amounting, with the non-commissioned staff and band of the regiment, to over five hundred men. The regiment was under command of Colonel William Gates, and with it

were the following officers, viz: Brevet Lieutenant Colonels John M. Washington and M. Burke; Major Charles S. Merchant, Brevet Majors George Taylor and F. O. Wyse; Surgeon R. S. Satterlee, assistant Surgeon H. R. Wirtz; Capt. H. B. Judd, Brevet Captain H. B. Field. First Lieutenants S. L. Fremont, L. Loeser, W. A. Winder, R. H. Smith and G. S. Winder, Second Lieutenants J. Van Voorst, and J. O. Chandler.

Beside these officers and their families, Capt. J. W. T. Gardiner of the 1st dragoons and Lieut. F. K. Murray of the United States' navy, and several other passengers were on board, making a total of over seven hundred souls. In order to give the reader a correct account of the wreck, I will insert a letter written by Lieut. W. A. Winder, which was published in the New York papers.

SHIP THREE BELLS,

At sea, Friday, Jan. 6th, 1854.

“The steamer *San Francisco*, as you are aware, sailed from New York on the 22d of December, with United States troops, bound for California. The day was beautiful, and everything promised a pleasant and prosperous voyage. The ship was well provided with everything which could render us comfortable, and every luxury that could be procured was placed on board. All these things, together with the gentlemanly and efficient officers of the ship, and pleasant company in the cabin, served to render us happy and contented. But, alas for all human calculations! about nine o'clock the second day out a gale sprung up and continued to increase all

night. At daylight it was perfectly frightful. During the night, I think about twelve, our engine gave out, and soon our foremast was carried away, which left us at the mercy of the wind and waves. The scene in the cabin during this time was truly distressing. Nearly all had turned out of the staterooms, despair depicted on the countenances of all. A few of us who occupied the upper cabin, left it and went below; and well it was for us, for soon after day—I think about eight o'clock—a sea broke over our starboard wheel-house, and with frightful force dashed against the after-cabin, carrying away all of the cabin and about 150 people, among whom were Col. J. M. Washington, Maj. Geo. Taylor and his wife, Capt. H. B. Field, and Lieut. Smith: two or three males and females who were unknown to me, and two citizen passengers, Mr. Rankin, our sutler—the other names I have not learned—were swept off, but the return wave brought them back. I had gone below but a few moments before this terrible crash, and was lying at the foot of the steps at the time. I never experienced such a sensation as when the water came pouring into the cabin, together with the debris of the upper cabin, down upon my head and breast. I was swept across the cabin with terrible force, but after three attempts succeeded in regaining my feet. I supposed that the ship had broken in half, and that we were fast sinking. I followed after some I saw going on deck, and on reaching it my blood ran cold at the sight of the poor fellows struggling among the fragments in the sea; the waves were, to my eyes, frightful; we could render no assistance whatever, and in fact, expected

ourselves that we should go down every minute. With great difficulty we clung to the deck, the sea making a perfect breach over us, and the cold so great that an hour longer must have finished us. Close by me was Major Wyse, his young wife and babe. It was a truly heart-rending sight; the poor child must have been nearly frozen. About this time Mr. Melires, the first officer of the ship, than whom no braver seaman lives, came aft with an ax; this not only surprised me, but greatly raised my hopes. I watched him closely until he approached the only remaining mast. He attempted to cut it away, but the sea ran so high that he was unable to do it. This was the first time I was aware that the ship was not full of water. Soon after this our gallant Commodore Watkins came along. I asked him what our chances were; he replied, "Good." I then determined to get into the cabin.

"The sea was running very high at the time, and the wreck was strewn on each side, with pieces of the wreck scattered here and there, with men and women clinging to the pieces in order to save themselves. In a few moments all was still, none of them appearing. Not a sound was heard except the dismal moaning of the wind. On looking around, I saw Lieut. Murray standing at the mizzenmast. I went aft to him, and held on there for awhile, until the first mate came to cut it away, which he failed in doing owing to the roughness of the sea. I then went forward to where I was first, and saw Major Wyse, his wife and child, Lieuts. Chandler, Van Voorst and Dr. Satterlee. We talked over our chances for escape, and all came to the conclusion that we

could not survive twenty minutes. At that time two negroes came along with life-preservers, and one of the soldiers handed me one; but it was so cold that we thought it would be only prolonging our misery, and thinking that the vessel would go down every minute, we did not use them. The sea was making a breach over us at every roll. About this time we discovered that there were many persons in the lower cabin under us, principally ladies. Two or three of us were determined to go down, and afterward induced Major Wyse to go down there, with his wife and child. We found that the ship was not in as bad a condition as we thought she was. We found there collected, in the after-part of the cabin, a number of the officers' ladies, who were in as dry a place as they could find. A portion of the cabin was broken by the sea that first struck, as I previously stated. We then covered ourselves up with wet blankets, for we were nearly frozen, not having half our clothing on at the time. Here we remained the greater part of that day, supposing the vessel would sink some time during the evening. Captain Watkins came in and requested that we would all go out to bailing the ship, in order to keep her afloat. Two officers went out at a time, and they were relieved by others, each party bailing two hours each. We kept this up all that night, water gaining on us, and our pumps failing to work. This bailing was kept up four or five nights, until the pumps got to working again, and the sea went down. We then gained on the water, and, by great exertions of the engineer, succeeded in clearing the ship of water for

the time. The captain and officers of the ship with great exertions succeeded in stopping the worst leaks and repairing the decks with old pieces of sails and otherwise patching them up to try and save the ship. We kept reliefs of three or four men at each end of the shaft to prevent the water coming in there, where it came in by the bucketful. About this time we were cheered with the prospect of setting the machinery in working order, so that the vessel might get into port. A temporary steering apparatus was erected, and an attempt was made to get the ship underweigh, which up to this time had been at the mercy of the waves. After one or two revolutions of the wheel it was pronounced hopeless to attempt anything further. All that could be done, said the engineer, was to keep the pumps working. During all this time the ladies behaved admirably and no complaint was made by them. Two or three days afterward we saw two sail; one of them did not heed us, but the other came alongside of us and spoke us.

“The one that spoke us first was the *Napoleon*. The captain said he was short of provisions, and we sent him off a quantity, and she went off during the night. During this time we were lightening the ship by throwing overboard all heavy articles that we could get at. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and got something to eat, and began to get some dry clothes, as we had been wet for nearly two weeks. The next ship that appeared was the British brig *Maria*; but she took none of the passengers from us. All this time we had very rough weather, until the bark *Kilby* spoke us. An officer

went on board and made a contract to take all the passengers off and take them to the nearest port. Captain Watkins stayed behind, to make one effort to save the ship. He called for volunteers, and in ten minutes he had the number required to stay by him. As soon as some of the passengers arrived on board the *Kilby* we sent some twenty men on board to lighten his vessel, by throwing a portion of the cargo overboard. About two, P. M., we commenced transhipping the ladies and children in small boats, and by night succeeded in getting aboard about one hundred in all—men, women and children—intending to complete the shipment next morning. About seven o'clock we were alarmed by the cry of fire, and found the ship to be on fire near the cook's galley; but we very soon put it out.

“Some time during the night heavy gales sprang up, accompanied by a most awful sea, and the vessel commenced leaking badly again, and we went to work bailing that night and a part of the next day, the pumps at this time giving out again. The men at this time were so exhausted that it required great exertions to keep them steadily at work. When the morning came the *Kilby* was no longer in sight, and we supposed that she had made for the nearest port, being short of water and provisions, and it being unsafe for her to remain any longer by us, as the sea was running very high. This morning things looked gloomier than ever, having nothing to eat, and being cold and half naked. During that day, after getting through working the pumps, we began to get better spirits, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We kept the vessel clear without

the aid of bailing. We then cut holes through the deck, for the purpose of throwing coal and other heavy materials overboard. About two days after, a light was seen during the night, and we commenced firing guns and making signals every half hour during the night. In the morning, the British ship *Three Bells*, Captain Creighton, bore up to us; but the sea was running so high, and the wind blowing so hard, we could only communicate to each other by means of writing in large letters, on a board, our condition and prospects. He replied to us, and said that they were leaking and short of provisions. As he passed us he gave three cheers, which made us believe he would stick by us, and we returned them heartily. He went to windward of us, laid to, and remained by us during the night. The next day, the sea running very high, and he having only two boats, we made two rafts, in order to make some efforts to reach his vessel, but we found that a passage on the raft would be impracticable. On the third night we came very near losing him. On the fourth day, another sail appeared in sight to windward, and both bore down to us, which proved to be the *Antarctic*, bound for Liverpool.

“Both vessels lay by us during the night, it being too rough to attempt any passage with the boats. On the fifth day the rough weather subsided, and we succeeded in transporting all the passengers, all the crew and ship’s officers, except twenty-five or thirty men, including ship’s officers and firemen. During that day we succeeded in putting on board the *Three Bells* some provisions and water. I kept the men

at the pumps during the day and night. The next morning we got off the remainder of the officers and crew, including Captain Watkins, and made sail for this port. The *Antarctic* sailed for Liverpool.

“Previous to falling in with the *Three Bells*, a sort of congestive diarrhea broke out among the men, from eating potted meat and pickled cabbage. It carried off about one hundred of the passengers, who were taken sick, and in a few hours died.

“An incident occurred at this time. Corp. Smith came to me and said his child was sick, and in about an hour after that he sent word to me and said he was very sick himself, and would like to see me. I went to him and found that he was about dying; soon after, his wife came in, and told me that he and the child were dead. I had put her into a state-room, and during the night she was found dead in bed, her only child, then living, lying asleep beside her. She was followed to the other world soon after by her other child.

“On our passage to this port in the *Three Bells* we lost about thirty passengers, who died of the effects of eating pickled meats and cabbage.

“The chief-steward of the *San Francisco* became insane while on board the *Three Bells*, and, although in charge of some of the men, he managed to get loose, jumped overboard, and was lost.

“Yours, respectfully,

“LIEUT. WINDER, U. S. Army.”

About two hundred and twenty lives were lost in all, including Col. Washington, Major Taylor, Capt. Field, and Lieut. Smith.

The New York Daily Times gives the following particulars respecting the drowned officers :

“Brevet Lieut.-Col. John Marshall Washington, of the U. S. army, who was swept from the deck of the *San Francisco* soon after her troubles commenced, was one of the most useful, as he had made himself one of the most distinguished artillery officers belonging to the service. He was a native of Virginia, and must have attained the age of fifty-eight or sixty years. He graduated as a cadet at West Point, in the class of 1813; was commissioned 3d lieutenant in the artillery, in 1817, and rose, rank by rank, to his majority in the 3d artillery, in 1847, February 16. In a week from this promotion he won his brevet as lieutenant-colonel, by gallant and meritorious conduct on the hotly-contested field of Buena Vista. He was a thorough tactician in the artillery service, and as early as 1824 was made instructor in the artillery school for practice at Fort Monroe.

“After the battle of Buena Vista, and at the close of the Mexican war, in 1848, Major Washington was appointed to command an expedition across the plains of Mexico, *via* El Paso, to the Pacific ocean, which he accomplished amidst the greatest physical difficulties, and the rigors of the climate. His command was to the ninth military department, and from October, 1848, to October, 1849, he acted as the military governor of New Mexico. He has since, we believe, been chiefly attached to the service on the Pacific, and it was while in charge of an additional artillery force destined for that distant region, that he lost his life, on an element and by a

calamity so different from the scenes of danger in which it had been his pride as a soldier to risk it.

“Major George Taylor was a cadet of the class of 1833. He won his first brevet, that of captain, in the Florida war, in 1840, and was commissioned captain in February, 1847. In 1842 he served as assistant professor of mathematics at West Point. In October, 1847, he won his brevet of major by gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Huamantla, in Mexico; and in the same month distinguished himself in action at Atlixco. He was a native of Georgia. Mrs. Taylor was lost with him, from the wreck of the *San Francisco*.

“Captain Horace B. Field was of New York, a graduate at West Point of the class of 1836. He was made brevet captain for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Huamantla, in Mexico, in October, 1847. He first entered the 3d artillery in July, 1840, as a second lieutenant.

“Lieutenant Richard H. Smith was of Tennessee, appointed to one of the additional infantry regiments authorized in 1847, (the fourteenth,) as a second lieutenant, and was transferred to the 3d artillery in June, 1848.”

CHAPTER XII.

March Homeward—Passo de Ovejas—Vergara—Rain and Wind—
Captain Fravel—Company loss—Steamship Portland—At Sea
—Mississippi River—First Reception—Major-General Zachary
Taylor—James Brackett, Esq—Letters—Colonel Humphry
Marshall—Madison—Mustered out of U. S. service.

ON the 18th day of June, 1848, our regiment again took up its line of march toward the Gulf of Mexico in a severe rain storm. Our hearts were so light, and we felt so much elated that the journey appeared very trifling. We marched as far as Plan del Rio, though we did not start until near noon, and encamped in a large yard where we found some good fellows belonging to the New Jersey battalion, who were there engaged in making a road across the river for the passage of the troops, as the bridge had been blown up. We stayed over-night, and the next day pushed on to the National Bridge, where we had plenty to eat, and good lodgings under the shade of a magnificent old tree, whose branches reached out to a great distance and afforded shelter for a great many of our men. From the bridge we marched to Passo de Ovejas, where finding a portion of the first division, we were obliged to halt until they took shipping at Vera Cruz, as they would not let us stay on the sea-coast on account of the *vomito* or yellow fever. In the groves at Passo de

Ovejas we found plenty of excellent lemons, and there was a nice stream of water in the woods where we bathed each evening. I saw a large alligator in a lagoon near me one day, and with a spasmodic effort I reached the shore and was not content until I, with some of my men, had dispatched him. I also had the pleasure of eating while here, one of those interesting animals called Ant-eaters, which was maliciously imposed upon me by one of my comrades, as a raccoon. I asked no questions as to what it was or where it came from until it was devoured, when my host was kind enough to inform me what I had been eating. I felt rather blank at the announcement but said nothing about it. I also while in Mexico, had the extreme felicity of eating a part of an Armadillo and a Guana, the latter is a large green lizard, and when I found out what I had been doing, I felt some like murdering Tom Silsbee, who gave it to me. But as he ate it with great seeming relish, I could not find it in my heart to spoil his breakfast. The flesh of these animals or reptiles, is highly prized in the West Indies and South America, and is eagerly sought after by the inhabitants of those countries, who hunt them with dogs.

After a stay of three days at this place we again set out and marched to the San Juan river, where we found plenty of provisions for a moderate price. On the 24th of June we resumed our march and about noon came in sight of the blue waters of the Gulf. The scene I shall never forget, and the thrill of joy that bounded through my veins was one of the most delightful I ever experienced. For more

than nine long months we had been shut up in the interior of Mexico, fighting, marching, and suffering, and here we were at last

“By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

With our caps in our hands we hastened down the road to the encampment at Vergara, and the same evening a regiment of Tennesseans came in. We gave three cheers at the sight of Vera Cruz, and pitched our tents on the sand. In the night, the wind and rain came on, and a clean sweep of a huge wave from the Gulf upset our tents and everything else, and we all ran toward the sand-hills in the dark. Morning came at last, and all were found alive except one poor Tennessee soldier who was drowned. He lay quite near me partly covered with sand and water, his glassy eyes staring wildly upward, and his ears and mouth filled with sand. He was a most deplorable looking object, and lay some time without any body coming near to take care of the body. In the water our soldiers were seen fishing out their guns and accouterments, and at each successive haul a burst of applause would show how earnest they were in their endeavors to save property. Some of our soldiers loved their muskets with great devotion, and ornamented them with bits of ribbon when not on duty. These guns were first fished out, and afterward came the cartridge boxes, knapsacks, etc. Soldiers love their guns exactly in proportion to the number of human lives they have destroyed, and one which was in our company, which was known to have caused the death of five individuals, was looked upon as something almost supernatural. It required all the owner's

time to keep track of it, and he never let it go out of his hand ten minutes at a time.

On Sunday the 25th, I visited the city of Vera Cruz, and had the pleasure of meeting several old friends. The city had not altered much since I was there in the beginning of the previous autumn, except, perhaps, it was a little more cleanly and not stowed so full of military stores. In walking along the plaza in the west part of the city, on which the governor's palace fronts, I was somewhat astonished to see a drove of culprits coming along hitched together by their wrists, and constituting what is called a "chain gang." These worthies passed by me in silence under a guard of soldiers. They were kept to clean the streets of the city, and seemed, so far as I could discover, to have done their duty.

I returned to our encampment and mustered the company on the shores of the Gulf, for the last time in the Republic of Mexico. Captain Fravel was then very sick, and did not long survive after his return to the United States, having died at his father's house in Laporte, Indiana, on the 8th day of August, 1849. Robert Fravel was a kind-hearted and generous man. Open as the sunlight in his disposition, he was often deceived by black-hearted villains, who, under the garb of friendship, imposed upon his generosity. He was kind to his men, whose friendship he enjoyed in an eminent degree, and left the service without an enemy. Peace to his ashes! The rolling drum shall no more wake him from his slumbers, or the sharp crack of an enemy's rifle warn him of his danger. Fravel was born in the old State of Virginia, and with a pride of birth

which is always attached to the sons of the "Old Dominion," he maintained a strictly honest and honorable deportment and won the good-will of all. But he is dead!

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

Second Lieutenant Daniel S. Barber was missing at Perote, and never afterward joined the company. I have understood that he was killed by the Mexicans. How it is I cannot say; he left us, and I never saw him afterward. Second Lieutenant Allard and myself, were the only officers left with the company, and after forming my men on the beach and taking our place in the regiment, my heart fairly bled as I looked along our shattered line. One lieutenant, two sergeants, four corporals, one musician, and thirty-nine private soldiers, were lost out of our own company, which was originally but ninety strong—most of these were *dead*; and directly after leaving the service many more were added to this list. More than half of our men were lost on the field and in the dreary army-hospitals. It was a sickening sight, and when I contrasted our appearance with what it was the September previous, I could hardly realize the truth. Then we were nearly all young, blithe, and gay—now we were crushed and spiritless. We had no recruits in our company, and with my little band even as they were *then*, I would not have been at all loth to march into battle. Nearly every one had been wounded or was suffering from disease; still they were of the right metal, and Uncle Sam

never had better soldiers. Should any of them ever read these pages, I hope they will accept my warmest and most heartfelt wishes for their welfare.

On Monday, the 26th of June, we marched to the city of Vera Cruz, and six companies of our regiment marched on board the large and splendid steamship Portland; the companies were lettered B, D, F, G, H and I, and soon after were speeding our way toward the United States, leaving the proud city of Vera Cruz, and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, far in the distance. Colonel Gorman and Lieut.-Col. Dumont were both on board. The other companies, A, C, E and K, were under command of Major McCoy, and crossed the gulf on board the ship Suviah. The fourth regiment of Ohio volunteers crossed on board the bark Alexandre and the ship Edgar.

Our good steamer plowed the blue waters of the Gulf "like a thing of life," and seemed anxious to land us as soon as possible at New Orleans. The sparkling waves danced beneath her even keel, while she swung slowly and gracefully along, keeping time to the hoarse puffings of the engines. A sweet southwest breeze came floating over the waters, laden with life and health, and seemed to invigorate us again, while the songs of home and future happiness were being sung by our soldiers, who were congregated together forward and below.

The second day out at sea a bird flew on board. He had been driven far out, probably by a gale, and sought our spars as a place of rest. No one was allowed to disturb him, and in the morning he flew away. I pitied the poor little wanderer, and wished him a safe return to the land. He had a long jour-

ney before him, and from the decks of our ship nothing could be seen except the dark waves crested with foam and the gleaming sky, with here and there a light cloud-belt stretching in the distance. About the third day out, we had a heavy storm of wind and rain, and our craft hugged up to it, and shook its smoky mane as though it relished the sport. The rain fell in a perfect avalanche and soon the whole deck was covered. A mighty wave slapped us nearly at the same time, and rushing backward broke against the cabin doors, leaping upward and falling again in a perfect cataract. Lieutenant Lewis and myself were forward, and seizing a belaying pin, I held on till the wave had passed, and on looking around I saw him making a porpoise of himself by rolling in the salt sea-water in the lee scuppers. We were both thoroughly drenched, and Lewis was a most pitiful sight when he got into the cabin together. Having got on dry clothes we were once more comfortable, and helped to get the poor sick boys who were lying on deck, into better quarters.

A "Georgia major's uniform" would have been the most becoming apparel in the afternoon, if we had had any on hand, but, not being able to procure shirt-collars or spurs, we were obliged to forego the luxury. I think this, because it was so excessively warm, and light clothing would have been in the highest degree appropriate.

My fellow officers on board were remarkably silent and demure, which was, I believe, accounted for on the score of sea-sickness; however this may be, they kept very quiet and were content to lie in

their berths and ask no questions. Early on the morning of the 1st day of July, 1848, we came in sight of the Louisiana coast, and the low swamps with wild and rank grass growing among the many islands that form the Balize became distinctly visible. Soon after this the form of the lighthouse loomed up in the distance, and passing a little pilot-boat we pushed forward and were shortly after, as good luck would have it, in the broad and dark waters of the Mississippi river.

After running up the river some distance, we passed a large and most magnificent planter's house; when we came opposite to it, three girls came running toward us at full speed; the eldest, (who by the way, was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw,) waved her handkerchief toward us, and gave us three cheers, in which she was joined by the other two, who appeared to be her sisters; the cheering was more musical than the warbling of birds, and God knows I shall never forget it. Our men returned the cheers with a zest and feeling which I had never heard before. They seemed perfectly carried away with excitement, and as long as the ladies were in sight, they kept it up.

This, thought I, is a pretty fair reception on our return to our native shores, and if it holds out, it will pay pretty well for "seeing the elephant." On we went, now passing some fine old building covered with creeping vines and honeysuckles, and then by little settlements, called "negro quarters," where the slaves of the plantations are kept. The "coast" looked beautiful, in its summer garb, and it was just about one year since we had passed it, on our way

to Mexico. Along the muddy banks of the river, we saw a number of alligators crawling slowly in the mud, and leaving a track like that made by dragging along a saw-log. Some time after noon we came in sight of the steeples and spires of the "Crescent city," and shortly afterward dropped our anchor.

In the evening of July 1st, the steamship moved up to Carrollton, and the soldiers encamped on the race-course again, in the very spot where they had been encamped the year before. Feeling somewhat anxious to get into a comfortable place to stay, I went to the St. Charles hotel, where I found excellent accommodations, and did not go up from New Orleans to Carrollton, until the day previous to the departure of our regiment up the river. While in New Orleans, I became acquainted with Major General Zachary Taylor, who was then a candidate, and was afterward elected president of the United States. He was a stout, well-built man, and reminded me very much of my father, whom he greatly resembled in personal appearance. The old gentleman was kind and affable, though he did not talk a great deal, and seemed rather to avoid entering into conversation. His history is now a portion of the history of our country, and I shall not therefore give a detail of it. He spent the greater portion of his life in the South and West, and was stationed for many years at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, in the Mississippi, and also at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, on the same river. He was actively engaged in the "Black-Hawk war," and commanded the 1st regiment of infantry at the battle of Bad-Ax. I

was on the Bad-Ax battle-ground in the summer of 1852, while on my way up to Minnesota Territory on a pleasure excursion, and learned a number of facts connected with the battle. It was fought on a point of land formed by the junction of the Bad-Ax river with the Mississippi. The engagement took place on the 2d of August, 1832, and the Sac and Fox nation of Indians, under Black-Hawk and Neopope, was almost totally annihilated. The American force was under command of Brevet Brigadier-Gen. Atkinson, and numbered about twenty-five hundred men. The Indians, numbering about one thousand, with a few women and children still remaining with them, quietly awaited for the attack, and being newly painted with war-paint, and adorned with war-eagles' plumes, these grim warriors presented a martial and picturesque appearance. As the Americans approached, Black-Hawk divided his command, Neopope taking charge of a portion and moving down the river a short distance, while he remained at the encampment. The ground which they occupied was covered with a growth of rank weeds, bushes, and heavy timber. After they had taken their positions, many of the Sauk warriors commenced singing their wild death-songs, and prepared to die fighting for the graves and homes of their ancestors. Black-Hawk moved about among them like the genius of destruction, inciting them to meet death fearlessly, and telling them that the Great Spirit knew that their cause was just, and the whites would, some day, atone for spilling their blood. The whole American line lapping around the Indian camp, swept forward like a wall of fire;

and the Indians were at once defeated. Some of the Sauks jumped into the river, and attempted to save themselves by swimming; but the Sioux Indians were at war with them, and as fast as they reached the west bank they met death from their hands. One poor squaw swam across the river and carried her child in her teeth. Taylor was in the battle, and to him Black-Hawk afterward surrendered at Prairie du Chien. I saw a great many Sioux above the battle-ground, and could not but hate them for their cruelty to the friendless and miserable Sauks.

Taylor afterward went to Florida, and fought the Seminole Indians with a great deal of success. At the battle of Okeechobee, fought December 25th, 1837, he displayed great bravery, and defeated the Indians with considerable slaughter.

I was much pleased with my interview with the old hero, and left him with a high opinion of him. He was made president; but the atmosphere of Washington was too much for him; the moral pestilence which reigns supreme there found no home in him, and he sunk beneath it.

“The old man is gone, rich in honor and years,
A long life of glory, though still far too brief,
His foes are now silent, his friends are in tears,
And the murmur of party is smothered in grief.”

It is always affecting to see an old man die, he lays down so calmly, and sleeps so quietly. God's greatest work in him finds rest. My old grandfather, (John Ely, of Philadelphia,) died while I was in the service. He was then ninety years of age. In one

of his letters, which I received at Mier, which was written a short time previous to his decease, he says to me—"I am your grandfather; and it is now, (June, 1847,) just seventy-two years ago that I was a brave soldier in the regular continental army, under the immediate eye of Washington. Do your duty, and I hope to see you clothed with honor and truth." He was a brave old man, and I never saw him afterward. His brother, (Aaron Ely, my great-uncle,) was killed at the battle of White Plains, by the British.

I also had, while in the service, frequently letters from my dear and kind father and mother. They were both old, and felt a deep interest in me, as I was their youngest son. My father was far from being a military man; but still he wished to see the honor of his country maintained, and was proud to say that he had two sons who served in the Mexican war. Though wholly unacquainted with military matters, the following advice, which he gave me in one of his letters, could not have been given better by an old campaigner. Under date of August 11th, 1847, he writes as follows:

"We have heard nothing from you since you left New Orleans, and then only a paper from you; and we are now anxious to hear. We suppose and trust that you arrived safely at your destination, and are now undergoing the necessary discipline to make you a good intelligent soldier. Obedience to your superiors, and kindness and courtesy to your inferiors, are essential to your happiness and advancement. The first is hard to practice; the last the necessary result of generous brave notions.

Share your last crust with the noble soldier under your command, and in the hour of peril, and upon the downy bed of ease you will find your account and compensation in it."

I tried to follow out his advice and found that I derived a great deal of benefit from it. He instilled into the minds of his children the same ardent patriotism and aversion to tyranny, which had been given to him by his father, who was an officer of the American army during the revolution, and which he had learned in that memorable struggle. In fact, James Brackett had many warm personal friends, and very few enemies. In a biographical sketch of him, written by Hon. Levi Beardsley, justice has been done to his memory. He died at Rock Island, Illinois, on the 18th day of May, 1852, and my mother followed him on the 10th of October, 1853.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

On the 3d of July, I went up to Carrolton, and found the men all doing quite well, though some of them were ill, and symptoms of yellow fever had begun to make their appearance. It was just one year from the time we had landed there before, and the six companies which crossed the Gulf on board of the steamship Portland, were sent on board of the steamboat Bulletin on the same afternoon. The boat was a very large one, and the accommodations on board were good. There were a few ladies in the ladies' cabin, one of whom attracted a fair share of the attention of our officers, both on account of her beauty, and because she was married to a man whom she hated heartily. The poor young girl, who was

rich and beautiful, looked thoroughly heart-broken, and I pitied her when I saw her moving about apparently more dead than alive.

I had a severe attack of sickness on board of the boat and consequently was unable to take many observations of passing events. The scenery on the lower Mississippi is at all times fine looking, but dressed in its summer garb it possesses increased attractions. Through the kind care of some soldiers of my company, I was soon up, and by the time we arrived at the falls of the Ohio river was quite well. Col. Humphry Marshall of Kentucky was on board of the boat some time, and I became somewhat acquainted with him. He commanded a regiment of Kentucky cavalry at the battle of Buena Vista. Col. William H. Bissell, of the 2d Illinois regiment, I became acquainted with in New Orleans in the summer of 1847; he served at Buena Vista and lost in that battle one captain and eleven lieutenants killed, and three captains and four lieutenants wounded. No regular regiment during the war suffered half as much in any one battle. The loss to his regiment was really frightful.

From Louisville, Kentucky, we went up the Ohio river to Madison, Indiana, where we arrived in safety about the 10th or 11th of July, 1848. Our regiment had done considerable service, and received the thanks of the president and the secretary of war. The Hon. William L. Marcy, who was at that time at the head of the war department, in his report to the president, dated December 2d, 1847, thus speaks of our operations:

: "After the main body of our army had moved on

the city of Mexico, the small garrison at Puebla, under the command of Col. Childs, sustained a close and continued siege for twenty-eight days, by a vastly superior force. The number of assailants brought against this small garrison was at one time eight thousand, under the immediate command of Gen. Santa Anna. The siege was signalized through its whole course by successive attacks at various points, successfully repelled.

“The report of the commander of the garrison, herewith presented to your consideration, is another testimonial of the gallantry and the patient endurance of our officers and men under the severest trials, which cannot fail to exalt the character of our army at home, and diffuse its renown wherever heroic deeds are justly appreciated.

“After the Mexican army was so signally defeated and driven from the city of Mexico, Gen. Santa Anna determined to try his fortune in another field. With a force of four thousand men and six pieces of artillery, he prepared for an attack on the train and troops which Brigadier-General Lane was conducting to the head-quarters of the army. Apprised of this design, and learning that the enemy was at Huamantla, General Lane proceeded, on the 9th of October, with a considerable detachment, to attack him and disperse his troops. The encounter between this detachment and the enemy was brilliant; the conduct of our officers and men sustained the high character which they have everywhere won since the commencement of the war. The enterprise was carried out with complete success. The force under Gen. Santa Anna was dispersed; two of his cannon were

captured; two of his aids-de-camp made prisoners, and the city of Huamantla taken.

“Being informed that a considerable force of the enemy was at Atlixco, under General Rea’s command, General Lane resolved to strike at them. The execution of his design required a long and tedious march; it was performed in a highly creditable manner; the enemy was encountered, routed, and pursued to a considerable distance, with a loss of two hundred and nineteen killed, and three hundred wounded, and the city of Atlixco captured. For the details of these very successful operations, and the instances of individual courage and distinguished conduct on the part of our officers and soldiers, I respectfully refer you to the reports of General Lane, herewith transmitted.

“There have been also many severe conflicts between detachments of our troops and the guerrilleros along the lines of our communications, almost invariably with results highly creditable to our arms. Those in which the small command of Major Lally was engaged, in its arduous march from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, were of a character which merit special notice. The formidable difficulties it met and overcame at successive points in the route, attest the ability of the officers and the bravery of the troops composing this detachment. The particular incidents of this march, and the creditable conduct of the officers and men, are presented in the accompanying report of the commanding officer.”

Again in his report for the next year, Lane’s subsequent operations are thus spoken of:

“WAR DEPARTMENT, *December 1, 1848.*”

“SIR:—The account of our military operations, contained in the last annual report from this department, left our troops, late in October, 1847, in possession of the capital of Mexico, and many other important places in that country. The main achievements of our armies for that year were then presented to your consideration, but others, of a subsequent date, highly creditable to those engaged in them, though of a less important character, deserve notice and commendation.

“On the evening of the 22d of November, Gen. Lane moved from Puebla with a command of only one hundred and sixty men, upon Matamoros, distant about fifty-four miles, in twelve hours. The place was immediately attacked, and the enemy, consisting of from four hundred to six hundred men, put to flight, with a loss of from sixty to eighty in killed and wounded. A quantity of ordnance and munitions was captured, and twenty-one American prisoners liberated. On its way back to Puebla, the detachment was attacked by a Mexican force of about five hundred men, under Gen. Rea. After a short conflict, the enemy were routed and dispersed, sustaining a further loss of about fifty, in killed and wounded.

“In January, an expedition, composed of four companies of Texan rangers, two companies of the 3d dragoons, and one of the mounted rifle regiment, all under the command of Gen. Lane, were sent out from the city of Mexico, ‘to scour the country, and drive the guerrillas from the roads.’ Having ascertained that Santa Anna, with a few regular troops,

and a considerable irregular force, was at Tehuacan, the detachment moved rapidly on, and took possession of that place. So sudden was its approach, that Santa Anna had barely time to save himself by a precipitate flight. The expedition pressed on to Orizaba and Cordova, and took possession of these towns, capturing a quantity of public property, and releasing a number of American prisoners. After remaining a short time, and restoring to the owners private property there deposited, which had been seized by guerrilla bands, it returned to the main column of our army, in the city of Mexico, on the 9th of February. On the 17th of the same month, General Lane led another detachment, consisting of two hundred and fifty Texan rangers, and one hundred and thirty dragoons of the 3d regiment, against the guerrilleros, who were infesting the country lying north and northeast of the city of Mexico. On the 25th he encountered a body of the enemy at Sequalteplan, and after a severe conflict, the town was taken, and the hostile forces dispersed, with the loss of one hundred and fifty killed and more than fifty prisoners.

“The command of Gen. Lane, on these occasions, displayed much enterprise, spirit and gallantry.”

Our regiment encamped below the town, though the officers and some of the men took up quarters in the different hotels of the city. I cannot say that our reception was very enthusiastic, and if the truth must be told, the people of other States, treated us with more demonstrations of joy, than did our own State people. Why this was I cannot say, but with

the exception of a few cannon explosions, which were fired at Jeffersonville, no sounds of welcome were heard on our return from the wars.

After a stay of about one week's duration, our company was ordered to form for the purpose of being mustered out of service. My brother Charles had come down to Madison for the purpose of seeing me mustered out of service, and to help me, if necessary, as he had heard of my recent illness. Our men looked rather battered, or in other words "hard." Their uniforms were pretty much tattered to pieces from constant exposure to the prickling thorns of the chapparel bushes, through which we had passed on our last march. Major Patrick H. Galt, of the 3d regiment of artillery was acting inspector general, and reviewed us on that occasion. Major Galt was a good officer, and commanded his regiment at the battles near the city of Mexico. He is now dead.

Our company was formed for the last time on the 16th of July, 1848, and after going through the necessary formula, Major Galt told us that our discharges would be made out that evening. I made a speech to my company, which as it was my first and last one might have been worthy of being preserved, but like everything else it is gone, and I have no record of it. Suffice it to say that it was received with cheers by my men, and each and every one of them gave me his hand. The big tears rolled down their cheeks, and—need I be ashamed to own it—I am sure my eyes were not dry. "God bless you boys," said I, and many a stout-hearted lad replied, "God bless you, lieutenant."

On the 16th day of July, 1848, I was honorably

discharged from the United States' service, by reason of expiration of my term, and the next day left Madison for New York.

L I S T

OF THE

KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING, IN GENERAL LANE'S
BRIGADE, IN MEXICO.

Report of the killed and wounded of the command of Major F. T. LALLY, one thousand strong, on the march from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, from the 6th to the 20th of August, 1847.

At the affair of Passo de Ovejas, August 10th, 1847.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Private John S. Lynch, K company, 11th infantry.

WOUNDED.

Capt. James H. Caldwell, voltigeurs, in the ear.

Capt. Arthur C. Cummings, 11th infantry.

Sergeant Abiu A. Selover, of the 3d dragoons.

Corporal Cornelius Neighbors, voltigeurs.

Corporal R. J. Terrill, of Loyall's company, Georgia mounted volunteers.

Private John Costly, of Loyall's company, Georgia mounted volunteers.

Corporal Hamilton W. Worden, K company, 4th infantry.

Private John Hubbs, K company, 11th infantry.

Private Wm. P. Campbell, K company, 11th infantry.

Musician Peters, D company, voltigeurs

RECAPITULATION.

2 officers wounded; 1 private mortally wounded; 8 men wounded.

At the affair of the National Bridge, August 12th, 1847.

KILLED.

Mr. George D. Twiggs, acting in the staff of the commanding officer ; expecting a commission, and to be aid-de-camp to General Twiggs.

Private Casper Beckman, K company, 4th infantry.

Private William Tomison, K company, 11th infantry.

Private Henry Slungey, I company, 12th infantry.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

Private Joseph Fox, H company, 4th infantry.

Private John A. Griffin, C company, 12th infantry.

Sergeant R. H. Rogers, I company, 12th infantry.

Private A. N. Crandle, G company, 15th infantry.

Private A. Miron, G company, 15th infantry.

Private James S. Love, I company, 12th infantry.

Private Charles G. Vowell, I company, 12th infantry.

WOUNDED.

Captain W. J. Clark, 12th infantry ; in the thigh.

Lieutenant James M. Winder, voltigeurs, serving with light artillery ; wounded severely in the breast.

Lieutenant Chas. M. Creanor, 12th infantry, acting assistant-quartermaster ; wounded in the leg.

Lieut. Geo. Adams, marine corps ; dangerously in the thigh.

Sergeant Ebenezer Legro, G company, 15th infantry.

Sergeant William Inglis, G company, 15th infantry.

Corporal H. I. Lorenz, G company, 15th infantry.

Private J. Rice, G company, 15th infantry.

Private L. Knecht, G company, 15th infantry.

Private G. P. Armidon, G company, 15th infantry.

Private F. Jackson, G company, 15th infantry ; slightly.

Private N. Kendall, G company, 15th infantry ; slightly.

Private H. Hatter, G company, 15th infantry ; slightly.

Private O. Stone, G company, 15th infantry ; slightly.

Private Jos. C. Crider, C company, 5th infantry.

Private Wm. H. Harris, C company, 5th infantry.

Private Jas. T. McIntosh, C company, 5th infantry.

WOUNDED—*continued.*

- Private George Leeal, K company, voltigeurs.
 Private Samuel Daughsten, K company, voltigeurs.
 Private Lungton Moore, K company, 4th infantry.
 Sergeant T. G. Wilkins, A company, Louisiana mounted men.
 Private — Harny, A company, Louisiana mounted men.
 Private — Shackford, A company, Louisiana mounted men.
 Private James McLaughlin, K company, 11th infantry.
 Private Wm. S. Wood, K company, 11th infantry.
 Private John Mabery, of Capt. Loyall's company, Georgia mounted men.
 Private Rick Ford, G company, 12th infantry.
 Private Benjamin Justice, I company, 12th infantry.
 Private Wm. Kirksey, I company, 12th infantry.
 Private Elijah Kirksey, I company, 12th infantry.
 Private Hardy Shadrich, I company, 12th infantry.
 Private — Alfken, D company, voltigeurs.
 Private Reinich, D company, voltigeurs.
 Private Elijah M. Gates, of battery of light artillery.
 Private Edward McMillian, of battery of light artillery.
 Private James H. Higgins, of battery of light artillery.
 Private James W. Blasingham, of battery of light artillery.
 Private Thomas Wilson, of battery of light artillery.
 Private John F. Foster, of battery of light artillery.
 Private Thomas Moore, of battery of light artillery.

RECAPITULATION.

1 officer killed ; 4 officers wounded ; 3 men killed ; 7 men mortally wounded ; 36 men wounded.

At the affair of Cerro Gordo, August 15th, 1847.

KILLED.

- Private Frederick Notter, D company, 5th infantry.
 Private Sam. B. Adams, K company, voltigeurs.

MORTALLY WOUNDED.

- Private George A. Genth, I company, 12th infantry.

W O U N D E D .

Sergeant Peter Ringler, F company, 3d infantry.
 Private Daniel Jarrell, I company, 12th infantry.
 Private George W. Palmer, H company, 4th infantry.
 Private — Wilrainsh, 3d infantry.
 Private Wm. Francis, D company, 5th infantry.
 Private John Agan, D company, 5th infantry.
 Private Joseph Tester, D company, 5th infantry.
 Private James G. Fitzgerald, H company, 4th infantry.
 Sergeant Talbot H. Low, K company, 4th infantry.
 Private Edward Jones, C company, 5th infantry.

R E C A P I T U L A T I O N .

2 men killed ; 10 men wounded ; 1 man mortally wounded.

At the affair of Las Animas, August 19th, 1847.

K I L L E D .

Private Lonsdale, K company, 4th infantry.
 Private William Bell, K company, 4th infantry.

W O U N D E D .

Major F. T. Lally, commanding 9th infantry.
 Private John Sims, H company, 4th infantry.
 Private Bernard Currien, H company, 4th infantry.
 Private James C. Reyle, K company, voltigeurs.
 Private Joshua Shuwalt, of battery light artillery.
 Private John Baldwin.

R E C A P I T U L A T I O N .

2 men killed ; 6 men wounded.

Killed elsewhere on the road than at the above engagements.

Bugler Francis Lawerant, A company, Louisiana mounted men ; at San Juan, 9th August, 1847.

Private E. S. Davies, H co., 4th infantry, 14th August, 1847.

Private Antonian Keisenbroke, K company, 12th infantry, near Santa Fe, 9th August, 1847.

Private James Davies, Captain Loyall's company Georgia mounted men, 11th August, 1847.

Private Michael Humlin ; at Plan del Rio.

W O U N D E D .

Private David Griffin, H company, 4th infantry, 14th August, 1847.

Sergeant Henry Buckley, K company, 12th infantry, 11th August, 1847.

Private James Henry.

Private Stephano Rotendo, C company, 5th infantry, 9th August, 1847.

R E C A P I T U L A T I O N .

5 men killed ; 4 men wounded.

F I N A L R E C A P I T U L A T I O N .

1 officer killed ; 7 officers wounded.

	Killed.	Mortally wounded.	Officers wounded.	Men wounded.
At the affairs of Passo Ovejas, on the 10th August, 1847		1	2	8
At the battle of the National Bridge, on the 12th August, 1847	4	7	4	36
At the battle of Cerro Gordo, on the 15th August, 1847	2	1	10
At the affair of Las Animas, on the 19th August, 1847	2	1	6
Elsewhere on the march	5	4
Total	13	9	7	64
Total of killed and wounded				93
Missing				12
Total of casualties				105

B. ALVORD,

Captain 4th Infantry, Acting Asst. Adj.-Gen.

HEAD-QUARTERS, JALAPA, August 27, 1847.

Killed, wounded and missing in Brigadier-General Lane's march.

Lieutenant George Cullman, 4th Ohio volunteers, killed, Sept. 20th, 1847, by over exertion in pursuit of the enemy.

Private Volk, company A, 4th Ohio volunteers, wounded on the 21st Sept., at Passo de Ovejas,

Lieutenant Cline, Louisiana mounted volunteers, killed at Passo de Ovejas, Sept. 22d.

Private ———, killed at Passo de Ovejas, Sept., 22d.

Corporal Joseph B. Agnew, company K, 4th Indiana volunteers, leg shot off at the National Bridge, Sept. 26th, 1847.

Private ———, killed at La Hoya, Oct. 2d.

Private ———, wounded at La Hoya, Oct. 2d.

Private ———, wounded at La Hoya, Oct, 2d

List of the killed, wounded, and missing at the Battle of Huamantla, Oct. 9th, 1847.

KILLED.

Name.	Company.	Regiment.
Captain Samuel H. Walker,	C.	Rifles.
Corporal Merricken, Joseph E.,	C.	"
Corporal Glanding, William,	C.	"
Private Hergenin,	F.	"
Private Tarbox,	C.	"
Private Rickey,		Geo. Cav.
Private Richardson,		Geo. Cav.
Private Smith,		3d Art.
Slave, David,		Capt. Walker.
Sergeant McLean.		La. Cav.
Private Wall,		Co. G, 4th Ia. vols.
Private Birch,		Co. G, 4th Ia. vols.
Private Teedman,		4th infantry.

WOUNDED.

2d Lieut. Chas. Tansey, co. B, 4th Ia. vols., died at Puebla.

Sergeant Russell, company B, 2d dragoons.

Private Geo. W. Walters,	co. K, 4th Ia. vols.
Private Josiah Bailey,	co. C, 4th Ia. vols.
Musician Finch,	co. E, 4th Ia. vols.
Private Martin Dormar	co. I, 4th Ia. vols.
“ Peter Campbell,	co. I, 4th Ia. vols.
“ Andrew Hattenstine,	co. D, 4th O. vols., serving with Indiana vols., leg cut off afterward.
Private Meacham,	co. C, rifles.
Private Raborg,	co. C, rifles, leg off.
Private Welch,	co. C, “
Private Wayne,	co. C, “
Private McGill,	co. C, “
Private Scott,	co. C, “
Private Myers,	co. C, “
Private Forneley,	Geo. cavalry.
Private Milton,	Geo. cavalry.
Private Murrey,	Louisiana Cavalry.
Private Stetson,	Louisiana Cavalry.

MISSING.

Sergeant Gosling,	co. C, rifles.
Private Dement,	co. C, “
Private Isaac P. Darlington,	co. C, “
Private Collins,	co. C, “
Private McCleerey,	co. C, “
Private Richards,	co. C, “
Private Brackholst,	1st Penn. vols.
Private Lienburg,	voltigeurs.
Private Leland,	voltigeurs.
Private Murphy,	co. I, 4th Ia. vols.
Total,	42.

Wagon-Master Poley—arm shot off, near Napaloucan, October 10th, 1847.

Teamster —, killed, October 10th.

Private Eckert, company H, 4th Ohio volunteers—wounded at El Pinal. October 11th, 1847.

List of killed and wounded during the siege of Puebla, begun on the 13th of September and ended on the 12th of October, 1847.

Field and Staff.—Wounded—Thomas Wongierski, secretary of Col. Childs.

Second Dragoons.—Killed—Private Cornwell.

Third Dragoons.—Wounded—Private Eli Stewart, slightly, company D.

Mounted Rifles.—Killed—Private Smith, company H. Wounded—Privates Blair, company D, and Campbell, company B.

Second Artillery.—Wounded—Privates Rowland, company B; Curry, company B, and Rumner, company H.

Fourth Artillery.—Wounded—Private Newton, company F, attached to company A.

Second Infantry.—Wounded—Corporal William Patterson, company E, severely.

Voltigeur Regiment.—Killed—Private John H. Burgess. Wounded—Privates John Wilson, company A, and David Ricketts; both slightly.

Marines.—Wounded—Sergeant J. T. Packet, and private John Harder; both slightly.

First Pennsylvania Volunteers.—*Company A.*—Wounded, severely—Privates George Ruscheberger, James McCutcheon, David Lindsay, Henry Lynch, Mansfield Mason, James Bowdon. Wounded, slightly—Privates John H. Hoover and John Dowlan. *Company C.*—Killed—Private William Enrick. Wounded—Privates Charles Collison, and John B. Herron; both severely. Missing—Private Morris Stanlear. *Company D.*—Wounded—Corporal Sylvester Beasly, slightly; privates John McClelland, and James Lambert; both severely. *Company G.*—Wounded—Privates James Wilkner, severely; Samuel Houpt, slightly; William Schultz, slightly; musician Daniel Ryan, severely. *Company I.*—Killed—Private John Preece. Wounded—Sergeant Dominick Deranny; privates

James Ellis, and David W. Yarlott, all slightly; private Luke Floyd, severely. *Company K.*—Killed—Corporal E. H. Jones; privates John C. Gilchrist, John H. Herrod, F. B. Johns, H. Krutzelmann, James Phillips, William A. Phillips, Samuel D. Sewell, W. Schmidt, D. S. Vernoy, F. Vandyke, Joseph Wilson, and Samuel Troyer. Wounded—Captain John Heron; privates Thomas B. Fernham, A. E. Marshall, W. C. Winebiddler, and R. Reed, all slightly; Thomas B. Thomberg, Samuel Sloop, and Charles W. Blakeman, all severely. Missing—Private John Longstaff.

Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.—Wounded—Sergeant W. W. Deibl, company A, severely; private John Biers, company B, slightly.

South Carolina Volunteers.—Killed—private Hardy, company G.

Spy Company.—Wounded—Officer John Messe; privates Cordero, two brothers Domingos, and Jose Serezo.

Quartermaster's Department.—Wounded—A. B. Duncan, slightly; William Waddell, slightly; William Johnson, severely; Daniel Sims, servant of Col. Childs, wounded slightly.

Fourth Indiana Volunteers.—Wounded—Private John Miller, company I; private Waschihoski, company K.

Fourth Ohio Volunteers.—Killed—Private Andrew Antrican, company D; privates Francis Gilbert, and James Sloan, company K.

Atlixco, October 19th, 1847.

KILLED.

Private ———, 3d dragoons.

WOUNDED.

Private ———, 3d dragoons; private James McDermott company I, 4th Indiana volunteers.

MISSING.

Private John Sorder, company D, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Tlascala, November 10th, 1847.

K I L L E D .

Private Charles Coulter, company D, 4th Indiana volunteers.

M I S S I N G .

Private William C. Crookshank, company K, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Matamoros and Pass of Galajara, November 23d and 24th, 1847.

K I L L E D .

First Lieutenant Henderson Ridgely, 4th regiment United States' infantry.

Private William Walpas, Texas rangers.

Private John Sorder, company D, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Mr. O'Brien, a citizen.

W O U N D E D .

First Lieutenant Waters, Louisiana mounted volunteers.

Private ———, Texas rangers.

Privates Gorman, Foss, and Friedman, 2d artillery.

Guerrilla Rancho, December 5th, 1847.

K I L L E D .

Private Harvey Drake, company I, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Private Goldsmith P. Adams.

W O U N D E D

Five men.

Killed and wounded in Puebla, at different times.

K I L L E D .

Samuel Thomas and Thomas Russell, company I, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Sergeant Lytle, company I, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Private ———, company E, 4th Indiana volunteers.

W O U N D E D .

Private Jones, company H, 4th Indiana volunteers.

At San Martin's, February 27th, 1848.

K I L L E D .

Capt. Hermann Kessler, 4th Ohio volunteers, commanding artillery battery.

Private Leagle, artillery battery.

Private Wohlleber, company A, 4th Ohio volunteers.

At Cholula, March 26th, 1848.

W O U N D E D .

Sergeant Washington O'Neal, company K, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Private Robert Robert, company K, 4th Indiana volunteers.

Wounded near Napaloucan, Dec., 1847.

Asst. Surgeon Elisha K. Kane, U. S. Navy.

Killed at Matacordera, Feb. 19th, 1849.

Lieut. Henderson, Louisiana mounted volunteers.

Wounded at Sequalteplan, Feb. 25th, 1848.

Lieut. Harris Davis, Texas Rangers.

Sergeant Major Gilbert Brush, " "

Private Jacob M. Horn, " "

Private Thomas Greer, " "

Private Peter Gass, " "

GRAND TOTAL.

KILLED—7 Officers, 81 Soldiers, 10 Teamsters. - Total 98

WOUNDED—11 Officers, 134 Soldiers, 8 Teamsters, Total 153

MISSING—27 Soldiers, 27

Total 278

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